

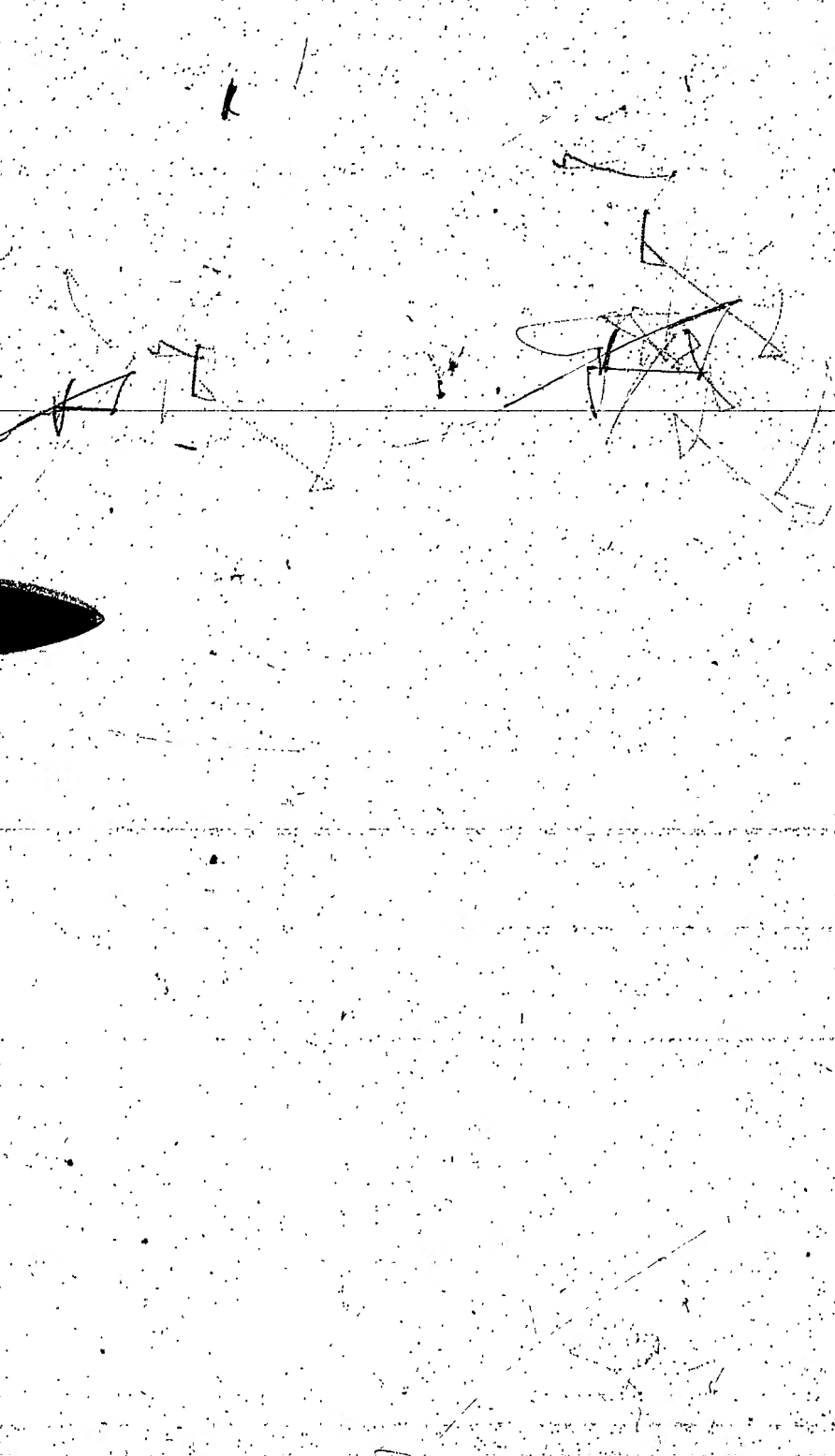
The RIDERS of the PLAINS



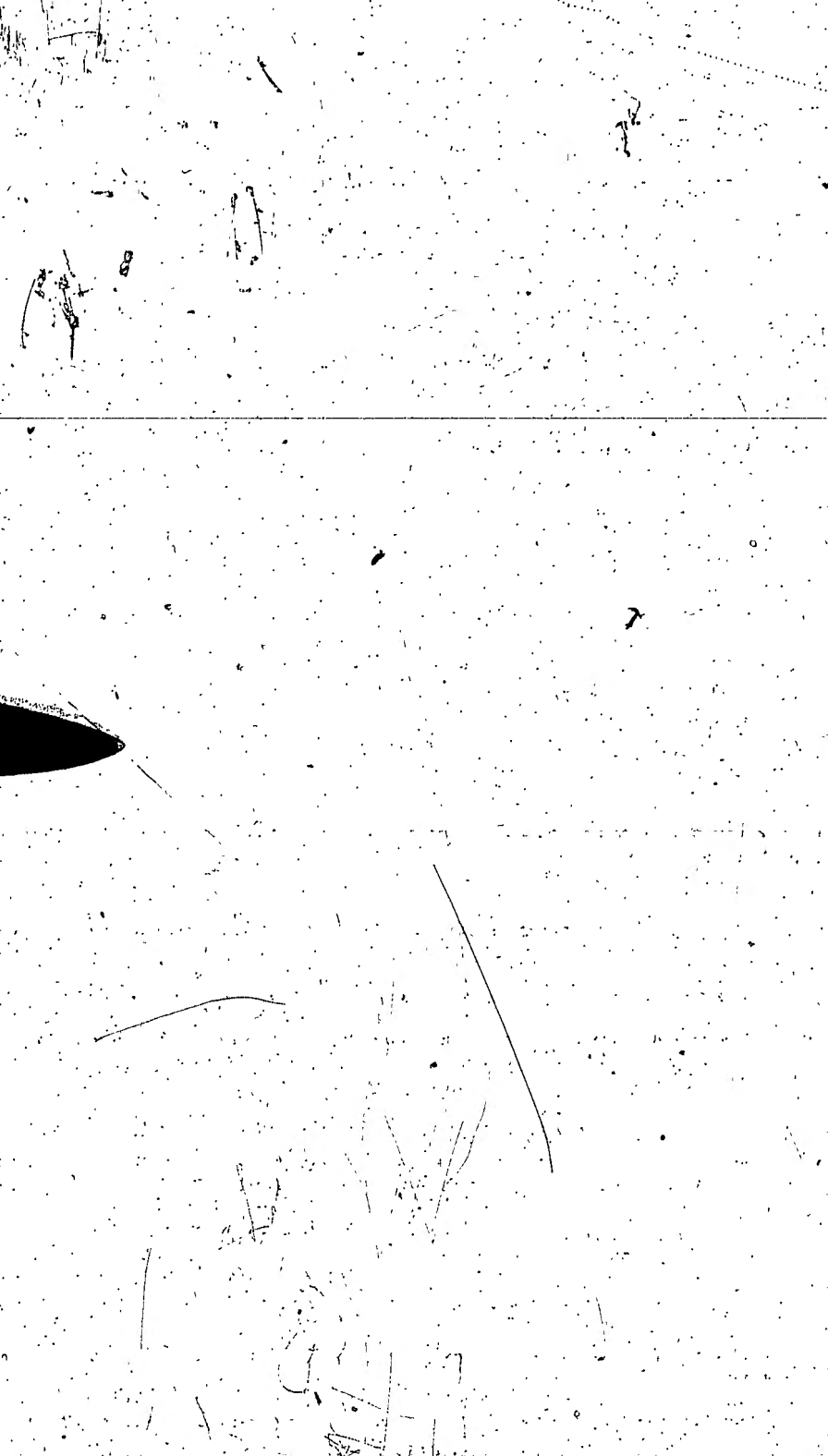
*A Reminiscence
of the Early and
Exciting Days in
the North West.*

By
Capt. C. E. DENNY,
late of the
R. N. W. M. P.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR



*The RIDERS
of the PLAINS*



Denny, Cecil E., Sen., bart.

The RIDERS of the PLAINS

*A Reminiscence of the Early and
Exciting Days in the North West*

ILLUSTRATED

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The RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

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Introduction.

The subject on which this book is written is one which must be of deep interest, not only to those now living in the N. W. Territories, comprising the divisions of Alberta (in which the principal scenes are laid) Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, but to all Canadians who take a pride in the advancement of their country, and more particularly in the opening of the prosperous and important western section known as the North West Territories. It is now thirty years since that far western territory was first opened, and it was then looked upon by those in Canada as Terra Incognita. Three hundred, mostly hardy Canadians, with a sprinkling of old countrymen among them, after incredible hardships, penetrated into the then Rupert's Land. I therefore will try to give a brief synopsis of the opening of the North West Territories to settlement in the year 1874 by the advent of the North West Mounted Police, the causes that led to the organization of that force, after the Hudson's Bay Company had sold their rights to Rupert's Land to the Canadian government.

The beginning of opening of this western section of Canada commenced with the organization of the North West Mounted Police, which force after the greatest hardships and privations, crossed the vast plains from Winnipeg, Manitoba, with little or no knowledge of their ultimate destination, which was supposed to be a vast area of country lying at and along the east slope of the Rocky Mountains from the boundary line on the south to the North Saskatchewan on the north and from longitude 114 to the British Columbia line in the west.

I will also in this short volume try to picture what state of things existed in that far western country prior to the advent of the North West Mounted Police, what work was before them; what work they actually did; what difficulties they overcame; and the results thus attained after years of hardship, bravely borne, and in many cases, individual bravery of a rare order shown. Also the benefits derived by the country from their advent, which suddenly springing from gross savagery to a settled, civilized, and law abiding territory, in a few short years, is today the wonder of the world.

I will try in this volume to show that this wonderful progress in so short a time against odds that heretofore many nations have spent millions to overcome, was accomplished by a small force of 300 officers and men, and will give a short history of their work, hazardous journeys in the performance of their duties, and also a history of the rapid advancement of the country now known as the North West Territories. The subject is itself one of deep interest at the present day, when as at the advent of the police, the North West Territories were a lone land cut off from civilization, and only inhabited by the tribes of savage Indians, roaming the plains in quest of game, on which they altogether lived. The immense herds of buffalo supplied them not only with food, but with clothing, tents and nearly all they required. The robes were traded, partly at the Hudson's Bay forts on the North Saskatchewan, but unfortunately the plain Indians such as the Blackfeet, seldom visited these northern trading posts without coming in hostile contact with the Cree Indians, who had long resided along the North Saskatchewan, and were to a great extent under the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, which company had given up what few trading forts they originally had in the Blackfoot country. At other times these Indians went far south to the Missouri River and traded their furs at Fort Benton to the American traders, who,

well knowing the weakness of all North American Indians for strong drink, habitually purchased these valuable furs for a few glasses of whisky.

The fact of these American whisky traders from Montana coming into the Territories, drew the attention of the Canadian government to the vast unknown territory they held in the west, unknown, because the Hudson's Bay Company had never reported that any section of the country over which they had control was of any value whatever, for it was obviously to their interests, so they thought, to belittle the resources of Rupert's Land—a disastrous policy from the point of view of a settler and one which retarded the settlement of that fertile country for many generations. There were vague reports that American traders from the south were doing, during the summer months, a large trade with the Blackfeet and other plain Indians, this trade on their part being done in whisky, while the Indians not only traded the robes gained by them during their summer hunts, but were becoming demoralized, and were trading horses, and almost anything they owned, even to their women, for the horrible compound sold as whisky by these traders. This attracted the attention of the Canadian government, and in the year 1874 a force was organized and sent west into the then Rupert's Land to drive out these American whisky traders, and to get into communication with and gain the confidence of the thousands of wild, uncivilized Indians belonging to Canada, who roamed the western plains, and to try (a unique experiment) by moral suasion, to bring them into the ways of civilization. This was done by a small force of 300 officers and men from the year 1874 until the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built in 1885, and I write this book to give a short history of our march into this country, what we found when we arrived, the work we did and the results thereof.

Few of the original 300 officers and men that first came into the country are left. Some died in the country, and

the hardships they endured did not lengthen their lives, others are scattered over the world. A few, but a very few, are still in the country, and to these men, many of them old, poor and crippled, is due the thanks not only of the Canadian government, but of every settler in the thriving towns and villages and peaceful farms, now thickly scattered through Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assinibola. Let them pause and think what must have been the hardships endured by such a small force of men, marching into an unknown country, inhabited by thousands of savage Indians, building forts, dealing justly with these Indians, stamping out the illicit liquor trade, and so dealing with the Indian tribes that from that time until today, no settler has been murdered, and when the country settled, all lives have been safe and property secure. The settlers of the North West Territories have not had to go through the experiences of those of Minnesota and other American states and territories where the settler had to meet the Indian. No massacres have taken place, but few head of stock stolen, no depredation committed. But railroads have been built, homesteads taken up, towns started and rapidly growing, and not one hitch has occurred. Many of the new towns are in close proximity to large Indian reserves, but yet the Indians themselves are progressing, although decreasing, and hundreds of them today work for the settler. Therefore let the farmer comfortably located on his ranche in Alberta or Assinibola, sometimes give a thought and a prayer of thanks to that hardy, courageous man, who opened the country for him, and by courage, forbearance, and clear moral suasion, made it possible for the settler to live in peace and quietness when, but for these men—and all praise be to them for it—battle and murder and sudden death would have been the portion of many, as was the case in the early settlement of the western Territories of the United States.

The Riders of the Plains.

CHAPTER I.

CONDITION OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST IN 1872.

In and previous to the year 1872, reports had been widely circulated in Canada, and representations had been made to the Dominion government, that the vast country lying west of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and from the North Saskatchewan to the American boundary on the south, was infested with lawless companies of traders from the territory of Montana, lying south of the line on the American side.

The small town of Fort Benton, on the Missouri River, in that territory, was the point of supply to these parties, and outside of the few goods, such as blankets, tobacco, ammunition, etc., their chief stock in trade consisted of liquor, and that of the poorest quality. The objective point of these traders was north of the boundary in the North West Territories of Canada, and the trade was altogether with the Indians residing in that country. The leading firms in the town of Benton were not behind the rest in sending out parties, well supplied with whisky and other goods, to trade in Canadian territory; and in fact today the two head partners in the largest and richest business firms in that state owe their great wealth and good standing, one to two lucky years of whisky trading on Sheep Creek, south of the present city of Calgary; and the other to the same cause, on the Missouri River. This trade of liquor to the Indians had been gradually, in-

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creasing for many years previous to 1873, in fact ever since the Hudson's Bay Company put a stop to it. In their own trading posts, which trade they had carried on from time immemorial, with immense profits to themselves, but they put a stop to it as soon as they saw that settlement of the country was imminent.

This illicit trade finally assumed such proportions that the American traders on many of the rivers of the present Territory of Alberta had gained such a foothold that they had built themselves forts, and were permanently located in the country, making these forts their headquarters and during the summer months sending parties with trading goods to all parts of the country.

These forts were built of logs, and strongly fashioned, and in some cases the bastions were even armed with cannon of small calibre.

The principal fort of this kind was at the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's rivers, some 50 miles in Canadian territory, and was named "Whoopup," the name being derived from the fact that one of the former occupants of the fort who was outfitted by T. C. Powers, of Ft. Benton, was at one time making a good trade, but ran out of whisky, so he sent a messenger to Benton to Powers, to send more at once, as he was whooping it up in his trade, hence the fort took this name. This fort was a rendezvous for all the traders of the country, being a point of supply to all northern and other small trading forts, of which there were many scattered along the different rivers.

This fort was on the direct trail to Ft. Benton, about 200 miles south, and was built as far back as the year 1838 by two Benton traders, Messrs Healey and Hamilton, who took an active part in the trade with the Canadian Indians. Both of these men married Blackfeet women, and their sons and daughters who were sent to school in Montana, are now well married, and can hold their own, as far as education is concerned, with the white settlers among whom they mix.

At this particular fort a large stock of whisky or alcohol was always on hand, together with other articles of trade such as blankets, beads, provisions and clothing of all kinds, and in the spring, when the buffalo robes (the chief article of trade) were brought from other outlying forts, being the result of the winter trade, the store rooms were packed to

the roof with tens of thousands of these valuable furs, worth from three to as high as ten dollars a piece, according to their quality. A split robe, being one cut down the middle, and then sewn together with sinew, was not of near the value of what was called a head and tail, or complete robe, which ranged in price from five to ten dollars.

These robes, the result of a winter's trade, were then forwarded to Ft. Benton by horse or ox teams, and from there down the Missouri river by the large traders in Benton who had advanced the goods, or liquor, to those in the north, who then loaded their teams with a fresh supply of goods and returned for another year's trade into Canadian territory.

These traders did not confine themselves to the trade in buffalo robes, but bought from the Indians, horses and anything else they might take a fancy to. The price given in whisky or alcohol was absurdly small; a small cup of diluted alcohol being often traded for a prime robe, which would fetch in Benton from five to seven dollars. Most advantageous bargains were often made with half drunken Indians, who, when in that state, would sell anything they had for more whisky.

Hundreds of horses were thus bought, but not always with such profit to the trader, who, had he confined his trade to robes alone, which could be safely stored away in the forts, his trade would have been comparatively safe, while horses had to be herded, and many a watchful eye was on them as long as they remained in the country, and it was a common thing for Indians to run off large bands of horses, not only those they had themselves traded, but often those belonging to the traders themselves. These raids were even made as the trains loaded with robes were on their way south, and constant vigilance had to be exercised in watching the bands at night, and in all weathers, as the more stormy it was, the greater danger of their being run off.

No mercy was shown to skulking Indians, who were shot on sight, and as these parties going south with their winter's trade consisted often of as many as twenty men, such fights often took place, in which many were killed, the Indians being generally the losers, owing to the white men being well armed with repeating rifles, while the Indians at that time had little else but flintlock muskets, or even bows and arrows.

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It was not until some years after that repeating rifles and fixed ammunition were general among the plain Indians, when many more traders came north to reap the rich harvest to be gathered in the Indian trade.

When the Mounted Police came into the country, the Blackfeet were nearly all armed with repeating rifles, as the whisky trade had become a recognized business with hundreds of men from the south, and rifles and ammunition were traded as well as whisky, and permanent trading posts had been established. The Indians had such a craving for liquor

that not only did they sell their robes and horses; but also their women, and I doubt if there was a trader in the country who did not have from one to three squaws, bought for liquor.

One instance I remember, of an old whisky trader informing me that the squaw he then had was Number 57, bought by him at different times from Indians during his career as a trader in the country.

These traders then held the Indians in almost complete subjection, not on account of any friendship the Indians had for them, as they would take any and every opportunity to raid and kill any small party or single individual found away from the trading posts, but by the almost ungovernable passion the Indians had for liquor; their greatest chiefs and bravest warriors would crawl on the ground and lie up all they possessed for a cup of whisky, and as the American traders were the only ones from whom they could procure this liquor, and as the traders allowed only a limited number of Indians to trade at a time, the Indians would do all they could to encourage them to remain among them, and in but few cases would have wished them to leave.

Also as nearly all these traders had married Indian women, according to the Indian custom, that is by purchase, and in many cases, the women were connected with some of the leading chiefs, they had a certain influence through these women with the Indians themselves, for, strange as it may seem, the women in most cases became attached to the white men with whom they lived, and used their influence in the tribe for the benefit of their husbands, and in many instances would undertake to trade whisky in the camps for robes, bringing back their robes and taking pleasure in making a sharp bargain for their masters.

The system of whisky trading had gradually demoralized and to a great extent decimated what at one time were

large and powerful tribes (not only as far as numbers were concerned) and had taken the courage and spirit out of what remained, so that their former active and healthy mode of life was gradually being superseded by a loafing, half-drunken existence, the men only hunting to supply themselves with what meat they required, and to get robes enough to buy them the required amount of liquor and other necessities.

This was all the more easy as they had acquired the new firearm which was a hundred times more destructive than the old flintlocks or the bows and arrows, and therefore the amount of exertion required to kill the buffalo, which still roamed the plains in immense herds, was greatly lessened, and the number killed much larger, with less exertion, and the old time hunts were turned into a slaughter.

As the traders multiplied in the country and whisky became more plentiful, the Indians could procure more of it and in consequence many more robes were traded, each year tending to the destruction of the buffalo.

The result of this trade on the Indians, as I have before said, would lead them towards complete extinction if not put a stop to.

The gradual extinction going on was caused by the liquor trade both directly and indirectly.

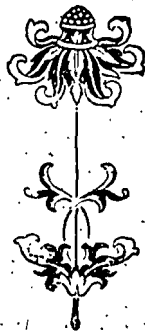
Indirectly, as regards the numbers killed in their drunken fights, as often a whole camp would get drunk, and the trader was careful to leave before that climax was reached, and the Indians in these debauches would act more like wild beasts than human beings, and during its progress often as many as a dozen men, women and children would be killed, old grudges were remembered and only wiped out by the death of one or more.

Diseases spread among the tribes unknown to them before, and many died from such causes.

It will be understood that the liquor trade was confined to the south and southwest only, and principally among the plain Indians, as the H. B. Co. had withdrawn their trading posts from this section, confining themselves from the North Saskatchewan, northward and eastward, and when the Mounted Police came into the country they had only one small trading post south of the North Saskatchewan, it being on a small river near the mountains, about 30 miles west of the present city of Calgary, and this post was for the purpose of catching the trade of the small tribe of Stony Indians, a

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branch of the Assinibolnes, who confined themselves to hunting in the mountains, and seldom went on the plains, they being at war with the Blackfeet. The Hudson's Bay Company had given up the liquor trade some years before the advent of the Mounted Police.



CHAPTER II.

RUIN OF THE RED MAN.

The trade derived from the Stony Indians was a valuable one, consisting nearly altogether of fine furs, such as fox, marten, beaver, otter, and many others.

This tribe had for some years been subject to missionary labor, which the plain Indians had not, and it was so far successful that they did not barter their furs for whisky, but confined their trade nearly altogether to the H. B. Co., either at their small post on Ghost river, or at their fort at Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan. A Mission had been built a few years before by this tribe on the Bow river, and at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and Mr. McDougall, a minister of the Methodist persuasion, had resided some years among them prior to the advent of the police. This gentleman had also at various times visited some of the trading forts in the south, and had been able to observe the terrible effects the whisky traffic was having on those tribes coming in contact with it, and he was not backward with others, who had passed through the country in making his voice heard in the east, by urging the Canadian government to take steps at once to put a stop to this iniquitous traffic.

His chances of observation were good, as he had lived many years among the Indians, and in fact partly supported himself and family by Indian trade. He also often went on the plains himself with a string of carts on a buffalo hunt for both meat and pelts. The latter he sent yearly overland to Winnipeg, some 700 miles, returning with a year's supply of provisions and trading goods.

Other missionaries also were in the country, there being many Roman Catholic priests in the north along the North Saskatchewan river, but it was only on very rare occasions that any missionary visited the south, or any of the trading forts in that country, and no missionary labor whatever had been performed among the wild and fierce tribes of Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegiens and Sarcee Indians who roamed the southern plains, they having so far been found intractable and unteachable, and the constant use of whisky had

been so demoralizing that it was unsafe for a peaceable traveller to go among them.

A few other travellers had from time to time passed through the southern country with strong escorts, and brought bad reports of what they had heard and seen of the liquor traffic, and such men as Butler, Ross and Pallisser had to be listened to.

However, with but few exceptions none of these travellers ventured far on the plains, the road generally taken by them if journeying south, being along the foot of the mountains, they sometimes visiting some of the traders' posts for supplies, but most of the travel being from Winnipeg, went along the North Saskatchewan, calling at the different H. B. Co. trading posts, such as Ft. Carlton, Pitt and others until their arrival at Ft. Edmonton, from which post they generally took either the Jasper or Yellow Head Pass, through the mountains to British Columbia.

The distance from Ft. Edmonton to the nearest prominent American trading post, which was situated on the Elbow river not far from the present site of Calgary, was about 200 miles; nearly all of the country from 50 miles north of the Bow river being a timber country and the country of the Cree Indians, which Indians had always been bitter enemies of those of the plains, who never came into contact without a battle, although it is true that some bands of Blackfeet would go as far north as Edmonton to trade for articles they could not procure from the American traders, but these always took care to go in large parties, and even then seldom came south again without a collision with the Crees, in which generally many were killed. It was therefore seldom that travellers passed through the plains to the south, and when they were forced to do so, generally took a trail that ran along the foot of the mountains, and thus avoided coming in contact with the Indians who lived far out on the plains. There was therefore not much actual knowledge of the real state of things by individual observation, and for that reason the stories told were if anything far ahead of the real existing state of things.

Fabulous tales began to be told of the mineral wealth of the southern portion of the Territories, its climate, inhabitants and capabilities. Tales were told of Indians from the south trading gold dust and nuggets at the H. B. Co. forts in the north, of the use of golden bullets by the Indians

in their old flint muskets, and many other equally astonishing tales, and of course the whisky trade was equally exaggerated, for although it was bad enough, it could not come up to the tales told of it.

We were told of companies of traders, drilled and armed, inhabiting strong forts protected by artillery, which would take a strong force of soldiers to dislodge, and that those traders were growing enormously wealthy from the proceeds of their unholy traffic, having the Indians in almost complete subjection under them.

Of course there was some foundation for these stories, in fact gold had been traded by the Blackfeet at Ft. Edmonton but this gold was the proceeds of the massacre of a party of emigrants, who it is supposed were on their way from the south to Peace river, as many rumors were in circulation in Montana as to the vast richness of the gold deposits in that river, and more than one outfit started out to reach this point who were never heard of again, being in all probability killed by the plain Indians before they left their country.

One instance I know of, that happened not many years previous to the advent of the police, a party consisting of men, women and children, with horses, wagons and provisions, were camped on the Old Man's river, not far from the present site of Macleod, where they came from, and where they were going was never known, but they were supposed to be on the way from Montana to either Edmonton or Peace river, or were a party of emigrants who had lost their way on the plains. Their camp was visited by many bands of Blackfeet, who professed the greatest friendship for them, but at an unguarded moment they were attacked by Old Sun, a Blackfoot chief, and none were left to tell the tale. What horrible scenes took place can only be imagined, but the whole camp was wiped out as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. The fair haired scalp of a woman that was for a long time in possession of Old Sun, and some gold dust traded by some Blackfeet at Fort Edmonton, were the only relics of the gruesome tragedy preserved.

Blackened remains of parts of wagons were to be seen long after the arrival of the Mounted Police, on the spot where once these unfortunate people camped.

Other causes that could indirectly be traced to the trade carried on by men from the American side of the line, led

to the almost complete demoralization of the Indian tribes on the plains, and increased the stories circulated through Canada.

In the years 1870-71 a frightful epidemic of small pox swept off more than a third of the Indians belonging to the plain tribes. In some cases what had been powerful tribes dwindled down to only a few hundred souls. The Sarcees, who previous to the epidemic numbered several thousands, on the arrival of the police could only show three or four hundred. This frightful epidemic came among the Indians originally from the south. It is said by some to have first started at Fort Benton on the Missouri River, being brought up that river on a steamer. Two men having the small pox were put on the boat at that place, and their clothing was given or traded to Indians after their death. There is, however, no doubt that it first spread into this country from the south. Southern traders were constantly passing between Montana and the North West Territories, and they were in continual communication with Canadian Indians, who also were often visiting American trading forts on the Missouri river. In all probability that was a means of spreading and developing the dread disease among the Indians of the plains.

The small pox was totally unknown to the Indians, who would flock round the trading posts and try and assuage their agonies with liquor, neglecting all cleanliness, and thereby spreading and intensifying the disease. The lodges of whole camps would be left standing on the river bottoms with nothing but the dead bodies in possession, the Indians leaving everything and flying either to the plains or forts for relief.

Doctors there were none, and with small pox and whisky combined, the Indians died off like sheep. They even became so desperate that they would try to spread the disease not only among themselves but among either white men or half breeds. I have been informed of cases where the Indians would pick off the scabs from their own bodies and leave them on the door handles or other places where white men or other Indians would come in contact with them. Their means of doctoring were most primitive, and some of the means they took for relief were almost certain death. A dose of nearly boiling whisky would be taken, and then an Indian in his agony would rush from

his lodge, and plunge headlong into the ice-cold water of the river. In the winter they would break the ice and plunge in. This nearly always resulted in death, although to my astonishment I have been told that in some few cases a cure was the result.

The small pox then, combined with the whisky trade, with which it was indirectly connected, went far to cause the rumors of demoralization among the Indians to be circulated in the east.

In the year 1871 some Indian traders from across the line located a trading post in the Cypress hills, to trade with the Indians in that section. The Cypress hills was in those days a kind of general battleground for the tribes of Indians, Assiniboines and Sioux on the south, Crees and Seauteaux on the north, and Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens on the west. Even the halfbreeds that came in large parties from Winnipeg to hunt the buffalo and make pemmican often came into collision with some of these tribes, and bloody battles were the result. The American traders who came to that place in 1871 and remained there during that winter, traded whisky to the different tribes who came there from time to time.

Two Indians belonging to the Seauteaux camp, a branch tribe of the Crees, were found shot dead by their friends, who laid the blame on the traders. They in turn laid the blame on the Bloods, some of which tribe had been in the vicinity. However, this matter was supposed to be settled by the traders who gave the Indians some presents, and even buried the two Seauteaux who had been killed.

A short time after this took place the traders were reinforced by a party of some twelve or fourteen white men from Benton, who, although they came ostensibly after stolen horses, had more or less connection with the traders, and certainly had no love for the Indians. The Seauteaux Indians near the fort were very poor, both in horses and arms, having in reality only half a dozen horses in the camp. Their arms consisted of a few flintlock muskets, and bows and arrows. The Indians from the north, such as Crees and Seauteaux were not supplied with repeating rifles. It was seldom that they came in contact with American traders, from whom they could procure these arms. It was, therefore, certain that these Indians had not stolen the horses which the men

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from Benton were in search of. The stolen animals were supposed to be in the camp of a large party of Crees, some thirty miles away from the fort.

It was claimed by the traders that a Saulteaux Indian came to the fort and then rode off with a horse belonging to one of them. The white men went in a body to the Saulteaux camp to get revenge. They claimed that the Indians fired the first shot, which, however, did no harm. These men then sheltered themselves under a cutbank, and opened on the Indians, who, although they exceeded them in number, could do them little or no harm, as their arms were nothing in comparison to the repeating rifles and revolvers in the hands of the traders. The number of Indians was about 100, old and young, against 18 or 20 white men. The Indians were in the open or in their tents, while the white men were under cover. Nearly 40 Indians were killed, some being women; only one white man was killed. This fight was called the Cypress Hills massacre, and I think, appropriately.

The traders after this fight abandoned their fort, burning it, and went south. Some account of the massacre leaked out and was taken up by men in Montana, who were averse to the wholesale slaughter of Indians. The matter was referred to Washington, it being then thought that the Cypress hills was in American territory. The boundary line had not been run at that time, and in fact was not in that section until three years later. The government at Washington on ascertaining that this fight did not take place in their territory, referred the case to the government of Canada, which government took the matter up. This was another cause of hastening the organization of the N. W. M. P. The result of the trial of these traders some years afterwards will appear in a future chapter.

CHAPTER III.

CYPRESS HILLS MASSACRE.

In 1869 the Hudson Bay Company transferred their right in Prince Rupert's Land to the Canadian government. At that time the province of Manitoba was principally inhabited by half breeds, nearly all Cree or Scauteaux. There were two parties of these, the Roman Catholic party and the Scotch and English element, who traded with the Hudson's Bay Company. The former were dissatisfied and formed a provincial government of their own under the leadership of Louis Riel. It is a matter of history how the Red River rebellion began, and how it ended, and no doubt some blame must be attached to the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1870 the expedition to Red river took place, and on the withdrawal of the troops, a militia corps was left in the town of Winnipeg, to look after ostensibly the half breed population, who were at this time far from settled.

These halfbreeds were in the habit during each summer of starting with long trains of Red River carts and their families for the plains to hunt the buffalo and make pemmican, which consisted of dried buffalo-meat and fat, pounded together, and packed with hot grease in thin bags. This not only supplied them with food for the winter but was a valuable article of trade to the Hudson's Bay Company, which yearly shipped thousands of sacks to their northern trading posts on the Peace and the Mackenzie rivers.

These half breeds would generally go as far west as the Cypress mountains, and nearly always came into collision with the Indian tribes who congregated around that neighborhood and bloody fights ensued. After a while many of them branched out from Manitoba, and settled permanently in the North West Territories, mixing among the Indians, instilling evil in their minds. They confined themselves nearly altogether to the northern portion of the Territories, along the North Saskatchewan river, and as

they were among the Crees, whose friends and relations they were, they made a strong element in the warfare carried on by the northern or wood Indians, against their brethren of the plains.

These men, as I have before stated were dissatisfied and unsettled, and a slight cause only was wanting to bring about an almost similar state of things to that existing at the time of the expedition in 1870. In all probability it would not have confined itself alone to Manitoba, but would have extended into the North West Territories, as the half breeds no doubt depended on their friends among the northern Indians to join them. This, then, was another cause which demanded that some permanent force should be organized, and despatched to Manitoba and the North West Territories. Before closing the chapter in reference to the share that the halfbreeds had in forcing the organization of the N. W. M. P., it would not be out of place to say something about their people, who at present are a large part of the community of the North West Territories, and not by any means a peaceable or settled race.

There is probably no other part of the world outside of the North West Territories that can show a people with such a peculiar origin and with the same characteristics as the half breeds of these Territories. They led a nomadic life, but withal were so bound together, and had such common interests and love for the country in which they were born. Although for many years large numbers of them went south along the Missouri river, to follow the buffalo, they all came back to the northern part of the Territories and along the North Saskatchewan river. From this country many of them originally came and they mingled again with their old friends and relations—the Crees. They sought their old camping places, around or in the vicinity of some of the old Hudson's Bay Company posts, such as Carleton fort and Fort Edmonton.

Long previous to the time that the Hudson's Bay Company and the American North West Fur Company consolidated, the Hudson's Bay Company were in the habit of bringing out men to work at their different forts in Prince Rupert's land. They came from Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland islands and in some instances from England and Ireland. It was found that the men from the north of

Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland islands could be engaged at lower wages and for a longer time, and were also more tractable than any other men they could get. In reality they were more easily deceived than the same class of Irish or English.

These men would be engaged by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents in Edinburgh or other parts of Scotland, and by promises of grants of land in Prince Rupert's land or Manitoba, after a certain number of years' service in the company, would sign agreements binding them to this company for a term of years, generally not less than 10. They were to get their food and a very small salary, a few pounds per annum, generally from £16 to £20. These men were then sent out in the Hudson's Bay Company's sailing vessels to York factory, a point of supply situated on Hudson's bay. The voyage would last sometimes for three months and these unfortunate men would have most of the romance knocked out of them before they reached York factory. From this point they were sent either over land or up the many rivers emptying into Hudson's bay, hauling by hand the heavily loaded boats belonging to the company for hundreds of miles into the interior. Their destination was generally some of the company's forts along the North Saskatchewan, from which forts they were often sent to the far northern posts along the Mackenzie or Peace rivers.

These men after they got out here, found that they had been badly fooled. As there was no possible way for them to get back home, they had to make the best of the bargain. Although they had all the food that they could eat, of its kind, which was principally dried meat and pemmican, they were, to all intents and purposes, the slaves of the Hudson's Bay Company. The factors did not hesitate to put a deserter in irons and try him summarily before the officers, who held almost despotic sway over the whole of Prince Rupert's land.

These men were nearly all unmarried, and it was the aim of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep them in the country and in their employ, and they encouraged them to contract marriages with the Indians among whom they dwelt. In fact many of the officers of the company contracted these marriages. That consisted in either buying or taken an Indian woman. Even today it will be found that

many of the chief officers or traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, either are halfbreeds or have more or less Indian blood in their veins.

By the contraction of these marriages the result of course was that around the different Hudson's Bay company's posts, nearly all of their employees had families more or less numerous. As the boys or girls grew up and intermarried among themselves, the foundation was laid of the present half breed population.

These half breeds were even more the slaves of the company than their forefathers. Those not working for the Hudson's Bay, or who had left them, went by the name of freemen. The large majority of half breeds are either Cree or Scauteaux. This is easily accounted for by the fact that it was among those Indians, along the North Saskatchewan river that the company had their forts and did their trading. They never to any great extent, extended their trading posts among the plain Indians to the south. These Indians did the principal part of their trade with the American North West Fur Company along the Missouri river. It is therefore seldom that a Blackfoot or Plegan half breed is seen. When found, they generally come from the south.

The half breeds at the present time are numerous, well armed, active and of good physique, never having lead any other life than that of hunting and trapping. They are well supplied with horses and might make formidable foes, but for the established fact that there is little or no backbone or stamina in a mongrel of any race.

The Hudson's Bay Company after surrendering their right to "Prince Rupert's land," were anxious to see some government force in the country south of the Saskatchewan to suppress the trade in liquor carried on by the American traders from Montana. Of course this was to their interest, as they had abandoned the liquor trade and if it was carried on in the country where they were trading, would to a very great extent cripple their fur trade and be a great loss of profit to themselves. They well knew that they could hold their own against any other traders from any place except those in the whisky traffic. They therefore added their voice to that of others asking the Canadian government to take some steps to put a stop to the illicit liquor traffic going on south of the Saskatchewan.

I have therefore shown some of the principal causes that first led to the organization of the North West Mounted Police, and briefly drawn a picture of the state of the North West Territories previous to their advent. It must be remembered that all that vast country west of Manitoba to the Rocky mountains and north of the American boundary line, was teeming with millions of buffalo, overrun with elk, deer and antelope, and all the rivers were full of beaver and other fur bearing animals. From this source an almost fabulous amount of wealth in the way of furs had been derived by the Hudson's Bay Company for over a century. Stories were in circulation regarding its wealth in minerals. This country was in the hands of a few lawless American traders. Their trade was doing incalculable injury to tribes of untutored Indians on British soil. Therefore the time was fully ripe for the Canadian government to take some steps to ascertain what they really owned in Rupert's land, and to occupy that vast territory and place it on some basis of civilization. All causes had tended to the same end, which was the eventual organization of the North West Mounted Police.



CHAPTER IV.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCE.

In the year 1873 the Canadian government determined to organize a force of mounted men for service in Manitoba and the North West Territories. Three troops of this force, called the North West Mounted Police, were organized late in that year. The men were enlisted in Canada, and consisted as far as possible of strong young men, lumbermen and farmers being preferred.

The troops were supposed to be 50 strong, with the pay of the sub-constables at 90c per diem, rations and uniform being provided. The constables or sergeant's pay was also good, being from \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Applications by men wishing to enlist came from all parts, as the pay was exceptionally high, and there was the very best material to pick from. In consequence the men enlisted were the best to be found in Canada; and would more than compare favorably with any corps. The officers, of which there were three to a troop, an inspector and two sub-inspectors, were for the most part men who had for several years held commissions in different militia corps in Canada. A few were old countrymen with not much knowledge of military work.

The uniform of this force consisted of ordinary cavalry riding breeches with scarlet stripes, afterwards changed to yellow, the full dress being trousers of the same style; red tunics and white helmets, or forage caps, for full dress. A leather belt and ammunition and revolver pouches on the sides; cavalry boots and spurs; a Snider carbine, which, when mounted, was carried in a carbine bucket at the side of the saddle; white leather gauntlets, cavalry cloak and cape, completing a comfortable, serviceable and neat looking uniform.

It was the intention of the government to make this force 300 strong, consisting of six troops from A to F, of 50 men each, but as it was considered necessary to send some men at once to Manitoba on account of the expected

halfbreed trouble, only two troops were organized in 1873. These were dispatched to Winnipeg, on the Red river, in the summer of that year.

No horses for these two troops were purchased in eastern Canada it being expected that the animals necessary could be got on arrival in Manitoba. It was not intended these two troops should be sent west into the North West Territories until the complete organization of the force, the following year. As they went by the lakes to Winnipeg the horses and transport were not contracted for and forwarded until the spring of 1874.

The senior officer and in command of these troops was Lt.-Col. Jarvis, who formerly served in an English regiment, and for many years had been lieutenant colonel of militia in Canada. Lt.-Col. Macleod, the second in command, although a Scotchman, had resided for many years in Canada and had been on the Red River expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley as brigade major and had received the cross of St. Michael and St. George for his services. This officer at the time of the organization of the force was in England, and was recalled by cable to take the position of inspector to the portion of the force about to proceed to Manitoba.

The commissioner, or head of the force, Lt.-Col. French by his rank in the militia of Canada, was an imperial officer of the Royal artillery, being loaned to Canada as the term then was, to take command of the School of Gunnery at Kingston.

Lt.-Col. French had an active part in the organization of these two troops but did not accompany them to Winnipeg, although he went up shortly afterwards. Until his arrival the two troops were under command of Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, then military commander of Manitoba, but not connected with the North West Mounted Police.

It will thus be seen that the first detachment sent to Manitoba was more particularly for service during the winter of 1873-74 in Manitoba with the ultimate view of increasing the force to the desired number of 300 and then march westward into the North West Territories in the following year.

The third officer in command of C. troop was Capt. W. Winder, also an officer of Canadian militia and he also formed one of the expedition in 1873. Besides these officers,

who commanded the three troops, there were four sub-inspectors, the full complement of six not having been made up. These officers were Captains Brisbois, Thurcliff, Crozler and Young, all being officers of the militia in Canada.

The journey made by these three troops was tedious and arduous, as they went by way of the lakes. Many portage or transfers of all baggage from one point to another had to be made, but the men behaved well and showed that they had the right stuff in them.

On their arrival at Winnipeg, at that time a small town of a few thousand inhabitants, they took possession of the Stone fort, which was built by the Hudson's Bay company many years previously. It had been occupied at different times by the Hudson's Bay Company and by a portion of the troops that came up in the first expedition. The winter spent by the men and officers of these troops was a pleasant one. As with the exception of a few expeditions in the environs of Winnipeg, owing to false rumors of half breed depredation, nothing arose to justify the idea of trouble originally entertained by the government from that source. The time was well spent in drilling the men on foot and horseback and in firing practice. Much had to be done in the way of gaining all the information possible regarding the territory west of Manitoba and in devising the best mode of transport for that long march through an almost unknown country. Transports by carts had to be prepared, guides engaged and much preliminary work done.

The time was beguiled by entertainments of all kinds from dog sleighing to learning the intricacies of the Red river jig with the dark eyed maidens of Manitoba. The officers of the provincial battalion stationed at Winnipeg under command of Lieutenant Colonel Smith showed the greatest courtesy toward those of the police. No doubt there must have been some envy on their part for the lucky fellows who would the next summer make the journey westward across those unknown plains lying between Manitoba and the Rocky mountains. Some disgust must have been felt at their bad luck at having to remain in such an uninteresting place as Winnipeg. In after years, however, many must have congratulated themselves that they had to remain, for on the rapid increase of the population of Winnipeg, and the advance in the value of real estate, many of

those officers and men must have made tidy fortunes as there were but few who did not own land either in or near Winnipeg.

These two troops of North West Mounted Police were therefore the first portion of that force to enter Manitoba. They remained there until joined in the following spring by the men and horses that made up the full complement of 300, as originally intended by the Canadian government.

It was difficult to find fit guides to the far west. Although most of the half breeds in Winnipeg had been every summer on the plains after buffalo, they never went west of the Cypress mountains, which lie about 400 miles west of Winnipeg, and the points to which the mounted police were intended to go, lay at least 200 miles west of that point. However some halfbreeds were engaged who pretended to know the country as far west as the Rocky mountains and a large number of Red river carts, drawn by oxen, were also engaged to carry extra supplies and baggage.

The boundary line between the United States and the North West Territories was being run on the 49th parallel of latitude, by a large survey party of both American and Canadian engineers, who, as they travelled west, left a plain and broad trail behind them. The instructions of the Canadian government were to the effect that the police should not take this trail, but travel a considerable distance to the north, through country without roads or trails of any sort, so that good guides were indispensable. The boundary surveyors in the spring of 1874, when the police started on their westward journey had nearly finished their survey. Long before our arrival in the west they had completed the line to the boundary between British Columbia and the North West Territories.

In the spring of 1874 the remainder of the force was organized in Canada, amounting to some 200 men. Supplies were purchased together with over 350 head of horses of a very good class, for team and saddle. These horses were picked, and large prices paid for them, an average of \$125 each. A large number of wagons were also purchased. They were supposed to carry not over 3,000 pounds each. Tents and other camping material of the best were procured and two nine-pounder rifled guns sent from England, with suitable ammunition, were taken along. These guns might have been



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left behind, as it turned out that their services were never required.

The headquarters of the new force was in Toronto, at the old fort, which had been used in previous years by whatever Imperial regiment was stationed at that place at the time. The barracks were good, with stables, parade ground and officers quarters.

Our time was occupied from the spring until June 6, on which day we left Toronto, in drilling the men, in both mounted and foot drill and firing practice, also in enlisting men. There were large numbers to pick from, of all nationalities and standing in society. Many young Englishmen of good family enlisted. The examination was of the strictest. Only those of the very best physique were taken, and a fair education was required. Our regimental sergeant major was an old Imperial officer, having held a captain's commission in one of the Hussar regiments. There were also a considerable number of old army men among us, who had seen considerable service. The 200 men were of the best possible stamp for the work before them. The officers had for the most part belonged to the Canadian militia and were all enthusiastic over the journey before them into the almost unknown country.

The commissioner or commander of the force was Lieutenant Colonel French, of the Royal artillery. His brother also held a commission as inspector. He was an old Irish militia officer. Every evening did we spend in our mess room, listening to what information the commissioner could give us as to the country we were going to and what work we should find out for us when we arrived there.

It was understood that very little personal baggage was to be taken along, as the transport was limited and it would take nearly all of it to convey provisions and forage. It is curious today to remember what a vague idea we really had of the journey before us, and of the country westward along the mountains. I doubt if any expedition of such importance ever before undertook a 700-mile journey across vast plains without competent guides, believing that at the end of it, they would have to subdue lawless bands of desperadoes, with such complete faith in themselves and such utter ignorance of what they were undertaking.

Our stay in Toronto was taken up with hard work. For not only were most of the men to be drilled, but many of

the officers, and in the three months we were at it, much progress was made. When we left we were a fairly organized force.

The people all over Canada took the greatest interest in our organization and success of the expedition and many were the good wishes and kindnesses we received. The journey all through was watched by almost everyone in Canada and many in England, and the greatest anxiety was manifested as to our fate, when many months passed after our departure, without word of any kind being received from us.

The spring had been spent in organizing the force and it was necessary to make as early a start as possible. We had to meet near Winnipeg that portion of the force which had been the previous winter stationed at that point and a considerable delay was expected to complete the organization with them. We had to distribute to them their share of the horses and transport and fitting up those troops with their proper complement of men. As it was from that point the real start was to be made, much information would have to be secured as to the best route to take and guides to be engaged. We were to go by rail via St. Paul, Minn., and from there by rail to Fargo, N.D. From there we should put our transports together and journey overland by permission of the United States government to Ft. Dufferin, about 180 miles distant, in Manitoba.

After much delay the department officials had completed the purchase of the remaining supplies. Lieutenant Colonel Richardson, of the department of justice, under which the police force then was, being a civil one, although guided in military matters by the Queen's regulations, arrived from Ottawa before our departure and had a last conference with the commissioner. He also conveyed the last instructions from the Dominion government. We were ready to load our transport horses and baggage on Friday, June 5, 1874, in two special trains that were to take us through without change via Chicago and St. Paul to Fargo, in Dakota. This was all finished after the hardest kind of work. Both men and officers had their hearts in the work and it was finished in good style and in a very short time considering the loading. The horses gave us the hardest work. It is no small job to load 350 horses in fine condition and unused to railroad travelling. Lieutenant Colonel Richardson was present and many were the useful hints he gave us.

We were from the start to the finish the objects of the greatest interest to the public, being surrounded from morning to night with crowds of people, ever ready to assist us. There was nothing they would not and did not do for us. However by the morning of June 6 we were ready to start and many were the adieus spoken and kind wishes given and presents forced upon the men. We left about mid-day, amid the blast of bands, explosions of torpedoes, and encouraging cheers.

Our journey I will leave to be described in another chapter.



CHAPTER V.

OFF FOR THE WEST.

We left Toronto by two special trains for St. Paul, June 6, 1874. We carried 300 men, 350 horses, baggage, camp equipage, and transport. Our quarters during the journey were rather cramped, particularly as regards sleeping. We had to sleep on the train, travelling both day and night. The horses were taken off three times a day for food and water, which delayed us considerably. On these stops we took meals at the different stations, arrangements having been made beforehand, so that everything was ready on our arrival. Several occasions our number taxed the accommodation at many of the stations. However, we did fairly well and no pains were spared to give us the best they had.

We arrived in Chicago June 7, and put up at the stock yards, unloading our horses and keeping them in pens during the night. A strong picket of two officers and 30 men was established over the stock. We had a heavy thunder storm that night which made it very unpleasant on duty. The men were thoroughly soaked and tired out by morning. It was difficult to procure provisions for so many men, the stock yards being some distance from the city, and hotels at that time being few in that vicinity.

The men slept in the cars and were glad enough to get away on the evening of June 8. We had no time to see the town, but were kept busy nearly all day reloading the horses, and getting all settled for another start. Everything so far had gone well, no accident having happened since we left Toronto. Our run to St. Paul was made by the noon of June 10. It was a continuous rain from our arrival at St. Paul until we left. Few of us owned such a thing as a waterproof, our uniforms being packed away, the men travelling in plain clothes. We had to march all the horses from the station into the town, a considerable distance. We took up all the empty stables to be found in St. Paul, which was at that time a small place. We had rather more time to stretch ourselves there than we had in Chicago, as the officers

put up at a good hotel, the Metropolitan, and the men at the Merchants. The dealers in plain clothing made a good thing out of it, as we bought up all the waterproof and other overcoats in town. This break in the journey was appreciated by all after being so long cramped up in uncomfortable railway carriages.

We left St. Paul for Moorhead, about 400 miles distant, in Dakota, June 11, in a pouring rain, and a dismal outlook it was. We arrived at Fargo, the station near Moorhead, in the afternoon of June 12, in very pleasant weather. This place then consisted of the station, a few small stores, and an hotel. It is now a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants. This point was the end of our railway journey, and the beginning of our march across the plains to Fort Dufferin, in Manitoba.

We unloaded everything and went into camp, pitching our tents for the first time. All of June 13 and 14 was taken up unloading, putting together the wagons, twenty in all, and loading them with goods. They were distributed among the three troops, D troop being the strongest in horses, getting 30, and E and F 20 each. The job was a long one, as the quantity of the baggage and other freight making a tight squeeze in the 70 wagons. Much of the stuff we had brought would have to be left behind at Dufferin, and we should have a hundred or more carts at that place to lighten the balance. We worked at this until midnight. I remember I had the guard of some 20 men in charge that night. This was the first real duty on the plains.

We finished loading June 14, and numbered the horses that day. We lost four which got away from the picket and were never recovered. D and E troops pulled out that day and camped on the prairie some five miles away. My troop, F, remained until evening to finish the work that was left. We then struck camp and joined the remainder that night, being ready to start across the plains the next morning for Fort Dufferin, 180 miles from Moorhead, and 60 miles from Winnipeg.

On June 15 we started for Fort Dufferin, 180 miles distant, with horses in prime condition. The wagons were too heavily loaded. We travelled in troops, D in advance with an advance guard, and F in the rear, supplying the rear guard. We made 36 miles the first day and camped on the bank of the Red river. This first day's trip was much too far. In

fact, was the seeds of disease, and the cause of so many of our horses dying and giving out on the after journey, is to be attributed to the long marches we made between Moorhead and Dufferin. We enjoyed a refreshing bath in the Red river. The day, though fine, had been very hot, and the mosquitoes were thick. On June 16 we again made a long journey of 34 miles, and both men and horses were pretty well played out, not being used to the hard travelling. One of our horses in F died during the day from fatigue. The following day we made 30 miles. The day was hot and we were beginning to get a little hardened. Our provisions were scanty, as our supper that night consisted of hard biscuits and tea. This was not very satisfying fare after a hard day's march. We made 35 miles, the following day and another horse died. We saw the first Indian camp, of Sioux, which of course was quite a curiosity to us.

June 17 we made Pembina, an American military post on the frontier between Dakota and Manitoba. That place has since become a thriving town. The American officers were very hospitable.

We crossed over into Manitoba and reached Fort Dufferin a very small settlement, on the afternoon of June 19. Here we met B and C troops that had arrived the day before from Winnipeg, where they had been stationed since the previous year. We were very glad to turn in after corraling the horses and pitching our tents. We lost three horses during the day and the rest were pretty well done up. The next few days were taken up by making acquaintance with the officers of the two Winnipeg troops, unloading and reloading the wagons for our 1,000 miles journey across the plains, dividing the horses and wagons between the six troops, transferring men, branding horses, and getting generally ready for our march.

On the night of June 21 one of the most terrible thunderstorms I have ever experienced, struck our camp, blowing down all the tents. What was worse, at the height of the storm, when the camp was in confusion, and the darkness so great that you could not see your hand before you, 200 of our horses that were picketed in a board corral near the camp, stampeded right through the camp. They upset men and anything that came in their way. Several men were severely injured, and we were in complete confusion. Many men started after the herd, but the darkness was so great,

that they soon returned without finding a trace of them. We had to pass the night in the open, in a drenching rain, soaked through and through and utterly miserable. This seemed rather a gloomy beginning, but when the next day opened, warm and bright, we dried our clothes, repitched the camp and were soon cheerful again. Sixty men were sent after the horses, and it was some days before the majority of them were recovered. Some 25 were never seen again, a few were found dead, and those brought in were much pulled down. We had several more bad storms while in Dufferin, but kept our horses hobbled and well guarded, and had no more stampedes.

Colonel French proceeded to Winnipeg and purchased more horses, and a week or more was taken up in getting everything together, numbering and dividing horses, and getting all six troops into shape.

The troops were numbered from A to F and composed of an inspector and two sub-inspectors. This rank has since been changed, an inspector now being superintendent, and a sub-inspector, an inspector. Fifty men was the strength of each troop, the horses and transport being equally divided. The two nine-pound guns were in charge of D troop an inspector, Captain Jackson, being in command of the gun detachment.

The horses had to be shod and much other work done before we could get off. Several parades were held and much drilling done. Whisky was plentiful and some of our worst characters were discharged from the force while here for drunkenness and other offences. The weather was unsettled during our stay, frequent storms making it hard on the men to get through the work. There was, in consequence, considerable grumbling.

While here the men and officers received their first pay, including a fair allowance for travelling expenses, since we left Toronto. This was the last pay any of us received for nearly a year. On our arrival in the west it was a time before we had matters arranged and direct communication was opened with the authorities in Ottawa. Some six or seven men deserted while we remained here, which rid us no doubt of some useless characters.

Our allowance of baggage over and above the kit was 50 pounds to each officer and 10 pounds per man. One hundred and twenty-five ox carts were engaged, with some 30

halfbreeds to drive them. By July 6 we had all in order to start, when news was received that a large band of Sioux Indians had attacked and murdered a number of settlers at St. Joe, a small town near the line in Dakota. The officer commanding the American troops in that vicinity sent word to Colonel French, asking his cooperation to cut off these Indians, should they cross the line. Five of our troops, consisting of 250 men, started out, armed and mounted, for the point where it was supposed the Indians might cross. They returned the next day without seeing any signs of the Indians. This put us back a couple of days, and our last night brought us another tremendous thunder storm, but it did no damage. We, however, started on our westward journey on July 8, 1874, with 300 men and officers, 340 odd horses, 70 wagons, and 125 ox carts, driven by 25 half breeds. We were loaded with a six months' supply of tea, sugar, flour, biscuit, and bacon, together with baggage, ammunition and forage. We left considerable baggage behind that we did not have transport for. Much of this was never seen again. We lost some 20 men altogether by desertion while at Dufferin, and about 20 horses, lost and dead, but the force was in good shape when we started, and in good spirits.

We made some 25 miles the first day, and camped on Murray river the first night. This was our real start for the west, which we had all been looking forward to since the first organization of the force.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE MARCH.

On July 9 we resumed our march, but did not start until well into the afternoon. During the night, in a heavy storm, about 50 head of cattle strayed off and 20 head of horses stampeded. These were, however, recovered the next morning, and it was not until late at night that the carts all got in, the half breeds being in the sulks. We had to send three wagons back to Dufferin, as we had not horses enough to draw them. They contained luxuries which the commissioner thought could be spared. One of our officers left us here and returned east and did not rejoin the force. We travelled for some distance along the Pembina river, and were all sorry to leave it. We did not expect too much water on the plains, and the weather being hot, a bath now and then after a hard day's march was delightful. We were kept on the lookout for several days by reports coming in of depredations committed by Sioux Indians across the line, not far from us. Mounted sentries were placed at night over the horses. Good water was scarce after the first few days, and both men and horses suffered considerably for want of it. Our rations also, without tea, were not of the most dainty kind. Hardly a night passed without a heavy thunder storm. This country seemed to be the home of those kinds of storms, which we experienced almost every day.

We travelled for a considerable distance along the boundary survey road, which made the marching comparatively easy. At Pembina mountain, which is a beautiful spot, we remained a short time. Here we met with the first locusts, the air being literally alive with them. A tremendous hail storm struck us here, with hail stones as large as pigeon eggs, causing another stampede of the horses. They were all recovered.

On July 13 we camped at Calf mountain. Here hay was cut for the horses with the mowing machine we had with us, it not being deemed safe to turn the horses out to

herd. Pembina mountain was a hard pull to cross, pretty well tiring out the horses. What made matters worse, we had to camp that night without water. The locusts were as thick as ever, and the mosquitoes nearly ate us up. Our travelling had been so far at the rate of about 20 miles a day, which was quite enough, as the horses suffered considerably.

The only game seen had been a few antelope, none of which we could get near. We saw the first buffalo skulls west of Pembina mountain, but many hundred miles would have to be travelled before we came across the living animals. At Pembina mountain a party of halfbreeds selected by the governor of Manitoba joined us. They brought presents for Indian chiefs and were supposed to assist the force as interpreters and guides, but they knew little or nothing of the country after getting beyond the Cypress hills. The only Indian language they could speak was Cree, which was of no use to us. We did not go near the Cree country, which lies along the North Saskatchewan river, several hundred miles to the north. We met a party of the boundary survey going east for supplies. They reported having fired at some Indians who were trying to run off with their horses. From this point our rations were cut down. It was seen by our slow progress that the journey would be longer than anticipated, and unless we were very careful our supplies would give out before we got through. July 17 the horses began to give out and the wagons were strewn all along the road. They did not all arrive in camp until ten o'clock at night. We had no water frequently for man or beast, making it much harder on all of us. No doubt so many dry camps were due to the ignorance of the guides, on whom we had to place all dependence, knowing nothing about the geography of the country ourselves. July 18 I was on rear guard, and a day I had of it! Some 20 sick horses, and 15 or 20 horse and ox teams had to be gotten along. I had to camp out that night without shelter or food, being unable to bring them into camp, and in a pouring rain, which came pretty hard on all of us.

I caught up with the main body the next day, when we made the Souris river, at which place we had a welcome rest of several days. This made us forget the last few days of wet and hunger which we had experienced in making the 200 miles from Dufferin to that point. The two days

we remained at this point did us all much good. We had a good rest and clean up, and overhauled the baggage, which had been well soaked. It is a beautiful spot and we should have liked to have remained much longer. At that time there were no settlements on the Souris river, but it is today thickly populated with thriving towns and farms. It is splendid wheat growing country. We had to leave some sick horses behind at that point, they being unable to keep up.

At the second crossing of the Souris we met some more of the boundary survey party returning, having completed their work. The feed here was scant. Our horses suffered considerably, and we had to abandon some more of them. We passed the hill of the murdered scout on July 23. The story goes that an Indian scout had been murdered by one of his tribe. The stone with which it was done is said to be still on the top of the hill. We reached Roche Percee July 24. The horses being nearly played out from fatigue and want of food and water, many of them laying down by the roadside, and the rest were hardly able to drag along. This looked ominous for our success, as our journey had only begun. Many hundred miles had still to be travelled, and the stock was already in bad condition. The eastern horses failed rapidly on prairie grass. Rations had been cut down, being barely sufficient to keep us going with the hard work we had to do. At Roche Percee we made a long halt, and at this point a troop, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Jarvis, left us, going north via Ft. Ellis, Ft. Pitt and Carleton to Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan river. That was the point at which they were to be stationed. Fifty men went with him and over half of our wagons were sent by him to Ft. Ellis. This troop had a long and hard trip before they reached Ft. Edmonton. They remained that winter in the Hudson's Bay company's fort at that place. We did not hear from them again that year, and no communication was had with them until the following spring. They were, however, within easier reach of communication with the east, as there was regular mail communication between Edmonton and Winnipeg, via Ft. Pitt and Carleton, run by the Hudson's Bay company. They took with them most of our sick horses, thereby relieving us of that encumbrance.

While resting at Roche Percee we had time to get our transport into pretty good shape. We found an abund-

ance of [redacted] which was used in our portable forges. Roche Percee [redacted] beautiful spot, with plenty of good feed and water. We also laid in a considerable supply of wood, which we did not expect to get for a long time. A week's rations were cooked in advance, so by July 30 we were ready to start west again, with a diminished force of both men, horses and wagons. We made 26 miles July 31 and still found good feed and water. The weather had turned cold and the horses did fairly well. We were making pretty long day's journeys, being up at daybreak. The camp was struck and ready to move by five o'clock. The guard duty was heavy. One officer, a picket, and a camp guard of some 15 men were detailed every night, and the officer on duty the whole night generally had to take either the advance or rear guard the next day. We therefore found we had enough to do, especially as when on rear guard we had to bring up the stragglers and teams that were exhausted, often not arriving in camp for many hours after the camp had been pitched and settled down.

We had so far seen no game except a few antelope, but birds were abundant. We killed large numbers of ducks of all kinds. The country through which we were passing was full of lakes, and this kind of game was very plentiful. Several of the men got lost while duck hunting, and in one instance, although rockets were fired at night to guide them to camp, were not found until the following day. They had quite enough. Aug. 3 we had a bad night, tents being blown down by a tornado. We had to stand by the horses until morning.

We had lived on bacon so far, and on August 4 we went into camp and our assistant commissioner, Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, with several wagons, left us to go south some 40 miles to a small halfbreed and trading settlement named Wood mountain, to procure pemmican and if possible more forage for the horses. He was to meet us some days' journey farther west. At this point we left the boundary survey road which we had followed, and struck out across the open prairie, travelling principally by compass. On August 6, we crossed a high wooded country, laying in a stock of wood. Here we saw our first prairie fire, the country for miles round being ablaze. The feed was becoming very scarce and the horses were giving out and dying daily. We had lost over 10 head since leaving Dufferin, and our line of march

was sometimes stretched over many miles. We had so far come across no Indians, although we were coming to the country in which they might be looked for. We were also fast nearing the buffalo country, which we were continually on the look out for. The guns were giving us a good deal of trouble, as at this point they had to be left miles behind, the horses being unable to draw them up the hill. More teams had to be sent back to bring them up. The first death occurred here, a man of E troop dying from fever brought on by wet and exposure.

Aug. 8 we sighted the first buffalo in the distance, but did not get near them. On that day I had charge of the rear guard. Many teams and oxen had given out. I remember what a beautiful view there was from the top of a high hill to which I had ridden. The Old Wives lakes were in the distance, and as far as the eye could reach was a boundless prairie, partly burnt. Our party was moving along in the distance, and a few buffalo could be seen near the lakes. I had to send forward for rations, as I was two days in bringing in the party. A miserable looking lot they were. We remained several days at the Old Wives lakes. The water is slightly salt, and abounds with ducks, geese and pelicans. We killed large numbers, which made a welcome addition to our mess. Lieutenant Colonel Macleod arrived while we were here, and brought a good supply of dried buffalo meat and pemmican with him. He left again at once for the same place for a further supply of oats, which we could not do without, as the horses were dying every day. At that rate we should soon have none left to take us through. Aug. 12 we met the first Indian camp on the plains. They were a party of Sioux returning from hunting buffalo further west. They were a very dirty-looking lot, and did not give us a high opinion of western Indians.

We were over 500 miles from Dufferin, and pretty well out on the plains. We had met no white men since leaving the Souris river, and probably would not meet any for a long time to come. The grass was getting very short and dried out and we had to send a day ahead to find pasture and water, a party being sent back to guide us to it. Aug. 15 a white man came in alone, saying he was a scout and had come up from Ft. Benton, Montana. He undertook to guide us to our destination, and was engaged

as guide, but he afterwards proved to be as big a fraud as the rest of them. He told us many startling stories of the Blackfeet in the west being on the warpath, and the lawlessness and strength of the whisky traders at Fort Whoccup and other places.

Colonel Macleod came in on August 15, bringing a good supply of oats, which arrived just in time to save a general break-up of all our horses, which would have left us, as they in the west, afoot. Colonel Herchmer, of the boundary survey, came in with him to pay us a visit. Their camp was not more than 40 miles to the south of us. Aug. 19 we struck a good camp for feed and water, where we left a detachment of men in charge of a sergeant, with all our sick and played out horses. We also left a considerable supply of provisions, as it was intended that two troops would not remain in the west over winter, but return after the work of putting down the whisky traders was done. They could pick up these men and horses on their return.

Our rations were now pretty short, our allowance of bread being not much over half a pound a day. It was looked upon as worth its weight in gold. Sugar we had been cut off from for some time. Many a fight occurred over a piece of bread, as each in the mess had his slice issued and the distribution was watched with jealous eyes. Many a good laugh we have had since over the rows we used to start over the rations, but it was a serious matter with us then.

Aug 21. we met the first party of halfbreed hunters, who had been out from Winnipeg after buffalo and were well loaded with pemmican and buffalo robes. A Catholic priest was with them. They had their families, and had been as far west as the Cypress hills. They had left Winnipeg in the early spring and had been out all summer. Their transport was mostly carts, drawn by small Indian ponies. They reported no feed between us and the Cypress hills, the country being all eaten off by buffalo.

These parties of halfbreeds started in those days every spring to go west to hunt the buffalo. They killed enormous numbers, as it took several animals to make one sack of pemmican, weighting about 150 pounds. Only the choicest parts were used. The rest was left lying on the prairie. A hundred or more animals would be killed in

one hunt by a small party of hunters and the waste was enormous. They lived a happy life, camping out all summer, with plenty of game, and returning in the fall well loaded with pemmican and robes, from the sale of which they were provided for the winter and had enough over to give them a good start again in the spring. Their guns were primitive, being nearly altogether flint-lock muskets purchased from the Hudson's Bay company, repeating and breach-loading guns being rarely seen among them. They were good shots and often came into collision with the Blackfeet and other Indians, who used to camp around the Cypress hill country to hunt. Many of them were killed, but they generally had the best of it, and they were active in running off bands of Indian horses in retaliation for thefts committed by the Indians.



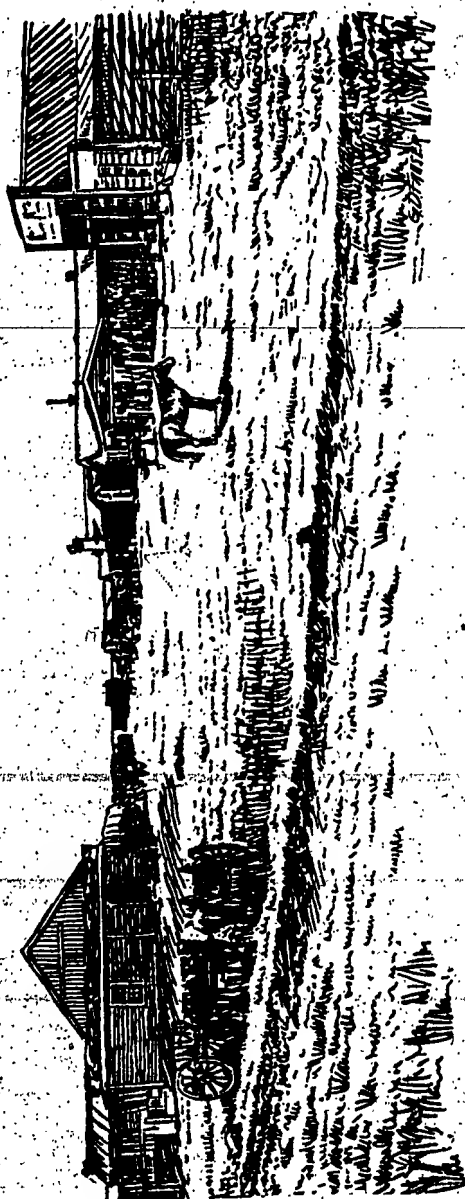
CHAPTER VII.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

After meeting this party bands of buffalo were often seen, but in small numbers and a long distance off, so we had no chance to kill any for several days after. Some time previous our wood had given out. We had used dry buffalo dung as fuel. This makes a capital fire, but requires considerable quantities to keep it going. We used this for all our cooking during the remainder of the trip, except when we happened to camp near wood, which was seldom. Sundays were not exactly our day of rest, as after church parade in the morning all hands turned to washing clothes, etc., which could not be done on any other day of the week. Most of the water we found was not fit to drink unless boiled, some being salt. However it was the best to be procured, and we had to put up with it. The salt water did the horses much injury and in fact killed many of them.

Aug. 25 we came in sight of the Cypress mountains and camped at a creek of clear cold water with very good feed near it. Some of this hay we cut and carried with us. We camped for several days at the north end of the Cypress hills with plenty of wood and water. Some deer and antelope were killed. This was the first fresh meat for a long time, and there was not enough of it. We were joined here by Colonel Macleod who had gone back with the best teams for more oats. The horses picked up wonderfully as long as these oats lasted but they were getting into terrible condition. The work of the men was nearly doubled as they had to drive and look after so many exhausted horses. The men had worked splendidly through great and unaccustomed hardships, and well deserved the thanks for their behaviour which were issued in general orders on the evening of Aug. 30. In spite of the unusual amount of extra work, with scanty fare very little grumbling was indulged in.

The Cypress hills country was fairly wooded, there being much underbrush loaded with berries of all kinds.



FORT MACLEOD

It used to be a great country for grizzly bear but although we saw plenty of tracks we did not come across any of the beasts. We crossed the Cypress hills in 1874 not far from what is now the town of Maple Creek, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, but all vestige of game has disappeared years ago. The weather while here was cold, wet and very disagreeable, and more dead horse were left behind.

We had now been out nearly three months and were nearly 700 miles from Dufferin, but we had far to travel yet, and our stock were daily diminishing. What were left were very weak. Our provisions were also getting short, and but for the buffalo we should have been in a bad way. We killed our first buffalo Sept. 1 and a great hunt it was. Nearly every one joined in it. Guns were going off in every direction, and the officers were in the greatest state of excitement. One officer distinguished himself by his headlong chase after an old bull with an unloaded revolver. He had forgotten to load it in the excitement. Away he went alongside the bull, pounding away at it with his revolver slung at the end of a strap, until some one came to his assistance and brought down the game.

We killed four on this first hunt; the robes were carefully taken off and preserved and the meat made a welcome addition to the different messes. From this time on we had no dearth of fresh meat. The further west we went the more plentiful became the buffalo. We came to places where, as far as the eye could reach, thousands and tens of thousands were in sight, the country being fairly black with them. They had eaten the grass very short making food scarce, and all the lakes were polluted by them. These immense bands seemed to be travelling north, but there seemed to be no end of them.

The killing was easy, and many times we killed them from the saddle without going out of the line of march. The robes were not in good condition at this time. It is only in the winter and spring that they are in their prime. The animals shed their coats during the summer season, making the robes useless. It was at this time I shot my first buffalo and cut off the best pieces myself.

One day I was out alone, and my horse got down in a quicksand hole up to his neck, only his head and saddle being in sight. I had to walk several miles in a

burning sun to get help to extricate him. That was done by hauling him out bodily with ropes hitched to a team, and he was none the worse for it, serving me for many years afterwards on many a hard ride. By this time our supply of oats was getting very short, the horses being put down to four pounds per head. The country after we left the Cypress hills was hilly, making hard pulling especially with the guns. Twelve horses were often hitched to them, with as many men as could lay hold, to help them up the hills.

September 6 we camped on the South Saskatchewan river, our guide telling us that the Bow river entered into it only 12 miles above where we first struck it. We very shortly found that he knew nothing whatever about the locality, going only on hearsay, never having been in that section before. We travelled from here up the river, but keeping out from it a considerable distance to avoid the deep coulees that sometimes ran back several miles from the river. We found the feed very light and the water scarce. We had a slight snowstorm on Sept. 9, which killed many horses. As we were travelling through sand hills there was little or no feed. We camped at the mouth of the Bow river which runs into the South Saskatchewan at this point. Our guides were completely at a loss, not knowing up which river Fort Whoopup lay, and really not being sure which of the two rivers was the Bow and which the Belly. The South Saskatchewan receives the name of Belly river after the junction of the Bow. Whoopup in reality lies about 120 miles up the Belly river from the point where we were then camped, at the mouth of the Belly and St. Mary's rivers. But we were utterly ignorant of this fact. Had we known, it would have saved us going round some 200 miles or more. It was decided that I should proceed up the Bow river on the south side, taking with me three halfbreeds, with only our ponies and sufficient rations to last us three days. We were to go up the river as far as we could to see if any signs of settlement or any white men could be met with. Another officer, Captain Welsh, was to proceed up the Belly river for the same purpose.

One troop was to be detached here under command of Major Walsh to proceed north to Edmonton, but this order was afterwards cancelled, and a good thing it was,

as he could never, with the horses in such condition and the season so late, have reached that point. It lies nearly 200 miles north, with a swampy country to go through.

I started up the Bow river Sept. 12, with the three halfbreeds. We had a tough little halfbreed pony apiece. We had our three days' rations and one blanket each. We made 40 miles that day and saw nothing but thousands of buffalo. We were in a heavy storm of sleet during the night, and had no sleep as the buffalo stampeded our horses, and after we recovered them we had to watch them until morning.

We made a start at daylight, without breakfast. We killed a buffalo during the morning and cut off the best pieces, which we cooked for breakfast on striking a small creek with timber, some distance ahead. On that day about noon while riding along the river, we saw two Indians on foot coming from the prairie, and making for a deep gully running out from the river. We tried to cut them off to get into communication with them, but they got down into the gully before we could get near them.

We rode towards the gully and when within about 100 yards of it, we sprang about 50 Indians, all armed, and pointing their rifles at us. We kept our rifles ready and kept on the move round, making signs to them. There was no fear of them being able to catch us, as they were on foot and there were no horses in sight. The halfbreeds spoke to them, but could not understand what they said. They lay down behind the bank, with just their heads and the muzzles of their guns in sight. They did not fire, and showed no signs of hostility. One man stood up and went through a pantomime of signs which the halfbreeds could not understand. The latter were thoroughly scared, and insisted on riding off, as they said they were Sioux Indians, and would kill us if they got a chance. The Indians were uncertain what to do, not knowing but that another party might be behind us. One Indian waved a scalp at us. They were evidently a war party on some expedition. I much wished to get near and into communication with them, but on the halfbreeds riding off and leaving me alone, there was nothing for it but to follow. It took me hard riding to catch up with them, as they were on the back track, making for camp. It took me a long time to persuade them to turn back and resume the journey up the

river, which we eventually did, making a wide detour around the gully in which the Indians lay. We found out afterwards that this was a party of Assinibolia Indians out on foot on the war path. They had been up the Bow river over 100 miles from the point where we met them, and had attacked a party of white men who were camped on the river with two or three wagon loads of goods, trading with the Blackfeet. They attacked this party at night, stole all their horses, killed one man, captured and burned the wagons and destroyed what goods they could not take with them.

A. LaChapelle, one of this party, is still in business in this country. It was a good thing indeed for us that they were undecided what to do. They no doubt were at a loss to know what kind of a party we were. My red coat must have puzzled them considerably. After this we travelled at night, as we thought the Indians might follow us, which indeed they did. On our return we found their tracks, they having followed us a considerable distance. We travelled about 40 miles farther up the river, having gone altogether about 90 miles from camp. No sign of any trail or habitation was seen, and we might have gone 100 miles further before we should have met with any. This of course we found out afterwards.

There was no timber on the river as far as we went, and the country was broken and hilly. We saw a fine sight here—some thousands of buffalo swimming across the Bow river, which is at this point a considerable stream and very swift. Our rations had given out and we killed buffalo for food. We returned to camp the third day, on our return journey travelling mostly at night and resting part of the day. We had made a hard and long ride of at least 60 miles a day. The Indian ponies we rode were wonderfully tough and enduring. The last night thousands of buffalo passed us on a stampede going south; their tread fairly shook the ground, and, a lucky thing it was for us that we were not in their road. On our arrival in camp we found that Welsh had returned from his trip up Belly river, without seeing any signs of white men or settlement. Had he gone 50 miles further up, or 100, he would have struck camps of traders. This, of course, we did not know at that time.

It was now decided to travel south to the Sweet Grass hills, or Three Buttes, which we could see in the distance.

about 80 miles off. We would remain in camp there, while the commissioner and assistant commissioner proceeded south to Ft. Benton, Montana, about 100 miles from the Sweet Grass, to communicate with Ottawa and to procure provisions and information. We therefore left Belly river Sept. 15, arriving on Milk river, just north of the West Butte, Sept. 18, after a most dismal journey, many horses being scattered all along the trail, unable to travel for want of food. We had one or two snow storms on the road and the weather was cold. On Milk river we had good feed and water. We crossed this stream and camped at the foot of West Butte, near the site of an old boundary survey camp. The boundary line was only half a mile south of us. There was a great scramble for some provisions left in this camp, and one mess was the lucky possessor of a gallon of molasses, a spoonful of which you could not purchase for a fortune, and they were looked upon with envious eyes.

We found some very good coal on Milk river, and signs of iron were very abundant. No doubt some day they will be developed as there is lots of coal there for smelting purposes. At this place it was decided that D and E troops, with Colonel French, should return east. They wintered near Fort Pelly, on the North Swan river, and Swan River barracks was the name given to the place. They were to pick up the wagons and horses left on the road on their return. We said goodbye to them, and they started on their return journey Sept. 21. Colonel French, after leaving Benton, caught them some distance to the eastward.

The remaining three troops, C, B and F, were to remain at the Sweet Grass hills until the return of Colonel Macleod, who would take command of that force, and we should then proceed northwest to do the work we originally came for. Colonel French and Colonel Macleod proceeded to Ft. Benton Sept. 22, leaving us in camp with good feed and water, with Captain Winder in command.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE WHISKY TRADERS.

We remained in this camp until Sept 29, when we received word from Ft. Benton, from Colonel Macleod, to the effect that we were only 60 miles from Ft. Whoopup, and that we were to move about 15 miles west, when we should strike a well beaten road leading to that place. This trail was the one used by traders coming up from Ft. Benton to trade with the Indians at the different forts, and was much used. This was most welcome news, as the weather was growing cold and it was not a cheerful prospect to look forward to, spending the winter at the Sweet Grass hills. The messenger who brought the news gave us a good account of the country west. He said it was well wooded, with many rivers, and quantities of game. He also disabused our minds of the desperate character of the whisky traders and Indians. He told us the traders were few, most of them having returned to Benton for the winter with their summer loads of fur; that they had also had word of our advent, and we need not expect to catch many of them. The Indians were peaceable, he said, having an abundance of game, and were trading their wares amicably with the whites.

The horses being so few, and those left in such poor condition, we had to leave the guns and some wagons at the last camp, sending for them the following day. We rested in camp while they were being brought up. Our sugar and other necessaries had long since given out, but we had an abundance of antelope and buffalo meat.

While in camp Oct. 1 the first team of traders passed our camp going south with their summer pack of buffalo robes, which they had no doubt traded for whisky. We searched this "outfit" as they called it in the west, but found no liquor. They were objects of great curiosity to us, and we plied them with questions. We camped on Milk

river, Oct. 2, about 40 miles from Whoopup. At this point we waited until Colonel Macleod came up to us from the south, which he did Oct. 4. The weather had turned cold, and our fires were made with buffalo chips, as the dried dung is called. We hunted continuously, having no trouble in keeping a supply of meat on hand, only having to go just outside of the camp for game. The buffalo on one occasion came almost into camp, when one man killed six of them. Colonel Macleod was accompanied by Mr. Conrad and Jerry Poits, Blackfoot guide and interpreter, who was engaged at \$90 per month, he knowing the country and Indians thoroughly. The halfbreed guides we brought with us had returned east with Colonel French. Mr. Conrad was one of the firm of I. G. Baker & company, of Fort Benton, a firm doing a large general business in Montana. Mr. Conrad had been one of the first to build a trading post on Sheep creek, a point about 75 miles north of the present Fort Macleod. He had traded some time extensively in whisky, but had not done so for some years previous to our advent. Most of the traders in the North West purchased their goods from, and sold their furs to, this firm, who had the name of being responsible business men. It was composed of I. G. Baker, the head and originator of the firm in Benton many years before, when it was only a stockade trading post, and Charles and William Conrad, who carried on the firm. I. G. Baker resided in St. Louis. This firm did considerable contract work for the different military posts scattered through northern Montana, having their headquarters at Benton. At that time Benton was a very small place on the Missouri river, of only a few hundred inhabitants, and these altogether traders or stock men. This firm together with that of T. C. Powers & company, another equally wealthy firm, owned several steamboats that ran to that place from Bismark, several hundred miles down the river, every summer, bringing in large supplies of goods of all descriptions.

The commissioner while in Benton had contracted with the firm of I. G. Baker & company to furnish us with all supplies needed for a year, by the troops going west. A bull team was on the road loaded with forage and supplies of all kinds, but would not be up for a week or more. These trains were an institution peculiar to the prairies, there being three wagons covered with canvas, to each team,

which consisted of 12 yoke of oxen. There were sometimes as many as eight teams of 24 wagons to a train. The wagons were often loaded with 7,000 pounds of freight each, or 21,000 pounds to a team, and their rate of travelling was slow, 10 or 15 miles per day, but sure, and they could haul through anything. There was one driver to each team. A night herder and cook completed the outfit, with generally two or three saddle horses along for herding the cattle at night. The men walked alongside their teams during the day, with their heavy bull whips, which they would crack with the noise of a pistol shot.

All the wagons except what were actually needed to take on the bedding and necessary forage and rations, together with the guns, and all the sick horses, were left in my charge with 20 men, at Milk river, to wait until the bull teams came up. They would haul the wagons on from that point until we joined the rest on Old Man's river, at a point to which the guide, Jerry Potts, was to take them. This was a suitable place to establish a permanent camp and build a fort. It is now known as Fort Macleod, the men giving it that name after we had built it, in honor of our commanding officer.

The guide, Potts, was a Piegan halfbreed and had made his home in the North West, being well acquainted with the country and all the Indians in it. We could not have gotten a better man, and as proof of his capability in that line, I may say that he was in the employ of the police until his death in 1899, at Fort Macleod, the point to which he first guided us, 30 years ago. The party I had with me numbered 20 men, some of whom were sick. Only one horse fit for service was left, being my trooper. The weather, while we remained there was cold, but fine, and we enjoyed the rest; our time was passed principally in shooting antelope or buffalo, which surrounded us in thousands. A few days after we camped here, Joann Glean, a trader, passed from Benton, loaded with canned provisions, sugar, syrup, and a miscellaneous assortment. He made haste to reach the police when he heard we were in the country, expecting to make a good trade with us, knowing we had been on short allowance for a long time. His expectations were fully realized, as he on that trip laid the foundation of the tidy fortune he accumulated afterwards. He had been an old miner and trader and knew the country pretty thoroughly.

The men clubbed together and purchased a sack of flour, and a barrel of syrup, which they had to pay a pretty stiff price for. The flour cost \$20 a sack, and the syrup \$3 per gallon. It was a sight to see the way these unusual luxuries were disposed of. The cooking went on continually until they were all gone.

The bull train arrived in a little over a week later, and our wagons were strung on behind their teams. Some of the men were placed in the wagons, and some on foot, and we once more proceeded slowly on the journey.

We arrived in three days at the St. Mary's river and camped not far from Fort Whoopup. It had already been searched by the troops ahead, but nothing had been discovered. On our way into the fort we passed a dead Indian, lying near the side of the road. He was an Assinibolne Indian, killed by the Blackfeet, their deadly enemies, and left lying where he fell. He had dried up like a mummy with the hot sun, and was minus the scalp, which the Blackfeet had taken as a trophy.

We found Whoopup to be a stockade fort, some hundred yards long and wide, being built in a square, out of solid cottonwood logs dovetailed together. The buildings on the four sides faced inward around the square. Loopholes had been cut in the bastions, and the fort was the proud possessor of two old fashioned brass field guns, which I doubt could have been used without bursting. Three or four men occupied the fort, being all traders, the owner of the post, D. W. Davis, doing the hospitalities. He took us over the fort and set before us a first-class dinner, with fresh vegetables of all sorts raised in his own garden. One of the rooms of the fort was used as a trading store, being full of Indian trading goods composed of blankets, cloth, brass and glass beads, and many other articles of Indian trade. They used coal in their stoves, there being a fine open seam not far from the fort. In fact all this river from that point down, abounds in coal. Where the Galt coal mine now is at Lethbridge, that point is only seven miles below Fort Whoopup.

The men in this fort nearly all had Indian women, having married them according to the custom of the country by purchase, probably for whisky. The squaws were of good feature and physique, and dressed in calico were very respectable in appearance. There were no Indians camped at

this place. They had heard of our arrival and had gone out on the plains. The traders had also been notified of our approach, and no doubt had hidden what whisky they had, thus accounting for the non-success of the search made by the troops in passing. We crossed the St. Mary's river a few miles above Whoopup, and started on the north side of that river for the main camp on Old Man's river, some 20 miles away.

A rather ridiculous incident occurred while pulling up a steep hill on the opposite side. One of the wagons hitched behind one of the teams, was loaded with empty 9-pound shells for the guns. The wagon happened to upset, and the shells rolling out and down the hill, caused a general stampede among the bull whackers, who could not be induced to return for a considerable time. The team, being left to its own sweet will, swerved off the road, upsetting one of the team wagons, in which the night herder was asleep. We expected to find the man dead, after taking bags of oats, flour, and several cook stoves from the top of him, but he was alive and none the worse for his shaking up. However it delayed us a considerable time and we only got as far as the top of the hill that night.

We crossed the Belly river again the next day, at a place named by the traders, Slide Out, which name it bears to this day. The Rocky mountains were seemingly quite close to us, looking grand with their white winter covering. They had been in sight ever since we left the Sweet Grass hills, and a grand view we had of them all along from that point. A high range of hills lying to the north, were also in sight for a long time. These are named the Porcupine hills, and lie on the north side of the Old Man's river. We arrived at that river on the third day, and you may be sure we were greeted enthusiastically by all. They were camped on the river bottom, where there was cottonwood timber for miles on both sides of the river.

I was glad to be told that it was the intention to locate here permanently and build a log fort at once. No Indians had come in, but the time had not been wasted. There were two prisoners in camp, one a white man, Taylor by name, the other a Spanish negro, who had been captured the day before up the river, while endeavoring to go south, with several hundred buffalo robes, and a quantity of whisky. The whisky was spilled, and the robes and

teams confiscated. The men were fined \$250 each, and in default, imprisonment for six months. Taylor's fine was paid, but the negro's was not, and he was confined under guard in a tent, and on the fort being built, in the log guard house, from which during the winter he made a bold attempt to escape. He was fired at by the sentry but got away, though wounded. His body was found in the spring by Indians, about 40 miles south. Taylor became a respectable citizen, and after being in many different lines of business, settled down to hotel keeping, in which he still is. He faithfully adhered to his Indian wife, having a large family by her, all of whom he educated well.

It was a relief after all the hardships we had gone through to find that we were at last settled down permanently, with the new country before us to open up, and that the tedious march of 1874, that had taken us over four months to accomplish, was ended.



CHAPTER IX.

BUILDING FORT MACLEOD.

The weather was cold when we arrived at the Old Man's river, and we camped in tents on the river bottom. At that time there was plenty of cottonwood timber on the bottoms that could be used for building purposes. As soon as we had a few days' rest, the men were all set to work felling trees and cutting them into 12-foot logs for building. We had such a short time to put up buildings and stables that they were run up in the quickest manner possible. This was by digging long trenches three feet deep, the length of the building required, then placing 12-foot logs upright side by side in these trenches, forming the walls, with logs across for beams. After covering the building with poles, a foot or two of dirt was added. The walls were plastered with clay inside and out, and putting in the windows and doors, the buildings were finished. Very little lumber was brought up by the bull teams with the window sashes. It was just enough for doors, so the ground was our only flooring. These buildings were built in a square, with two log buildings on each side. They consisted of men's quarters and store room, stables on one side and two long buildings facing them, for officers' quarters, orderly room, etc. These buildings were rushed up in quick time, everyone taking a hand, and pretty tough work it was, particularly the plastering. The weather was pretty cold. The clay had to be mixed with hot water and thrown on by hand, which was freezing work. While we were at this work, Baker & company's men had been at work and built some similar structures not far from the fort, one of which was a store. This was pretty well filled up with all sorts of goods, such as canned fruits, etc., and a good thing they made of it, with fruit at \$1 per can and everything else in proportion. As we had received no pay up

to this time it was all credit, orders being taken on the men's pay, and when they did receive it, there was not much left after settling their bills. After the long march on short rations, no price was begrudged for luxuries. Parties had been sent north to Sheep creek after whisky traders, some of whom were captured and brought in, and fined or imprisoned, their robes being confiscated and the whisky spilt. Captain Crozier had the honor of the first capture, that of Taylor, and after that we all had plenty of travelling to do. The Indians had by this time come in, and had got over their fear of us, many councils being held. They were told the reason of our coming, and were all glad to have the whisky trade abolished. Large camps of many hundreds of Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens camped near us, and were on the most friendly terms. They were in those days a splendid looking lot of men, well off. They owned hundreds of horses, fine large lodges made of tanned buffalo skins, some of them fancifully painted, with any number of buffalo robes for trade, and all they required to eat, and were the happiest people in the world.

As I said before, they soon became very friendly, and were of considerable help in finding where the different whisky traders were located. During the winter we were visited by the Blackfeet, Blood and Piegan Indians, some seven thousand comprising these three tribes at that time, although they have since dwindled down to half that number. They were totally without any idea of civilization, living altogether on the plains during the summer, and camping on the rivers near wood during the winter. They were constantly at war with the Crees in the north, and the Sioux, Crows and Gros Ventres in the south, and generally held their own. War parties of them would start out each summer, and travel hundreds of miles on foot on horse-stealing expeditions, and generally returned with large numbers of stolen animals. It took us years to put a stop to this wholesale stealing, and it is not over yet, and I doubt if it ever will be totally eradicated.

The Indian education is directly the opposite of that of civilized nations. They are taught when children that the more they steal, lie or kill, the higher their state in the happy hunting grounds or sand hills, where the western Indians believe they go after death.

No mission work had been done among the plain Indians before we arrived. A few Catholic priests had been among them but made little impression. The mission work had been confined to the north, among the Crees, and a small mission near the mountains, up the Bow river at a place named Morley, was among a small tribe of Stoneys, a branch of the Assinibolia Indians. This mission was in charge of Rev. G. McDougall, part trader and hunter, and part missionary.

A great mistake has been made in expecting the Indians to be civilized all at once. It is impossible that they could reach the state of enlightenment in a few years which has taken whole generations to accomplish. It must be remembered that a vast change took place in a few years in their surroundings and style of living after the advent of the whites. What they learned among the whites was seldom to their advantage, either morally or physically, and their teachers did not always set the best example.

There were on our arrival no cattle in the country, except a few domestic cows, north along the Saskatchewan, and it was some time before the Indians would eat beef, believing it to be bad medicine. Flour they traded for but little, their chief demand being for tea, tobacco, and blankets. Buffalo meat was nearly altogether their only sustenance. Tea they were very fond of, and we used often to attend their dances, which were new to us, and generally held in the largest lodge in camp. A mixture of tea and tobacco was drunk, which had the effect almost of liquor on the Indians. A tragedy was enacted at one dance I attended. An old Indian, who had a young squaw of whom he was very jealous, attended the dance. The old man left the tent, being jealous of another young fellow, leaving his woman in the dance. He went outside and cut a hole in the side of the tent, and while the woman was dancing quite close to where I was sitting, he shot her through the head with his pistol. The poor girl fell dead across the fire, and there was for a short time a good chance for a general fight. The man was captured and handed over to us, and afterwards sent down to Winnipeg for trial. He was imprisoned for some years, and is now in the camp, with another wife. In those days the Indians were very jealous of their women, who were really slaves. They were purchased

for so many head of horses, and did most of the camp work, and the cutting up of buffalo, drying the meat, and preparing the robes in different ways. They also pitched and struck the lodges, cooked and did nearly all the work. It was the custom of the Indians in those days to cut off the nose of a woman for infidelity, and on some occasions they were killed. It took us some years to put an end to this custom altogether. Their dead were either left in lodges, with blankets or other offerings to the sun, or in the fork of some tree, where they remained for years. There were many of these bodies in the trees along the banks of Old Man's river, and many dead lodges, from the time of the smallpox some years previously.

Of course, we received Indian names, and the crest of the force was taken from the name given Col. Macleod, that of Stum-ach-so-to-kan, or Buffalo Head, the names nearly always being that of some animal, or a part.

We spent our Christmas in the buildings, they having been finished by that time, and we were fairly comfortable. We had an abundance of buffalo meat, men being engaged to hunt for the force. We also killed numbers of deer not far from the fort, keeping the mess pretty well supplied with venison.

A small village had sprung up near the fort, two or three stores, and a billiard room of logs having been built, mostly by old traders in the country, who had come in and, as their whisky trade was stopped, tried to make a living in a more legitimate manner. We found them a very decent lot of men in spite of all we had heard against them. They were of all nationalities, and were either miners or traders and hunters. There were, of course, some hard cases among them, but these did not long remain, as they did not find law and order to their taste. We had by spring a guard room full of prisoners, one or two of whom were in for murder. They were not sent down to Winnipeg, our nearest jail, 900 miles off, until the following summer, and a hard trip it was for the escort.

The citizens in the village were most hospitable, and did what they could for us. Of course, more or less whisky circulated during the winter among the men, very poor stuff at \$5 per pint bottle, but alcohol and Jamaica ginger were principally sold. Some whisky casks were unearthed by the Indians, and a general drunk ensued, some casualties occur-

ing, and our time during the winter was fully taken up, travelling long distances, and trying to put a stop to the traffic, in which we succeeded very well.

Most of our horses were sent into Montana to winter on Sun river, where feed could be purchased, in charge of an officer, Major Walsh. We managed to purchase a little hay from a trader a few miles down the river, at \$30 per ton, and also some native horses were purchased for use on our expedition.

The second death occurred in the force a short time after we had begun to build the fort, poor Parks dying from fever brought on from exposure and the hardships of the march, but the force was generally healthy.

A small detachment was stationed some eighteen miles down the river at a small trading post going by the name of Ft. Kipp, after the original builder. This fort was built of logs, the same as all other buildings in the country, and surrounded by a log stockade, and had been built for a whisky trading post. The men were under an officer named Brisbois who was in command of F troop, to which I belonged. Two of the men from this detachment had been at our fort at Macleod for some time on leave, but left to return to Kipp the day before New Year. On that day word had arrived that one of I. G. Baker's bull teams had got into Whoopup, about 30 miles from Macleod, and had a large quantity of mail for the police with them, but were not expected to arrive at Macleod for nearly a week. We had received no mail since the previous June, with the exception of a few odd letters now and then, and of course we were all most anxious to get this mail by New Year, if possible. I therefore asked permission to ride down to Kipp the day before New Year, and bring up the letters. Col. Macleod was very backward in granting this permission, but at last it was given and I started down a little before sunset, on a tough little native horse bred in the country. I intended to make Kipp that night, and go on to Whoopup the next day. There was a little snow on the ground and only a faint trail to be seen. I had not got more than a few miles on the way, when the wind changed to the North very suddenly, and one of the Northwest blizzards set in. It turned very cold—some 20 degrees below zero. I turned round to come back, but found it utterly impossible to do so, as the wind and snow struck me in the face,

and I could not prevent my eyelids from freezing together. There was nothing to do but to continue on the road, trusting to the horse taking me during the night into Ft. Kipp. I had a good warm buffalo coat on, but suffered intensely, only keeping myself from freezing by getting off now and then and taking a run, but this I could not keep up long for fear of losing the trail. When it got dark, I had to stick to the saddle, to the pommel of which I tied the reins, letting the horse take his own road, as I could see nothing, and did not know the country even if I had been able to see it. Luckily for me, the horse had been bred in that vicinity and was wonderfully intelligent. He could not go out of a walk. Hour after hour went by with us still plodding along, and the storm still continuing. About midnight it brightened up a little, and I saw before me a steep bank, at the bottom of which I supposed to be a river. However, there was nothing for it but to go ahead, letting the horse go where he pleased. It thickened up again, and for an hour nothing was visible, until I found myself suddenly surrounded by lighted windows.

The horse had walked in through the gate of Ft. Kipp without my knowledge and stopped in the middle of the square. It was lucky I let him have his head, as I should have perished had he become lost. A welcome sight it was. The blazing log fires and a good meal soon put my blood in circulation.

I inquired of Capt. Brisbois if the two men who were on leave, and who I knew had left Macleod that day, had arrived, but was told they had not. We therefore concluded that they had remained at another small trading post about half way from Macleod, and would come in the next day. The following morning being fine, I rode down to Whoopup and took all the letters for the police, returned to Ft. Kipp in the afternoon, and was informed that the two horses belonging to the men Baxter and Wilson, who were on leave, had come into the fort saddled but without their riders. A party of men, with some Indians, had been sent to search for them, and a short time after they came in bringing the bodies of the two men with them, one being dead and frozen hard, the other with arms and legs and most of the body frozen stiff, but he was still breathing. The party had followed the tracks of their horses, and found where the men had led them round and round in a circle, and then, where they had left them.

They found one man dead not far from the spot, but the other was found a long way farther on. They had got lost and bewildered, and on lying down, were soon frozen in that bitter wind.

I rode in to Macleod as fast as possible for Dr. Nevill, but before he reached Kipp that night Wilson was dead. Had he lived his life would have been a burden to him, as his limbs would have had to be amputated.



CHAPTER X.

CRITICAL CONDITIONS.

The news I brought to the fort cast a gloom over all, and it was far from being a cheerful New Year's greeting. They had been most anxious about me, and I certainly had a very narrow escape. The bodies of the storm's victims were brought up the next day, and they were buried with military honors by their comrades, with whom they were great favorites. The months of January and February of 1875 were cold and stormy, and the work the men had to do was hard. Considerable grumbling ensued in consequence. Many of the traders camped round the fort had inflamed the minds of the men with stories of the wealth to be easily made in Montana gold mines, and the high rate of wages which, in comparison to the 90 cents the men received, appeared like a fortune. These stories had the effect of making many of the men dissatisfied, and in February some twenty or more deserted one night, taking their arms with them. They were no doubt helped by some of the traders with horses to get away on. Parties were sent after them but failed to overtake them, but the Government property was surrendered by them to the American authorities in Montana and afterwards recovered.

This was most disheartening to the rest of the men, as it made the work heavy on the few who remained. We were then reduced in number, in an almost unknown country, and surrounded by several thousand warlike Indians, whom we knew little about. It proved a very heavy responsibility on our commanding officer, Col. Macleod, and must have caused him the gravest anxiety. The firmness and justice with which the Indians were treated, made them respect us, and kept them on friendly terms, in a manner that force could never have accomplished. On many occasions an officer and two or three men would go into a camp of several hundred lodges, and arrest an Indian for some crime, and in no instance were we resisted, although they had the power to wipe out the whole force, had they wished, in a very short space of time.

Our journeys to different points in the country, on the watch for whisky traders, were also continuous, and these journeys, it must be remembered, were over a great extent of territory without trails, and with no one to depend on but ourselves. Transport we had none, the blankets and provisions being carried on pack horses, and the desertion of these men made our work more arduous. As clothing was scarce among the men, none having been issued since we left Toronto, and most of what we brought from there being left behind, the men had many reasons to be dissatisfied.

The way the men would turn out on a parade was fantastic to say the least. Self made breeches of cow skin, buffalo coats and caps made by themselves, and Indian moccasins, would be part of the get-up. The work in the fort was also of the hardest. There was wood to chop continually, and also to haul, the buildings were constantly requiring repairs, the roofs sometimes giving way, and the discomfort of mud roofs and floors, and continual arduous journeys in the of weather, were enough to cause discontent among any body of men. There should be praise to those hardy men who toiled on through this larl winter, and some excuse made for those who left and went south believing that wealth could easily be gained in that country. Some of these men were taken back after they discovered their mistake, and a few of them are yet in the force, and of good character, and others are in the country, being prosperous settlers.

During the first winter our intercourse with the Indians was not as great as it afterwards became, as to a certain extent we were strangers to each other, but they showed their appreciation of our work in putting a stop to the whisky trade by helping all they were able. We were hardly able however to do much towards stopping their horse stealing expeditions, and other unlawful acts considered by them as meritorious. In fact it took years to do this, and these traits of Indian character can never be entirely eradicated.

They were hospitable in the extreme, and if on our journeys we came upon an Indian camp, we were welcome to their tents, and any food they had, and this often saved us from many bitter nights on the bare snow, in furious storm and intense cold. The food in an Indian tent in winter is not always the most appetizing. I remember on one occasion

being with a guide only, having lost our way in a blinding snow storm, with no blankets, and the prospect before us of camping out in the open, coming upon an Indian trail in the snow. No sight was ever more welcome. Following it up a few miles we came upon the camp. They looked after our horses and invited us into one of their lodges. A pot was on the fire, and our hunger being extreme, we anxiously looked for supper. The food was handed round in wooden bowls, being a soft meat of some material of what we did not enquire, but made a hearty meal. We slept in the lodge that night the weather being very cold.

Next morning, being awake when the Indian and his squaw got up, I remained watching them prepare breakfast. The squaw pulled down the blankets on which they had been sleeping, and pulled from underneath a blue and hairless object on which they had been lying, no doubt to keep it from freezing, and commenced to cut pieces off and put in the pot over the fire. It looked to me more like a dead baby than anything I could imagine. I nudged the interpreter who lay alongside of me. He informed me that it was a buffalo calf cut out of the animal when killed, and was considered a great delicacy. Needless to say, I had no breakfast that morning, having partaken largely of the delicacy the night before. But they gave us the best they had, although not choice from our way of thinking. Many similar visits to Indian camps were made during this first winter, and they treated us well according to their lights. It was the first time these wild Indians of the plains had come in contact with friendly white men, who were working in their behalf. The Indian in those days was truly wild, the buffalo being all in all to him. His tent was made of the hide, his footgear, and clothing, and anything he procured from the trader was by barter of the robe. So as the buffalo moved, so moved the Indian camps. Today they might be near our fort, in a week a hundred miles away. So during the winter we were perpetually on the move, for where the Indian camp would be, there also was likely to follow the trader in whisky, and as the robes are prime in winter, great chances would be taken to procure them. Thus passed our first, and probably hardest, winter in the N. W. Territories.

CHAPTER XI.

SLAUGHTER OF THE BUFFALO.

I will confine myself in this chapter to giving some idea of the country in which we had established ourselves, and the trade principally carried on in it, its capabilities, climate, and other particulars regarding it. In the first place, the buffalo, which even when we entered the country, roamed the plains in vast herds, had been ten times more numerous in previous years. In those days they ranged as far north as the Peace river, while in 1874 very few were to be found much north of the Red Deer river, which lies about a hundred miles north of the present city of Calgary. A few buffalo of a larger type than those found on the plains, and termed wood buffalo, were indeed to be found in scattered numbers in the far north, and some I believe are still to be found in that region. These were no doubt the remnants of the herds that used to range in the northern section, remaining behind when the main herds went south, and the different feed found in the timber country, to a certain extent, changed their characteristics.

It is a curious fact that for centuries the Indians had followed the buffalo and subsisted nearly altogether off them, without any apparent diminution of their numbers. Bands of buffalo would be found grazing in close proximity to Indian camps, but the moment white settlers came in, as they did early along the north Saskatchewan, the buffalo immediately left that vicinity, never to return. So it was in the south; as soon as the country began to be settled, the buffalo disappeared, always drifting south.

Of course the disappearance of the buffalo finally, was caused by the wanton slaughter of tens of thousands, thereby leading to their extinction, but it must still be remembered that in the old days the Indians were five times more numerous than when we came to the country, and in consequence

the slaughter was much greater, but the fact remains, that on the advent of the whites the buffalo gradually disappeared until today I doubt if one is left in his native state.

Sometimes we would travel over miles of country with nothing but buffalo in sight as far as the eye could reach. On other occasions we would ride at an easy lope and see a continuous stream of tens of thousands passing not over a hundred yards ahead, and closing in behind in the same manner. It is almost impossible to realize that they have been completely exterminated in such a few years.

The slaughter however was tremendous. I saw twenty thousand robes sent south to Ft. Benton in the spring of 1876 trade at their posts at Ft. Macleod and Calgary, together with those bought by them from outside hunters, who would camp out all winter, either trading with the Indians, or hunting themselves. Thousands were killed by the Indians themselves for their own use, not only for meat, but for their tents, which were renewed each year. A tent consumed from ten to twenty-five skins. Therefore thousands were killed, and only the robe taken. An enormous number died from wounds received, and were never touched. The halfbreeds were also a factor in the destruction among these animals, slaughtering whole herds for only a portion of the meat, leaving the rest to rot on the prairie.

The wolves were another cause of their destruction. When we arrived in the country the large grey wolves ran in packs and were always found near the bands of buffalo, pulling down weak or wounded animals, and destroying many young calves.

An attempt was made by the government after we had been in the country a few years, to stop the killing of calves, and a law was passed to that effect, but it was a dead letter, the country being so vast and the other duties of the small force of police so arduous, that it was found impossible to enforce it.

Our only meat during the first two or three years consisted altogether of buffalo, as no cattle came into the country for some years later.

Among other profitable furs in the country, that of the large grey wolf was not much behind the buffalo robe, being

worth from two to three dollars each. Regular parties of "wolfers" used to start out in the fall, and remain out all winter, camped in tents, with a winter's supply of food, and a good stock of strychnine. Their mode of procedure was as follows; a large number of buffalo would be killed, at considerable intervals from each other, each carcass being split in two and turned over, the ribs making a basin in which strychnine was mixed up with the entrails, and so left. The poison would permeate all parts of the carcass. The wolves readily took to this bait, and hundreds of them were killed. The wolfers would go out every few days and bring in the frozen carcasses of the wolves. They would pile them up until spring, and skin them when the warm weather thawed them out. Although the wolves are still numerous along the foot-hills of the mountains, and do considerable damage to young stock, their numbers are as nothing to what they were in the buffalo days. Strange as it may appear, it is now almost impossible to poison them. They seem to avoid any bait set out, and considerable skill is required to successfully poison a wolf. The timber wolf was a distinct species, being generally found in the mountains, and being nearly black in color.

Deer of all kinds abounded on all the river bottoms, and grizzly, black and brown bears were numerous during the berry season. Elk were still in the country, but few in number, although not many years previously they roamed the plains in large herds, as the numerous horns testify. Moose and caribou were shot in considerable numbers along the mountains, principally by the Stoney Indians. They also killed numbers of sheep and goats, together with beaver and otter, but the hardest work was required to hunt them.

Beaver were very numerous on all the rivers a long way from the mountains, and when we arrived at the site of Calgary in 1875, a large beaver dam existed in full operation about a hundred yards below where the present Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge stands. Occasionally, rare skins could be purchased, such as white beaver, of which I have seen several, and white and black wolf skins. Silver and spotted buffalo robes, which were very rare, were to be had. A white robe I never saw, and from enquiries among the Indians, I

doubt if such a thing as a genuine white buffalo robe was ever taken on the northern plains.

Birds of many varieties abounded, the grouse being the most numerous, and geese and ducks of many sorts frequented all the lakes in the spring and fall, but the country in the Edmonton district was the paradise for water fowl, as it still is.

The rivers were full of trout, but the plain Indians neither fished or killed the feathered game, with the exception of the Stonies. The Blackfeet were too indolent. They existed altogether on buffalo, which they killed with little or no trouble.

The prairies were, and still are, a vast pasture land, the grass although short being most nutritious. This prairie grass cures as it stands, in the fall of the year retaining all its nutriment, while the long coarse grass, growing in the north, and in the timber country, dries out, and makes poor feed when left standing. It was a curious thing that, after heavy winters with plenty of snow the buffalo came out fat in the spring, while after open winters when plenty of water could be got from the rivers the buffalo were in poor condition. The buffalo ploughed the snow with their noses, to get at the feed, and the prairie where there was deep snow sometimes looked as if thousands of ploughs had gone over it, after a herd of buffalo had passed.

The native horses pawed away the snow, and thus got at the grass. We found that at first Canadian horses turned out in winter would starve, not knowing how to paw, but after one winter they soon learned from necessity.

The buffalo, in spite of all that has been said, was far from being a savage animal, and would seldom, even if wounded, attack a man. I remember seeing one of our men chased by a bull he had wounded. The animal was close behind, and he was swinging his carbine in one hand as he ran; by chance the butt struck the bull on the nose, when he immediately turned and made off, much to the relief of Trumpeter Pell.

The most savage and dangerous animals were those which had been driven out of the herds, on account of age, or some infirmity. These went by the name of "scabby bulls," and were generally found in the patches of brush.

along the river bottoms. These animals would attack anyone on sight, and were dangerous to meet. Mountain lions and lynx were numerous in the country, and preyed on the carcasses of dead buffalo, but since the disappearance of those animals they are rarely seen.

The climate from the Red Deer river south, a strip about 100 miles wide, was subject to sudden changes of temperature, particularly in the winter. The thermometer might stand as low as thirty or forty below zero, a sudden west wind would commence, in temperature not much less than summer heat, and in an hour or so everything would be a sheet of water. These chinook winds could nearly always be foretold, as a dense black mass of clouds hung over the mountains in the west a day or two before the wind reached the prairies. These winds have been explained by many theories, but still are as far from solution as ever.

Long and severe droughts often prevailed in the summer on the plains, and still do. Nothing but irrigation will ever make this an agricultural country. That most certainly will, for the soil is excellent, and all it requires is water. For pasturage it has not its equal in the world. On these immense plains, where for centuries the buffalo roamed and waxed fat, both summer and winter, domestic cattle can surely do likewise, and are doing today.

Prospecting for gold had not commenced when we arrived in the country, and even today the mountains, except in a very few spots, easily accessible, are unexplored. But the day will surely come when rich mines of all sorts will be found on the eastern slopes of that vast range of mountains that stands like a wall on the western edge of the Territories. Across the line only a hundred miles south of the boundary, incalculable wealth has been mined at such places as Helena, Butte and many others, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that this region abounding in gold and silver breaks off at the boundary line.

On our arrival in the country in 1874 the plain Indians numbered about 8,000, consisting of the tribe of Blackfeet proper, who were divided up into three branches, viz, Blackfeet, about 2,000, Bloods, 3,000 and Piegiens about 1,000. These three branches were the same people, speaking the same language. A branch of them, the so called South Piegiens,

had settled for some years in Montana, in American territory, and had made a treaty with the American government, and were settled on a reservation near the line. There were also in the country the Stony Indians, a branch of the Sioux tribe, living and hunting in the mountains, numbering about 1,000, and the tribe of Sarcee Indians, a distinct and separate tribe. These people originally came from the far north, and are no doubt a branch of the Chippewayans who live near the great Slave lake, when they migrated south. None of their traditions tell when, but like the Blackfeet who also originally came from the far north, it must have been many hundred years ago. Their language was most guttural, and I have never met an Indian or white man who could speak or understand it. They soon picked up the Blackfoot and Cree languages, but to a great extent kept to themselves, mixing but little with other tribes. They were by far the most warlike Indians on the plains, and had been up to our advent at continual war with all other tribes on the plains. Their hand was against everyone, and every man's hand against them, until from being a powerful tribe of several bands they had dwindled down to a few hundreds. The balance was made up by a few scattered bands of Crees, who had left the north and intermarried among the Blackfeet. All these Indians were almost perpetually at war with the Sioux, Gros Ventres and Crows in the south, and with the Crees in the north, and they held their own well, being probably the most expert horse thieves in the west, and a terror to the settlers and Indians in the south. They would start out on foot in large war parties and travel hundreds of miles. I know of parties going as far south as Sault Lake city, and they never returned without large bands of horses. They were so expert that cases are known where white men, afraid of having their horses run off during the night, have slept with the picket ropes either held, or tied to their bodies, waking in the morning and finding their horses gone, the ropes having been cut during the night. Of course the Indians had to be continually on the watch on their return, for the Sioux and Crows were nearly equally expert and many a band of horses have they run off from the Blackfeet, and many fights have taken place between them in the Blackfeet country.

They counted their wealth altogether by the number of

horses owned, and some of the chiefs owned as many as 500 head, when we first came into the country. The greater their wealth in horses, the more hunters they sent after the buffalo, and in consequence the more robes they had to tan. Thus they needed more women. Sometimes they had as many as twenty. It took years to only partly stop this inbred habit of horse stealing, and it will never be completely eradicated as long as an Indian remains. Like the buffalo, the plain Indians are fast dying, not many more than half the number remaining. Civilization has little effect on them, and only seems to decimate them faster. Those now left are but a poor sample, of the rich and free and warlike Indian we found on our first arrival in the Northwest. It will not be many years before they are extinct. They do not take to farming, and education, either moral or physical, seems to have no effect on them. Missionary labor among the Blackfeet has proved from some cause a failure, and I know of no instance where a full grown man or woman among the Blackfeet has been converted to Christianity. In the north, among the Crees, it is otherwise, and much good has been done among them by missionary labor, of all denominations. It therefore seems certain that as this great country becomes settled, the Indian will become extinct in the same manner as the myriads of buffalo gradually disappeared before the onward rush of civilization.



CHAPTER XII.

SEVERE TRIP TO HELENA.

Col. Macleod, about the beginning of March 1875, found it necessary to proceed south to Helena, a town in Montana some 250 miles south of us, to communicate with the authorities in Ottawa by telegraph on police matters for the coming summer. He determined to proceed south on horse-back with two pack horses, a guide, an officer and two men. I accompanied him, together with Potts the guide, Sergt. Cochrane, and C. Ryan, constable. We took a pair of blankets each, bacon and hard tack being our provisions, and a supply of oats for the horses. We left March, 15th, the weather being cold but fine, and encamped at Whoopup the first night.

On leaving there the next morning Mr. Akers, who was in charge of that fort, pointed out to us two bright mock suns, or, as they are called, sun dogs, and predicted a severe cold storm before long. He also advised us to remain, but we put no faith in these signs and started out. It turned very cold before night. We camped on the open prairie that night, and felt the cold very much, not having much bedding. The horses also suffered, as the feed was scarce and the snow deep. The next night we made Milk river in a blinding snow storm and blizzard, the thermometer, as we afterwards found, going down to 63 degrees below zero. There was not a stick of wood on Milk river, and the snow was too deep for hunting buffalo chips. We were in a bad plight indeed. We set to work with our knives and scooped out a hole in a large snow bank, and all crept into it with the exception of one man, who took care of the horses, which he did by walking up and down in the snow holding the ends of the ropes fastened round the horses necks. There was no feed for them, and had they been let go it would have been the last of them, and of us. The buffalo were also very thick on the river bottom, being driven down by the storm. They would come quite close and right among

the horses. We each took the work of herding an hour at a time, and it was all that we could stand, but it was almost as cold in our snow hole, though we were protected from the wind.

We remained for two nights and two days in the snow bank, with little or no sleep, and what I believe saved our lives was the eating of bacon, which we had no fire to cook. The storm continued, and on the second day we determined to proceed south, as we knew if we remained much longer where we were we would soon be frozen to death. We still saw each day the sun dogs, the foreteller of the storm. On the third morning we all started out on foot leading our horses, which were weak for want of food. The packs kept slipping and we got most of our fingers frozen putting them straight. There was no road or trail of any sort, and we had to trust altogether to our guide, who did nobly. His instinct, it could be nothing else, was wonderful. All that day we were surrounded by a blinding snow storm, so that no land marks were visible, but at night he brought us true to the spot to which he had been steering. This was a rocky butte on the open prairie, among which some springs flowed in the summer.

That day was a hard one on all of us. Ryan was the first to give out. I being in the rear, came up to him sitting on the prairie holding his horse, and on asking him what was the matter, he said "Go on Mr. Denny, you and the colonel. I am done up, and we shall never get in, I can go no further."

I found that he was wearing a pair of buckskin breeches, which had probably got damp while in the snow hole and had frozen stiff, and after repeated efforts to mount his horse he had given it up as a bad job, and given up altogether. However, I hoisted him on his horse and we joined the rest, and the colonel soon put some spirit into him, but we had good cause to be discouraged. Had it not been for our guide we should never have seen civilization again.

The night at Rocky springs was our last night out, and a miserable one it was. We all lay together, and in the morning were covered with six inches of snow, but the next morning was fine and bright and about noon we made an American trading post, some thirty miles across the line. There

was a detachment of American cavalry at this point on the look out for whisky traders, and when they saw our dilapidated outfit coming down the hill, all turned out, thinking the whisky traders were coming to them without their having the trouble to go after them. When they found out who we were their kindness was without bounds. How we did enjoy the warm fires and good food they gave us! We were all more or less frozen. The colonel's face was frozen, and I lost one of my toes, and was badly snow blind, and had to remain at Fort Shaw. This was an American military post, which we reached the next day. I remained there for over a week, joining the colonel in Helena when I recovered. I went down to Helena in a government ambulance and had a most pleasant journey. The road passes through the Prickly Pear Canyon before reaching Helena, and the scenery is of the grandest description. The road runs over the summit of the Rocky Mountains to reach Helena, which lies in a beautiful valley right in the heart of the mountains. Helena, when we visited it in 1875, was a thriving mining town of some three thousand inhabitants, placer mining still going on at that time in the gulches near the town, the water being brought to the workings by flumes of several miles in length. There were some good hotels, at one of which, the St. Louis, we put up, and found the accommodation very good indeed. There were two banks and several wealthy business houses. The eastern portion of the town was composed of drinking and gambling houses, with several dance houses in full swing. China town was a place to be visited, a separate part of the town being set apart for the Chinese, who made good wages working the old placer diggings. Helena had only been in existence a few years, gold being discovered by a party of miners in 1856. They had worked at prospecting all the summer without success, and their provisions were nearly expended. They determined on one more chance in that gulch, when they made a rich find, naming the spot Last Chance Gulch, on which the town of Helena sprung up. It is now a city of 20,000 inhabitants, and the terminus of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Great Northern railroad. The placer mines are worked out, but rich quartz mines are now in operation. Much farming and stock raising is also done in the district, and Helena is now the capital of Montana.

We remained some weeks in Helena, and were most hospitably treated by the American officers stationed there, and every courtesy was extended us by the leading civilians. We came across some of the men who deserted from Fort Macleod the month before, who had, after great hardships, arrived in Helena, and found their dreams of wealth easily acquired, not up to their expectations. Most of them, much ashamed, came to see Colonel Macleod, and endeavored to be taken back. A few of the best men returned with us to Fort Macleod.

My return trip to Macleod was a pleasant one. The spring having opened, the only trouble we had was in crossing the rivers, which were high, and the ice was just breaking up. There being no boats on the rivers in those days, we crossed as best we could, the crossings sometimes being very dangerous. Everything had gone on well at Fort Macleod in our absence. Several more arrests had been made of whisky traders and some Indians for various offences, but the Indians had been throughout the winter very friendly. Considerable work had been done on the barracks, larger stables having been built; some more buildings had also been put up in the village, and one or two more stores added.

On Colonel Macleod's return in July from his second trip to Helena, Superintendent Irvine came with him on a visit, and when he left he took the prisoners under sentence overland to Winnipeg. He had come up to Benton by river steamer, and from there 180 miles by stage to Helena, his trip back being a much harder one than coming up.

Inspector Walsh, who had spent the winter at Sun river with most of the police horses in charge, which had been sent down there to winter, returned with Colonel Macleod, bringing the horses back with him, and also a good number of serviceable animals purchased in Montana for police purposes, which we were much in need of. Colonel Macleod had received instructions to build a fort in the Cypress hills, some 200 miles east of Macleod, as that section was also infested by whisky traders, the Cypress district being not far from the line. It was also a great hunting ground, and our Indians were continually at war with those across the line, and horse stealing between them was a regular business. The object in building a fort and stationing men at this point was to

put a stop to this lawlessness. One troop of 50 men only could be spared, and in the early spring of 1875 Major Walsh, with B. Troop, proceeded with the baggage transport and horses to this point, where they built that summer a very substantial fort, almost in the centre of the Cypress hills, out of good material. There was plenty of pine timber to build with. This fort was named Fort Walsh, after the officer building and commanding it, and they had their hands full of work that summer in building, and in other police work.

It was also determined that one troop should proceed from Macleod north as far as the Red Deer river, two hundred miles from Macleod, and one hundred south of Edmonton, and there await the arrival of General Selby Smyth and escort of police from A troop, stationed at Edmonton.

General Smyth was an imperial officer in command of the Militia forces of Canada, and was to make the first tour of the North West Territories ever made by the authorities, under police escort. He was to make the journey from Winnipeg to Fort Pelly, at which point Colonel Frauch, in command of the force, had built a fort and wintered with 100 men of D and E troops, and be escorted from there up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, at which point Inspector Jarvis, with one troop, had arrived the previous autumn and wintered in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort. They would escort him from there, to be met by a troop from the south at the Red Deer river, and then proceed south to Macleod, and across the line to Fort Benton, and back home down the Missouri river, taking rail at Bismark. Colonel Macleod detailed F troop for the journey to meet the general, himself accompanying the troop, Inspector Brisbois being in command, and myself the second officer.

The troop consisted of 50 men, with a good troop of horses in good condition, also wagons enough for all supplies, tents, forage, and all the troop baggage, as it was not intended that this troop should return to Fort Macleod, but after meeting the General at the Red Deer we were to remain at some point on the Bow river, half way between Fort Macleod and the Red Deer, and at a point to be chosen by Colonel Macleod a post was to be built and occupied by this troop.

The Bow river was the headquarters for hunting and winter camping for most of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, also the Sarcee and Stony tribes, and many whisky traders slipped into that country from the south without our being aware of it at Macleod. There were hundreds of miles of frontier by which they could cross over into the Territories without anyone being the wiser, and their whisky could be disposed of, and they could get out of the country, before men could be sent up to the Bow river.

We, therefore, were prepared to start north early in June with a rather more pleasant march ahead of us than we had the previous year, as we were by that time getting acquainted with the country and the people, both Indians and whites. The country we had to travel through was well watered, with wood on the rivers, feed for horses, and game in abundance.

We did not start on this northern trip until August 18, 1875. Colonel Macleod had returned to Helena in May, and there was met by Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, who had been sent from Canada by the government on a special mission regarding the extradition of men implicated in Cypress hills massacres. These men were tried in Helena, but got clear. Colonels Macleod and Irvine did not return to Fort Macleod until August, Colonel Irvine being then appointed Assistant Commissioner, vice Macleod, appointed Stipendiary Magistrate.

B Troop had started for Cypress in May, and had their fort built by the time F troop started north in August; they had also done much good work in stopping the whisky trade and horse stealing round Cypress.

They found the district full of Indians from all parts of the country and from across the line, who were continually coming into collision with each other, and they had their hands full, with so few men, to stop this, but the work was well done, and things were going on quietly by the following spring, without having any direct conflict with the Indians.

We left everything going on quietly at Macleod. The whisky trade was pretty well broken, and quite a village was springing up at that place. The Indians had plenty of buffalo meat, and would be out on the plains for the summer. Captain Winder remained in charge at Macleod, with one

troop of 50 men, and with plenty of work ahead of him in finishing the fort and outpost work. Another large Benton firm, Power and Bros., had opened a store at Macleod, and supplies were plentiful, although at an enormous figure. It is not to be wondered at that these firms became very wealthy a few years after, considering the amount of contract supplies purchased from them at very high figures, and it always seemed the greatest pity that this amount of money should all go out of Canada, as it did for some ten years, amounting to some millions of dollars, and that no Canadian or English firm had a finger in the pie.



CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY TO RED DEER.

F troop started for the Bow river in August, and arrived on the south bank of that river after a pleasant journey of five days. The feed was good and game plentiful. The horses were in good condition and the wagons lightly loaded. We found the river very high, the width being about 200 yards. We had no boats, so took two wagon boxes and covered them with tarpaulins, and with the two tied together made a boat with which we ferried everything over, including the wagons, in two days. The work was of the hardest kind, the men having to be in the water all day, but the weather was warm, and we did not mind it. Everything was taken over on the second day without accident, and we pitched our tents on the north side of the Bow, and waited for Colonel Macleod, who had remained behind at Fort Macleod. He caught us up the day after we had crossed. We ferried him and his wagon over in short order, and started for the Red Deer river, 100 miles further north, on Aug. 15. About forty miles north of the Bow we left the prairie country and struck the timber line, which extended from that point hundreds of miles north of Edmonton. The country is rocky, and the hills are covered with willow and cottonwood, pine only being found along the streams, of which there are many. The whole section of country the farther you go north abounds with lakes and swamps full of ducks and geese, on which we mostly lived. The travelling was of the heaviest kind, as we had no road, and had to pick our way between, and sometimes through, the lakes and swamps, often getting stuck in the mud and causing much delay in pulling out.

The mosquitoes were frightful, making the horses wild and almost ungovernable. We had to build great fires at

night, and the horses would crowd around them for the protection of the smoke, and it required great care to prevent them standing in the fire and burning their hoofs. However, as we neared the Red Deer we found them less numerous than on the skirts of the wood.

We arrived at the Red Deer on the sixth day from the Bow river, and camped on the south side. There was a Cree half-breed's house on the north side, and he having a boat, we made many visits to his camp, where we found a white trader from Edmonton married to a half-breed woman, daughter to the owner of the house. The Red Deer country to Edmonton was the Cree country. They did not go much south of the Red Deer as the Blackfeet were at war with them, and made it unpleasant for any party of Crees going on the plains.

The Crees physically are not such fine looking Indians as the Blackfeet or plain Indians, and had to work harder for their living, as, although there were plenty of buffalo sometimes in the timber country, at other times they were hard to find, migrating for a long time south on to the plains. The Crees there had to depend on fish, of which the large lakes were full, and small game such as deer, and often killing both elk and moose.

The Crees dressed more in the fashion of the half-breed, with whom they were intimately associated; the half-breed mostly intermarrying with them.

Their arms were inferior to those of the plain Indians, as they had little or no intercourse with the American traders, who supplied the Blackfeet with repeating rifles and fixed ammunition, while the Crees traded with the Hudson's Bay Company, and were only armed with the old fashioned flint lock musket, and powder and ball. These guns were about as dangerous to the user as to the game at which they fired, and we came across many half-breeds with a finger blown off, or the hand mutilated, from the explosion of these guns.

The half-breeds were in the habit, while on the gallop after buffalo, of filling their mouths full of bullets, and as they rode at full gallop poured a charge of powder down the barrel of the gun, and spat a bullet in after it, holding the muzzle up till they came to shoot, which, when they did, often resulted in the bursting of the gun.

The Hudson's Bay Company supplied these people in trade with blankets of a very superior quality, and a good class of woollen clothing, particularly the blue blanket coat with a hood, and the tobacco they sold was much prized by all the Indians in the country, it being expressly manufactured in England for the Indian trade and put up in carrots or rolls. Another kind of black tobacco, which was sold by the yard, was bought in large quantities, being more portable than cut or plug tobacco, and went further.

We remained at this camp for several days, and went through a daily course of mounted drill, which we were much in need of, for the inspection to come from General Smythe.

We found good fishing in the Red Deer, but no trout, the only fish being gold eyes and pike. The Red Deer is a sluggish stream, with high wooded banks until you get about fifty miles east of the point at which we were encamped. From there the timber ceases altogether until you reach the mouth.

The trees along the banks are cut and torn, sometimes thirty feet up the trunks, by the ice that raises the river every spring, and generally causes it to flood the bottoms on both sides with many feet of water.

We received word while here that the general, with the police escort, was going to cross the river some forty miles above where we were encamped, so we struck camp and moved up the river to that point. It was a terrible road, nothing but mud holes and thick brush, and there were mosquitoes enough to eat us up alive; but after one or two stampedes we got to the upper crossing all right, and the day after we arrived the party came in from the north after a very hard march, about the same as we had coming from the lower camp. Their stock was in a bad way owing to the horses having contracted a hoof disease, caused from travelling in so much mud and water, the hoofs finally dropping off. We had to leave many of the horses behind.

While on the Red Deer river we came across every indication of coal, iron and oil. Large blocks of coal lay along the river bed, and no doubt that whole section is underlaid with coal seams. Not many miles north of the river, and not far from where we camped, there exists a burning coal

seam; the ground is seamed with cracks and a sulphurous smoke exudes from the ground. It is not known how long this has been on fire. The Indians have no record of the commencement of it, and the old men say that in their forefathers' time it was burning. It was no doubt started either by lightning or bush fires, as the coal lies very near the surface. Great coal and iron mines will some day be opened in this section when the timber is all cut and the population increases.

The mineral wealth of all the vast region north of the Red Deer river to the Mackenzie river must be prodigious, for coal, iron, oil, gold, silver and copper are known to exist in quantities, and precious stones, such as emeralds and rubies have been found on the shores of the Mackenzie river. The climate and cost of provisions and transport are the only drawbacks, but with a population these can easily be overcome, and a vast extent of the richest mineral country opened to the world.

The party of Col. Macleod and General Smythe crossed the Bow river at our old crossing and in the same manner, but not quite as successfully, meeting with several upsets and the narrow escape from drowning of a man or two. After inspecting Fort Macleod the general proceeded south via the Missouri September and from there back to Canada via the Missouri river.

We crossed the Bow in the wagon boxes without accident, and chose a site for a fort not far from the mouth of the Elbow as it was generally known the river was well wooded not far up from the point at which we had crossed that river in going north. It was intended to locate and build a fort on the south side of the Bow river, near the mouth of the Elbow, where Calgary now stands. Baker and company had already contracted to send men and bull teams up to that point to meet us, and to construct a stockade and picket fort, the timber to be got out at the nearest point available, it being from the mouth.

Our troop journeyed south to the Bow river by easy stages having lots of hunting on the road, and crossed the Bow a little above the mouth of the Elbow river, which at the mouth

runs between two beautiful wooded river bottoms, each several miles long and wide, gradually sloping upwards to the open prairie.

We went through an inspection parade here, which was considered satisfactory, and the party divided, General Smythe and escort, with Colonel Macleod, following our old trail back to Fort Macleod and F troop, with Captain Brisbois and myself, taking another road farther west, and proceeding to a point on the Bow river forty miles above the Elbow, on the west side, on a point of rising ground, a most beautiful spot with a grand view of the mountains some fifty miles to the west, and at this time covered with snow. There was no one living there within miles of the spot, the only habitation being a small Hudson's Bay company's trading post on Ghost river some twenty-five miles up the Bow and a small Methodist mission some six miles above the Hudson's Bay post, for the Stoney Indians, with Rev. George McDougall in charge. His son kept also a trading post at the Mission, making a good thing out of those Indians in the fur trade. They did most of their hunting in the mountains and went far north in the winter after fine fur, which was very valuable and which was mostly purchased at this point.

The market for the fur was Winnipeg, and McDougall and other traders started out over the plains every year or so, with a long string of Red river carts with oxen and horses, loaded with robes and fine fur, and after several months journey across the plains, returned in the fall with their loads of trading goods and provisions for the winter.

This half missionary and half trader was a paying business making those who engaged in it wealthy in a few years and able to retire young, as they have today.

We went to work near the site picked out for the fort to make ourselves comfortable, by digging trenches in the ground and covering them with brush and earth, with a fire place inside; some of these huts held six and eight men, and with plenty of wood we had no trouble to keep warm. The nights were getting pretty cold, it being September when we arrived at the Bow river.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUILDING VILLAGE OF CALGARY.

After we had settled in the camp a few days we were visited by a Catholic priest who had been living for some months in a log hut some thirty miles up the Elbow river. He had seen no one for three months except a young Indian boy he had living with him, and was half starved, not having had any substantial food for a long time. It did us good to get a square meal into him and watch the gusto with which he ate it. He had only been a few months in the country from France, and had been sent south to learn the Blackfeet language, among which Indians he was to remain as a missionary. Father Ducet was not long in acquiring the language, and in a few years was a useful missionary among the plain Indians.

We were visited by Mr. McDougall of Morleyville, who held service at our camp every other Sunday. A few camps of Indians now and then came in to visit us. All were very friendly and well off for food and clothing with large bands of horses in their camps. We found an old Indian death lodge standing on the bank of the river containing the bones of some three or four Indians who had been killed the previous summer in a fight with some whisky traders from the south. Their remains were scattered about the tent and outside, having been eaten and dragged out by wolves. It was the habit of the Indians in those days when buffalo skin tents were plentiful and only used for one year, to leave their dead in lodges, covered with robes, blankets or other articles supposed to be of use to them after death, when they went to the Sand hills. The Indians supposed that their people after death went to the great Sand hills on the South Saskatchewan river and there hunted mice instead of buffalo. I have often had Indians stop in the Sand hills near the Blackfoot crossing, gravely show me the track of mice in the

sand, and assure me that some of their dead friends were hunting them. A few years before we came to the country the Indians were in the habit of killing a horse or two when any chief or Indian died, so that they should have their riding animals with them in the Sand hills.

We also found the remains of a white man who had been killed and buried by his trader friends some seven miles up the Elbow, at which place a trading post had stood some two years before with a party of whisky traders living in it. They had been attacked by Blackfeet—their horses run off and one of their number killed and several wounded. Mr. Davis who was trading whisky a few miles above, had loaned them horses and they had all gone south. The Indians sacked the stores and burnt them to the ground. They buried their comrade, but we found that wolves had dug him up and we re-buried what remained of him.

I. G. Baker's men arrived a few days after we went into camp and proceeded up the river to cut dry pine logs, fourteen feet long to build the fort. They found all the timber they required about six miles up the Elbow from the mouth, and building a boom, a little above the mouth, soon had all the logs they required driven down the river.

Mr. Davis had been engaged and placed in charge of the party and it did not take them long to put up a picket fort to accommodate fifty men and stables for about the same number of horses. The buildings were covered in with earth and between the logs, closed with clay, all being surrounded with a log stockade, about ten feet high and the buildings facing inwards round a good-sized square. Lumber for doors and flooring was cut with a whip saw, by half breeds, many of whom had camped in the vicinity.

Our buildings were ready for occupation before Christmas and good fire places had been built in most of the rooms out of good building stone found on the rivers. Firewood was plentiful and a party of men went up the river and drove enough of it down to last all the winter. Baker's men had also built a good substantial store and a couple of dwelling houses, and it was not long before they had it stocked with a good assortment of all kinds of trading goods with Mr. Davis in charge and an ex-police sergeant as clerk.

A billiard table was also put in by an enterprising ex-whiskey trader, and cider, made from raisins, sold at 25 cts per glass. This establishment coined money for some years and I. G. Baker's store made a fortune with their white and Indian trade. In 1876 as many as 15,000 buffalo robes were shipped south by this store alone, costing them in trade about fifty cents each and fetching in Benton from five to ten dollars according to the quality.

The Hudson's Bay Co. moved down one of the buildings from Ghost river, and adding to it, soon had up a good trading store and dwelling house, and did a fair share of the trade for some years.

Contracts were given for hay, which was cut as late as October, and although not of the best quality, answered the purpose well. The grass in that section and all over the plains in the Northwest cures standing, with all the strength in it, thereby making the Northwest plains such a rich grazing ground both winter and summer for cattle and horses.

We were settled in the new fort about the beginning of December and were glad to get under shelter as the weather was pretty cold by that time. I made a trip to Ft. Macleod before the fort was finished and found things going on well there, much good work having been done and the whisky trade pretty well stamped out as a regular business. The guard room was full of prisoners, Indian and white, some serving a short term in the country and others to be sent down to the penitentiary in Winnipeg the following spring. Many new buildings had been erected at Macleod, which was by that time a good roomy fort, although built of cotton wood logs, which make the poorest of building material. This was unavoidable, as pine timber could only be procured some thirty miles up the river and as we arrived so late in the season, and the horses were in such poor condition, we had to take the first timber available, which was the cotton wood on the river bottoms.

I returned to Calgary on Christmas night and found the troop spending the evening in old Christmas style, a Christmas dinner being giving by the non-commissioned officers and men, to which most of the civilians at Calgary were invited.

A pleasant evening was spent, the first Christmas ever celebrated at Calgary. The previous evening a dance had

been held at the billiard hall, built that fall. The ladies consisted of the half breed belles who turned out in numbers well dressed, and some not at all bad looking. A jolly time was had, and some of those old time dances, held at Macleod and Calgary the first few years the police came in, went far ahead for fun and good hearty exercise, of any of the prime and select affairs, held since the country has come to be settled.

During the winter of 1875-6, I was instructed to proceed to Ft. Edmonton with money for the payment of the troops stationed there, they only having received pay at irregular intervals since they arrived at Edmonton in the fall of 1874. I took a guide and one man with me, and as the snow was deep and no doubt much deeper in the north, I took a flat sleigh, with a sort of bag made of raw hide in which I could sit and drive, with the provisions consisting of pemmican, biscuits, tea and sugar together with oats, securely lashed behind. This conveyance is easily drawn over the snow either by dogs or one horse, and 30 or 35 miles can be made in a day, a man riding ahead and beating a trail.

We had to do without a tent, and the first two days, until we struck the timber line sixty miles north, were pretty rough. We had to camp without wood with very cold weather for two nights. On reaching the timber, which continued to Edmonton, although we found the snow deeper, we always made a good camp and had roaring fires, which made the camping bearable. The distance from Calgary to Edmonton is about 200 miles which we made in six days and rather enjoyed the trip. We met with plenty of deer, two of which we killed. We crossed the Red Deer river on the ice and met a camp of Crees on a hunting trip and spent a night in their tents. They gave us a tea dance to celebrate the occasion, the principal feature of which consisted in the custom they had of a woman stepping from the dance up to whatever man she had picked and kissing him. He had then to make her a present. If an Indian, he would strip himself of his robe or blanket and throw it round her; if a stranger, they generally made a good thing of it. It was one of the Indians' chances of levying toll on the unsuspecting strangers.

We arrived at the Saskatchewan river on the sixth day

and crossed it on the ice. Ft. Edmonton is built on the north side of the river, on top of the bank overlooking the river, some 200 feet above the river bed. It is a very old H. B. Co. fort, probably 100 years old, with numbers of log buildings, all surrounded by a high log stockade with strong bastions at two of the corners. Many an Indian fight had occurred outside the walls. Often trading parties of Blackfeet or Bloods from the south would be met by parties of Crees at this point and bloody fights always took place. The gates of the fort would then be closed and the Indians were left to fight it out on the outside, trading goods or whisky being passed out to them through a wicket in the gate. However the Hudson's Bay company had given up the sale of liquor some years before the police arrived and no collision had taken place between the Indians since.

Col. Jarvis with a troop of some forty men was living at this fort which was in charge of Mr. B. Hardisty, a chief factor and a life long employee of the company. In the summer of 1876 Col. Jarvis moved down the Saskatchewan river some twenty-seven miles and built a police fort on the south side of the river which was named Ft. Saskatchewan, and is today the head quarters of the police of that district. I remained a few days at Edmonton, my visit with money for the troops being much appreciated, as they had been without pay for a long time. The old fort was quite a curiosity to go over, only a portion of it being inhabited and even then quite a little village was collected within the walls. Many dog trains had come in during the winter loaded with fur from the northern forts as far north as the Athabasca river. These trains would return loaded with provisions and trading goods.

At that time all the fur from the far north along the Great Slave and Great Bear lakes and the Mackenzie river, came into Carleton, some hundreds of miles down the Saskatchewan river, and from there was taken overland to Winnipeg, and it was not until some three years after this time that the company put two steamers on the river, which landed goods at Edmonton, and from that time most of the far northern trade came via the Athabasca landing to Edmonton. I remained a few days at Edmonton and after a cold stormy trip returned to Calgary, the account of which I give in another chapter.

We had some trips after whisky traders during the winter, which passed off quietly. The game along the rivers and the buffalo on the prairie gave us an abundance of fresh meat. There were no cattle in the country that year, with the exception of a few cows brought in near Macleod from the south by intending settlers, and these did not amount to fifty head. It was not until some years afterwards that any number of cattle were brought in, and the country was found to be a good stock country. One herd of cattle was brought through a pass in the mountains west of Ft. Macleod named the Crow's nest, by a man from southern Montana. He made a successful drive and found the pass a first-class one for driving stock through. It no doubt is one of the lowest and easiest passes in the mountains, with not nearly such heavy grades as that through which the Canadian Pacific railroad passes.

The herd of cattle wintered near Calgary, and before a year the owner had sold them at a great profit, and returned the way he came to Montana.

Fort Edmonton must have been built over 100 years ago, and had always been the head trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company along the Saskatchewan. It was visited by all the tribes of Indians from the south, it being in those days the only trading post in the west, and was the scene of many fierce fights between rival tribes of Indians. The plain Indians, such as the Blackfeet, always were at war with the northern or wood Indians, among whom were the Crees. When these parties happened to come to trade at the same time, they were not allowed inside the fort, but a wicket was opened in the wall, and the furs taken, and whisky or trading goods handed out. The Hudson's Bay company was always careful to have nothing to do with any tribal matters among the Indians, particularly their wars among themselves, and so kept good friends with all the different tribes with whom they traded.

The profits of the company in the old days were something enormous, as a glass of rum was their price for a beaver skin, and in the same proportion with everything they traded. A silver fox skin would be bought for a few yards of tobacco,

which was put up in rolls of the old pig tail, and a handful of tea or sugar. They had the monopoly of the Indian trade in the west to within a few years before the police arrived, when some of the American traders had found their way into the country. But they traded principally whisky, and confined their trade to plain Indians, none going farther north than the Red Deer river, which was about 250 miles from the American boundary, and a hundred miles from Edmonton.

Our return trip from Edmonton, mentioned in the last chapter, was a cold and stormy one, the snow being very deep, and after we left the timber and reached the plains, our dried meat gave out, and we had to kill a buffalo to supply ourselves with meat; but the camping at night in the snow was the worst, as continuous watch had to be kept over the horses, and the cold was too great for sleep, it being 40 degrees below zero.

We arrived at Calgary after a six days' hard journey from Edmonton, and glad enough we were to be once more inside the fort, with good blazing log fires, and something better than frozen meat to cheer us.

The winter of 1875-76 was a very cold one, and we had to make a good many trips during some of the coldest weather after whisky traders, some of whom were captured. On one or two occasions camps of Indians were found drunk, and then we had our hands full to avoid coming into collision with them. It was wonderful how well the work was done with so few men, not one instance occurring where any difficulty was experienced in making arrests among them.

During this winter a Methodist missionary among the Stoney Indians, whose camp was about thirty miles west of Calgary, was frozen to death. He and two sons were on a buffalo hunting trip out on the prairie some distance from any wood, and after cutting up and skinning some animals they had killed, they returned separately to their camp, which was some miles off. All arrived safely except the father, Mr. G. McDougal. A heavy snow storm prevailed at the time, and the weather was very cold. The two sons came into Calgary for help to search for their father, and for some days parties were scouring the country without success.

The horse he was riding came into camp on the second day without the rider; it was then known that there was no help for the lost man.

His body was found about a week afterwards, some miles from the camp. He had lain down from exhaustion, and was soon overcome by the cold. The body had been partly mutilated by wolves. This was the first death since our arrival at Calgary, and cast a shadow over our New Year.

I had a very narrow escape while looking for Mr. McDougal. The weather had turned quite mild, and I and Mr. Bunn, who was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Calgary, rode up the river one afternoon, in the hopes of coming across the lost man's horse. The weather was so mild that we neglected to take overcoats, or to wear moccasins, which are absolutely necessary in cold weather. We rode some ten miles up the river, when one of those sudden changes occurred that are peculiar to this country in the winter. From clear sunshine and a soft wind, the wind suddenly changed to the north, very cold, and a snowstorm, or blizzard, set in in a few minutes. We rode for our lives, but it had become so thick that we missed the fort, and struck the river a mile or so above it, but luckily recognized the locality; we arrived at the fort nearly frozen. A very short time longer, and my feet would probably have been frozen, as my boots were frozen solid, and it was a long time, though keeping my feet in the snow, before I regained feeling in them.

The following spring we had plenty of work among the Indians, as although they had patched up a temporary peace with their enemies the Crees, they would steal horses from each other, and now and then one would be killed, and to watch the movements of the different bands scattered along the Bow and Red Deer rivers kept us fully occupied. On several occasions I had to go down to a point on the Bow river, named Blackfoot crossing, some sixty miles below Calgary. This was an old camping and burial spot of the Blackfeet from time immemorial. There was also a good ford on the Bow river at that point, whereby it derived its name of the Blackfoot crossing, or the "Ridge under Water." The Blackfeet venerated this point, as for years unnumbered their dead were placed either in the forks of the trees along the

river bottom, or in lodges on the bluffs overlooking the river, where they would be left with blankets, guns or any other articles the Indians thought might be useful to the dead in the land to which all the plain Indians believe they will go after death. This point had also for all previous time with the Blackfeet been the scene of many a bloody battle between them and the Crees on the north, who on their hunts to the south would generally meet the Blackfeet at this point, in their endeavor to penetrate to the south by this ford.

As I have stated, during this spring many journeys had to be made with only a few men to this point, and our intervention, not by force, but quiet handling between the different bands of Indians, on more than one occasion prevented serious fights between the Blackfeet and other bands of Indians camped in that vicinity.

On some occasions when some horses had been stolen by either Crees or Blackfeet from each other, or some Indian had been killed, we found it best to let the chiefs of the camps settle the matter in their own way, for it must be understood that the old habits of the Indians could not be eradicated in two or three years, nor could the white man's law be instilled into the Indians in such a short time.

If on any occasion any individual Indian of the same tribe had committed an offence against the law of the tribe, or any foreign Indian had been caught who had stolen horses, or who had killed a man of the tribe, the offence could always be condoned by the payment of a number of horses, according to the gravity of the offence, so that on many occasions we found it well to let them settle such matters in their own way, particularly as it was often most difficult to get direct evidence to convict. We had to use a great amount of circumspection in our first intercourse with the plain Indians.

A murder, the stealing of a woman or horses, could be, and was previous to our advent, always settled in this manner. The exception was only when a war party from a long distance started out, and in nearly all such instances, if caught, no mercy was shown or expected.

I made another journey to Edmonton during the summer of 1876, to bring down a half-breed prisoner from that place, for murder committed some years before we arrived in the

country. This man, Godin, had killed his wife in a particularly cruel manner, and so far had gone free, there being no power in the country to punish him. However, he was arrested by Colonel Jarvis shortly after the police arrived at Edmonton, and I was sent to bring him down, so that he could be sent to Winnipeg for trial.

I had a light wagon for provisions, etc., and for the prisoner, and before I left Edmonton Bishop Grandin, of Edmonton, requested to be allowed to join our party, as he wished to visit the Catholic Missions established the previous year at Fort Macleod and Calgary. It was the first time he had ever visited the southern country.

Our journey south was uneventful, excepting a very near escape of capsizing in the Red Deer river, the river being very high, and the flat bottomed boat very leaky.

The prisoner was sent down to Winnipeg, and afterwards released, as much influence was brought to bear in his favor by the Catholic missionaries in the north, the plea being his youth at the time the murder was committed, and the length of time that had elapsed. He was, however, arrested some years after, and put in a term for horse stealing, which he richly deserved.

Bishop Grandin remained some time in the south, making arrangements about establishing missions and other church work.

The first priest to visit us on our arrival at Macleod was Father Scullin, who had travelled more among the Blackfeet than any other missionary from the north. He proved of great assistance to us, as he could speak the language, and knew the country fairly well.

Nothing so far had been attempted in the way of converting the Blackfeet, and what missionary work he had done in the south was among the few half-breeds who would go on the plains on their annual hunts. These parties he would generally join, and remain with them during the summer, returning to Edmonton during the winter to the Catholic convent and mission, St. Albert's, near Fort Edmonton, where there was also quite a half-breed settlement commenced.

CHAPTER XV

ARRIVAL OF SITTING BULL.

The summer of 1876 was a busy one with the police. Much improvement was made to the different forts, rendering them more comfortable, such as flooring the rooms with lumber, which had to be cut by hand. Beef cattle were also brought in, and from that time domestic beef took partly the place of buffalo meat, although now and then this meat was used.

At Fort Macleod quite a little village had started, and a few of the old-time whisky traders had taken up small farms near the forts, and raised both grain and vegetables, for which they found a ready sale at high prices to the police. Cattle had not yet been brought into the country except for beef purposes. The Indians had begun to feel the benefit they derived from having the whisky trade eliminated, and equal justice for both Indians and whites. They were for the most part on the plains hunting, and did not remain long round the forts. Their behavior was wonderfully good, considering the number of them, and crime was very rare, an arrest seldom having to be made, and when so, very little difficulty was experienced considering that they had been altogether left to their own free will to within a little over a year before. The white man's law was altogether unknown to them, and no doubt, according to their lights, seemed hard, so that their behavior more than favorably compared with the same population of whites. In fact the number of arrests among the few whites in the country was greater than that among the larger Indian population. It, of course, took years to put a stop to some of their customs (which they were brought up to follow as their law) such as cutting off the nose of the unfaithful wife, mutilating themselves on a death occurring in their family, horse stealing, and other customs, many of which still linger among them. As

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regards the purchase and plurality of wives, the custom continues to-day, in spite of missionary work among them, which cannot be said to be a success.

The summer of 1876 was a busy one, much good work being done by the police at Macleod, Fort Walsh (which fort was now finished), and Fort Edmonton. The work at Fort Walsh was hard, and the men were continually out on expeditions, which sometimes took them as far as Wood mountain, over 200 miles east of Fort Walsh. The American Indians were also a source of anxiety, as this post was not more than forty miles from the boundary line, and the Sioux, who were then at war with the American government, would often cross over, and commit depredations on our side. They would now and then come into collision with our Indians, and steal horses, and occasionally some Indian would be killed. This kept the police at that post pretty busy, and too much credit cannot be given to the men for the excellent manner in which they did their work, both in summer and winter.

In the north the principal work was among the halfbreeds and Indians, there being but few settlers yet in that section. The halfbreeds principally lived along the North Saskatchewan, only going south on their hunting excursions, although a few remained round Ft. Macleod and Ft. Walsh, taking any work they could get, such as freighting between the different ports, sawing timber, and other work. A new fort was finished at Ft. Saskatchewan, and Col. Jarvis in command, with only fifty men, had a tremendous tract of country along the Saskatchewan for 400 miles to look after and keep in order. At Calgary we were kept busy, as the Indians, large camps of whom were in the vicinity, had continually to be looked after. A few trips were made north, prisoners having to be brought from there for trial in the south. The officers commanding posts had the power of justices of the peace, and under the North West Territories Act, almost unlimited power in dealing with liquor cases; an act having been passed prohibiting the sale or use of liquor, under heavy penalties.

Col. French had resigned the commissionership of the police at this time, and Lt. Col. Macleod had been appointed to that position, also with the civil powers of stipendiary magistrate. Lt. Col. Irvine had been appointed assistant



commissioner, and the headquarters of the force after the year 1876, at Ft. Macleod, were moved the following year to Ft. Walsh, as that post was nearer Ft. Benton, Montana, from which point all our mail, and other communications with the east started by steamer, via the Missouri River to Bismark and from there by rail. Our recruits, freight, etc, also came that way to Ft. Walsh, being so much nearer. Ft. Benton was made headquarters in 1877 and all other posts were supplied from that place, goods and all supplies being freighted across the plains in ox trains supplied by our Montana contractors, I. G. Baker and Co., and from Calgary to the north generally by ox carts also, as the country from fifty miles north of Calgary was impracticable for heavy trains owing to the swamps in summer and the deep snow in winter. The commissioner had to be continually on the move, as the distances were so great between the different posts that as soon as he made the rounds once it was time to begin over again. A journey in the winter across the plains, in every kind of weather of 300 or 400 miles, was an ordinary occurrence and when it came to winter journeys to Edmonton, it was sometimes fraught with the greatest hardships. In the spring of 1876, Col. Macleod and Col. Irvine started to Edmonton from Calgary with two dog sleighs, two halfbreed drivers accompanying them. Pemmican was all the food they took with them, and the snow was so deep that they had to walk most of the way, and on their return journey had to travel with the thermometer at thirty below zero, and no tent with them. In those days there was no house for two hundred miles, that is, between Calgary and Edmonton.

During the year 1876 a Lieutenant Governor was appointed to the North West Territories, with a North West Council of less than twelve appointed members. Battleford, on the North Saskatchewan river, but in the north east corner of the Territories, was the seat of government. The governor Mr. Laird, was also appointed as Indian commissioner, but this appointment, as far as it affected the plain Indians, was a sinecure, as they did not at that time require any assistance from the government, being most independent and having all they wanted in the buffalo, out of which they got all they required. So the work of the Indian department was light among those Indians until the buffalo began to fail.

It was, however, different with the wood Indians in the north, along the Saskatchewan, as to a great extent their supply of buffalo meat was cut off, the buffalo having left the northern country, except in rare instances, where a few small bands would now and then be found in the timber, so that the visits and hunts the wood Indians used to take to the plains were becoming more rare, and help had to be given them and reserves laid out along the Saskatchewan river.

Lt. Governor Morris of Manitoba had made several treaties with the Crees of the north prairies, and the year after the advent of the police, particularly one at Ft. Qu'Appelle, a Hudson's Bay post in the Northwest Territories. Many of the Indians included in this treaty belonged along the north Saskatchewan river, and reserves were set apart for them and help was given by the government in the way of seed and tools. Instructors also were sent on these reserves to start them farming. Gov. Laird in 1876 also made a treaty with these Cree Indians who had not yet been treated with at Ft. Pitt, Carlton, and Edmonton, so the northern Indians had nearly all been taken into treaty, with the exception of one or two bands who still remained on the plains and were wilder and more warlike than their brothers in the north.

A chief called Big Bear was the head of these Indians, and they were the last of all Indians in the North West to take the treaty, and even when they had done so it was found almost impossible to get them to remain on their reserves, and in future years this band was the one that gave the most trouble in the halfbreed rebellion of 1885. They were a wandering band, sometimes on the Canadian side of the line and sometimes in Montana, giving trouble wherever they might be. All the dissatisfied spirits of the northern tribes were among them. Governor Laird treated, as I have said, with the Indians along the Saskatchewan, but did not visit the plain Indians until 1877, when the Blackfeet treaty was made. The council consisted altogether of members appointed by the government, among whom, very properly, were the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of police. The first session was taken up by organization work, although some acts were passed, but many of them became a dead letter, such as the act to restrict Indians or others from killing buffalo calves which was found impossible to enforce, but other acts came in force to the benefit of the Territories.

The North West council of those days did not of course represent the people of the Territories, who were too few in number in any one district to elect a member for themselves. There was a Dominion act which enacted that it required a population of a thousand in a thousand square miles to make that an electoral division. Legislation, the first few years after the forming of the North West government, was directed more towards Indian matters than any concerning the whites, who had not yet begun to settle in the country, and indeed but few thought that the immense country would ever be at all settled, or support any but the Indian tribes who then inhabited it. A new beginning might be said to have been made for the Territories on the arrival of the Police as their appearance was the beginning of law and order. Previously everyone did almost as he liked.

In the spring of 1877 the commissioner received word at Ft. Macleod that the government intended that summer to make a treaty with the Blackfeet and other tribes of plain Indians, and give them reservations and other government allowances as might be deemed necessary, that Governor Laird would proceed to Ft. Macleod from Battleford during the summer, and that the treaty would be held at Blackfoot crossing, and all tribes of Indians coming under that treaty (No. 7) had at once to be notified. This was no easy task, as the Indians were all widely scattered after buffalo, and it took us till July to finish the work and have all in readiness for the majority of the two troops stationed at Ft. Macleod and Calgary to proceed with their transport and camp equipage to the Crossing.

At Ft. Calgary Inspector Brisbois, who had been in command since the building of the fort, had been removed, and Inspector Crozier was, in command, I being stationed there with him.

The fort was first named Brisbois by that officer, but the name had been cancelled the previous winter by Commissioner Macleod and changed to Calgary, named after a castle in Mull belonging to the Macleod family, and said to mean clear water.

Col. French, the first commissioner, had resigned the command of the force in 1876 and returned to his duties in the

Imperial service in England, and the assistant commissioner, Col. Macleod, had been appointed to the head of the force, with Lt. Col. Irvine as assistant commissioner, the headquarters of the force being in the west at Ft. Macleod. Ft. Pelly being almost abandoned, the majority of the 300 men comprising the force at that time were divided between Ft. Walsh, Macleod, Calgary, and Edmonton, and few enough they were to look after and rule over such a vast territory.

No men were ordered from either Edmonton or Ft. Walsh to attend this treaty, the escorts being supplied from Macleod and Calgary.

At Walsh they were having their hands full, as Sitting Bull and his Sioux Indians had been driven across the line the previous winter by General Miles after the Custer fight, and were all congregated in that vicinity. So far they had given no trouble. The buffalo were still plentiful in that section and the Sioux knew that our side of the line was their last haven for the American troops were stationed along the Missouri on the look out for them, preventing them returning. It was a most difficult matter to keep things quiet with these thousands of hostile Indians in the country, as the Blackfeet, their hereditary enemies, were not too well pleased to have them in the country, killing their game.

Peace was kept, however, and it is astonishing too, with that mere handful of men, there not being more than 50 at Ft. Walsh, in the very centre of the Sioux, and the nearest police post to that place being Ft. Macleod, 200 miles away, with only 100 men even there. The six troops were at this time divided as follows:—two stationed at Ft. Macleod, one at Walsh, one at Calgary, and one at Edmonton, the sixth being then at Battleford, the seat of the North West government, and part of this troop was to escort Gov. Laird across the plains some 300 miles to Ft. Macleod. F. troop was ordered to leave Calgary about the end of August, and to proceed to the Crossing and pick out the camp ground in readiness for the arrival of the Governor and the majority of the two troops stationed at Macleod. A small detachment was left at Calgary, and Capt. Crozier, with the troop, proceeded to the Crossing some twenty miles east, at the end of August. I remained behind for a couple of days to see that all was left in order at the fort, and then went down the Bow river with

Mr. Davis, of I. G. Baker & Co., who was ordered down to assist in the store that Baker & Co. were to open at the Crossing.

We left together, going down the river in a boat, and calculated to make the trip in two days. This was the first party that ever went down the Bow in that manner, and we greatly looked forward to the trip, especially as the weather was warm and pleasant, the nights at that time of the year being short.

We made a very pleasant trip the first day, with the exception of being nearly swamped several times while running some of the rapids, which we found very numerous, and the river being very swift, we would often come upon them round some bend before we had time to avoid them.

We passed many small bands of deer grazing on the river bottoms, but did not stop to hunt them, and saw one bear, which quickly disappeared in the underbrush. We camped the first night on a wooded island, and built a roaring fire which lasted the night, for we had no tent with us, as the weather was dry and warm.

The second day our work was heavier, as a stiff wind blew all day up the river, giving us plenty of rowing, and it was not until late on the second night that we arrived at the Crossing, coming very nearly running past the camp in the darkness, which we should have done had it not been for the barking of dogs in one of the Indian camps near the river.

However, we reached our camp about midnight, and found that the party from Macleod had not yet arrived, although many thousand Indians had come in and were scattered in camps for many miles along the river.

CHAPTER XVI.

TREATY OF 1877 DESCRIBED.

Major Crozier had laid out the grounds of the camp, having all in readiness for the arrival of the Governor's party.

The river bottom at the Blackfoot crossing on the south side of the river, where the treaty was held is of great extent, being some three miles long by about one in width with plenty of wood along the river, and good feed for horses on the open bottom itself.

There must have been nearly 1000 lodges of Indians camped on both sides of the river, as they had by this time nearly all come in, bringing with them large supplies of buffalo meat dried, they having only just left the herds of buffalo, down the river to the east. Their bands of horses were in thousands and covered the uplands to the north and south of the camps. There were Indian herders over the separate bands both day and night. It was a thrilling sight, these thousands of horses grazing, with the Indians constantly riding among them, and with the white Indian lodges without number along the river bottoms as far as the eye could reach.

There was the howling of countless dogs and constant drumming in different tents, night and day. There was always either a dance in progress, some medicine being made, incantations over the sick or for successful hunts or war expeditions. It was a sight only seen once. Never again in this country did such a camp of Indians congregate.

The camp consisted of Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegiens, Sarcees, Stonies, and many Crees drawn there from curiosity. There were numberless tents of half-breeds who hoped to derive some gain from the annuities paid to the Indians. Traders from all parts both north and south had arrived and set up tents in which they displayed their stock of blankets and

other goods. These men were already doing some trade in robes, for although the summer robes are of no market value, there were many hundreds in camp over from the last winter's hunts.

Numerous bands of horses were brought in to trade, by white men from Montana, as in those days a fair sized pony, or one that would make a buffalo runner would always fetch a good price from the Indians.

I. G. Baker & Co. and T. C. Powers Bros. had both set up large stores, built of logs and covered with canvas. Their stock of goods was large and assorted, consisting chiefly of clothing, blankets, tobacco, tea, sugar, ammunition and rifles. The Hudson's Bay company also had their store here, and their chief trader in the country, Mr. Hardisty of Edmonton, with his family, was on the spot, together with his relative, John McDougall of Morleyville, who had succeeded his father as missionary to the Stoney Indians. He accompanied those Indians to give them the benefit of his advice, they camping on the north side of the river, away from the main body of Blackfeet, with whom they were not on the best possible terms.

The Governor and police escort of about 60 men arrived after we had been on the ground some days, and camp was at once pitched, a large tent being also erected as a council tent. It took some days before everything was ready to go on with the treaty, and the chiefs of all the tribes met the governor and officers of the force day after day to discuss the preliminaries, and more than once it looked as if all chance of making a treaty would have to be abandoned. The Indians more than once were on the eve of moving their camps and leaving the grounds, one cause of this delay being that old jealousies, between not only different tribes, but different individuals, had to be adjusted, and the patience shown by the commissioners was beyond all praise.

However after about a week of talk and negotiations, the terms of the treaty were finally agreed upon, and the next day was set for signing the treaty by the different chiefs and head men, or the reading of it to all Indians assembled, and the final witnessing thereof.

The treaty was to the effect that the Indians agreed to give up all and whatever claim they might have to the land

in Treaty No. 7, comprising that portion of the country from the Bow river to the boundary line and from the mountains as far east as the Cypress hills. They were to receive from the Dominion government in cash each year \$5 per head each man, woman and child forever. The chiefs were to receive \$25 and the minor chiefs \$15. There were two head chiefs to both the Blackfeet and Bloods, the other tribes having one each with the number of minor chiefs in proportion to the strength of the tribe.

They were also to have a reservation laid out as soon as possible for each tribe. The Blackfeet and Bloods however, received theirs together, on the Bow river. This was changed the following year, the Bloods getting their reserve about eighteen miles south of Ft. Macleod, between the Belly and St. Mary's rivers.

The Indians, when they chose these reserves took the pick of the country, and this land being theirs forever, was a most valuable gift, although not thought to be so at that time, as no one then dreamed of railroads being built, or the country ever becoming at all settled.

The Indians were also offered cattle, but with the exception of the Piegans and Stonies, they refused to take them and scoffed at the idea. Those two tribes received their cattle some years later, and have done well with them, their herds having increased and they are making a good start toward stock raising.

They were also to receive ploughs, harrows and other tools as soon as they were ready to settle on their reserves, and a small supply of clothing was to be given the chiefs and minor chiefs every three years. All the head chiefs received a large silver medal commemorating the treaty. The Indians had the right to hunt over and travel in any part of the Northwest, they being amenable to the law of the country, and the government reserved the right of way for all roads whatsoever, through their reservations. This was about the sum and substance of the treaty then made, and after many days of great anxiety it was finally signed and witnessed. The chief interpreter at this treaty was an old Hudson's Bay Company employee named Bird, who had lived with the Blackfeet for many years, who had married a Piegan woman, and who could speak both Blackfoot and English perfectly.

After the treaty was finally made and signed, the business began of paying the Indians, it being agreed that this first payment should be double that of those to come after, so that each individual Indian was to receive at this payment \$10, and each chief and minor chief \$25 and \$15 respectively. The treaty was finished on Saturday, and the payments were to begin on the following Monday.

The Sarcee Indians also were to have their reserve with the Blackfeet at the crossing, but as they could in no way get along together, they had a separate reserve given them two years afterwards, near the present town of Calgary, their reserve being on that account the most valuable of all to-day.

On Sunday, church parade was held, and with the exception of the camp guard, all attended service. The Indians had been in a state of excitement all the morning, and while we were at service five or six hundred mounted warriors, stripped with the exception of a blanket round the loins, and in their war paint and feather head-dresses, started a mounted war-dance round our camp. These men were all armed with Winchester rifles, and on the dead run circled round us firing off their rifles, loaded with ball, in the air, the whistle of the bullets often coming unpleasantly near. This, together with their unearthly yells, was far from pleasant. They were half in fun, half in earnest, and had fear been shown by us, it is hard to tell what would have occurred—a very little would have made the war dance one of grim earnestness, but we went quietly on with the service, and after a while the Indian tired themselves out, and by degrees returned to their camps.

While this lasted it was an anxious time, as many of the Indians, we knew, were dissatisfied that any treaty had been made at all, and a few unruly spirits might in a moment have started a general massacre, out of which none of our small handful could have escaped.

On Monday the payments commenced, and a long and trying time it was. The money, nearly \$100,000, was brought by Baker and Company from Benton, and consisted of both American and Canadian bills, from dollar bills to twenties, and as the Indians knew nothing about money, it was most difficult to make them understand the value and amount of what they received.

Tickets were issued to each head of a family, with his name and the number of men, women and children paid; these tickets to be presented at the next payment. It was very difficult to obtain the names and numbers in each family, as the Indians even to-day will not tell their own names, and it is generally necessary to ask a second Indian the name of the first.

They also have some superstition regarding their numbers; so that our work was long and arduous, much patience having to be used. These payments were made by the police officers. I paid the Stonies and Sarcees. It took us a week to get through, but it came to an end at last, and the treaty was finished most satisfactorily. A dinner was given that night in the officers' mess tent to celebrate the event, and the Hudson's Bay Company officials and other traders were invited. The dinner was graced by the presence of a few ladies, the wives of the Hudson's Bay officials and the police officers.

Many speeches were made, and although we had no wine a most pleasant evening was passed. The traders were given a week from the last day of the payment to remain on the ground and trade, after which time they had to move off, and the police of course had to remain to see that all was quiet, and to protect the Indians in their trading, as money was unknown to them, and cheating was most rife. Many instances I remember where an Indian would come to one of us to count his change, after having made a horse or other trade, and we would find that the trader had given him the labels off fruit or other cans as money, the Indian being none the wiser. We would then have to hunt up this man, and either make him return the animal or give the proper change.

Many instances of this kind came under our notice, and the Indians placed the utmost confidence in us to see them justly dealt with. Tens of thousands of dollars were taken in by traders at this treaty, and it was the beginning of wealth to many of them, particularly those dealing in horses.

The Indians held a medicine lodge before they broke up, and many braves were made, for although to-day the making of braves has nearly died out among them, at that time it was at its height, and torture was always practiced. A

splinter of wood was passed through the muscles of the breast or back, a rope tied to the top of the medicine pole being fastened to the splinter, when the Indian danced round the pole, until the muscle broke with the strain. They fastened a buffalo skull or tied a horse to themselves in the same manner until it broke loose. They showed great endurance, and the more fortitude they showed, the greater became their standing among the tribe.

A great deal of this took place during the first treaty, as their enemies, the Sioux, being in the country, many war parties were planned to go against them.

The weather had turned cold towards the end of the treaty, and a considerable fall of snow came on, making it far from comfortable under canvas. Towards the end of the last week, word was received that the American government was sending General Terry, as United States commissioner, to interview Sitting Bull at Fort Walsh, and to make terms for his surrender to the United States troops.

Colonel Macleod had to immediately proceed to Fort Walsh, to act for the Canadian government, and to make preparations for meeting General Terry with a suitable escort at the line.

He therefore left early in September with Major Crozier and escort for Fort Macleod, Governor Laird returning across the plains to Battleford. I remained a few days with F troop at the crossing to see the traders all off the ground and then proceeded with that troop to Calgary, at which post we were to winter.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINTER IN CALGARY, 1877.

After seeing everything clear at the crossing, and the Indians beginning to move off, I returned to Calgary with F troop. The usual amount of work had to be done during the winter, and a good many trips made to the Indian camps. A continual watch on parties trading among them was kept, but the winter altogether was a pleasant one. H. Taylor, who erected a billiard room, near Baker's store, held several dances during the winter, and jolly affairs they were. We celebrated the anniversary of our arrival at Fort Macleod by a big dinner, and dance in the mess room afterwards, to which all civilians near us, and many from Morleyville, were invited.

The shooting was good up the Bow river, deer and grouse being plentiful, and a welcome addition to our bill of fare, as buffalo meat was still our chief article of diet.

Mr. Davis, who had been in charge of I. G. Baker's store at Calgary up to this winter, had moved to Fort Macleod, and was in charge of their store at that place, C. Conrad, one of the firm who had been at Macleod since the police arrived, having returned to look after their business in Fort Benton. G. C. King, an ex-police corporal, had taken charge of the store at Calgary, and remained with the firm for some years.

At Fort Macleod all went on quietly that winter, with Captain Winder in command, Fort Walsh being then made the head quarters of the force, with Colonel Irvine, the assistant commissioner, in command.

General Terry had been met on the line the previous fall by Colonel Macleod and escort, and conducted to Fort Walsh, where many counsels were held with Sitting Bull and his chiefs. These Indians showed great dislike for the American officers, refusing even to shake hands with them, and they

positively refused to return to the States, although strongly pressed by both Americans and police to do so. It was an anxious time while these officers remained, as the Sioux were many thousand strong, and bitterly hostile to the Americans, but great judgment was shown, and all went off well, the American party returning under our escort to the States, without accomplishing the object they came for.

This large number of Sioux Indians was a source of great anxiety to the Canadian government, and also to us, upon whom the burden fell most heavily. They were hostile to all Indians in the country, whose old enemies they were, and our Indians were much dissatisfied and uneasy at their presence. They killed enormous numbers of buffalo, which at that time began to show signs of depletion. When the animals migrated south there was this large band of Sioux along the line, and they only returned in greatly diminished numbers each year, until they failed to return at all but in very small bands. The Sioux were distinctly told by the authorities that they would receive no help whatever from the Canadian government, and would have to respect the laws as long as they remained. They moved this winter from Fort Walsh to Wood mountain, some two hundred miles east, and near the American line. Continual journeys had to be made during the winter of 1877 to that point, to watch their movements, and it was necessary to build a small post there the following year. A number of men, with an officer, were stationed there as long as the Sioux remained.

The journey from Fort Walsh to Wood mountain was about the hardest in winter of any we had to make, the country being bleak and desolate with no wood for hundreds of miles. Journeys also had to be made between Fort Walsh and Fort Macleod through a country also without a stick of wood, and generally through deep snow. The mail was carried every three weeks between these points. It can, therefore be seen that the small force of not much over 200 men in the west were kept continually on the move, and had to suffer the greatest hardships to carry out the duties assigned them, but this was always cheerfully and well done, as was proved by the suppression of the whisky trade, and by the manner in which peace was kept between the different tribes of Indians scattered over a vast area of country.

Our mail communication was at long intervals, as a monthly mail in the winter was all we received, the mail coming from the nearest railroad—the Union Pacific—at a place named Corin about 300 miles south of Helena, Mont., and at least 500 miles from Fort Macleod. In the summer the mail journey was not so long, as the mail came up the Missouri river by another steamer to Fort Benton, and so on to Fort Macleod, from which place all mail for Calgary or Fort Walsh had to be forwarded. In the north at Edmonton or at Fort Saskatchewan, the police post built in 1876 near Edmonton, they were not so badly off, their mail being carried direct from Winnipeg along the Saskatchewan river, there being several Hudson's Bay Company's posts on the road to stop at.

The troop at Edmonton did not have the work to do that was imperative in the south, as the Crees and halfbreeds with whom they had principally to deal, were peaceable and fairly law abiding. They had, however, plenty of work, and did it well. It was also only at long intervals that they received communication from the headquarters of the force at Fort Walsh, and nearly all matters pertaining to police work had to be left to the discretion of Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis, the officer commanding. B. Hardisty, the Hudson's Bay Company's chief factor at Edmonton, gave them every assistance, and his knowledge of the country and the Indians was of the greatest possible service to them.

The settlement at Fort Macleod had increased in numbers, and a few more small stores had been built, but no actual settlers had come in, and no cattle had arrived, buffalo being the only meat procurable.

In the spring of 1878 Mr. Crozier returned from Fort Wash, and remained a short time at Calgary. He was accompanied by Captain Williams, an American officer who had arrived at Fort Macleod from the American military post at Fort Shaw, in Montana, to recover some mules, the property of the United States army, taken by deserters from that place. He recovered these at Macleod, and took a short trip to Calgary with Major Crozier for a holiday. Captain Williams and I visited the Methodist mission at Morleyville, and were hospitably treated by the Rev. John McDougall. We

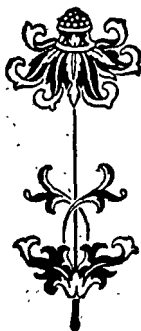
spent a few days in the mountains at the Devil's lake, hunting and fishing, killing many deer, and catching more fish than we knew what to do with.

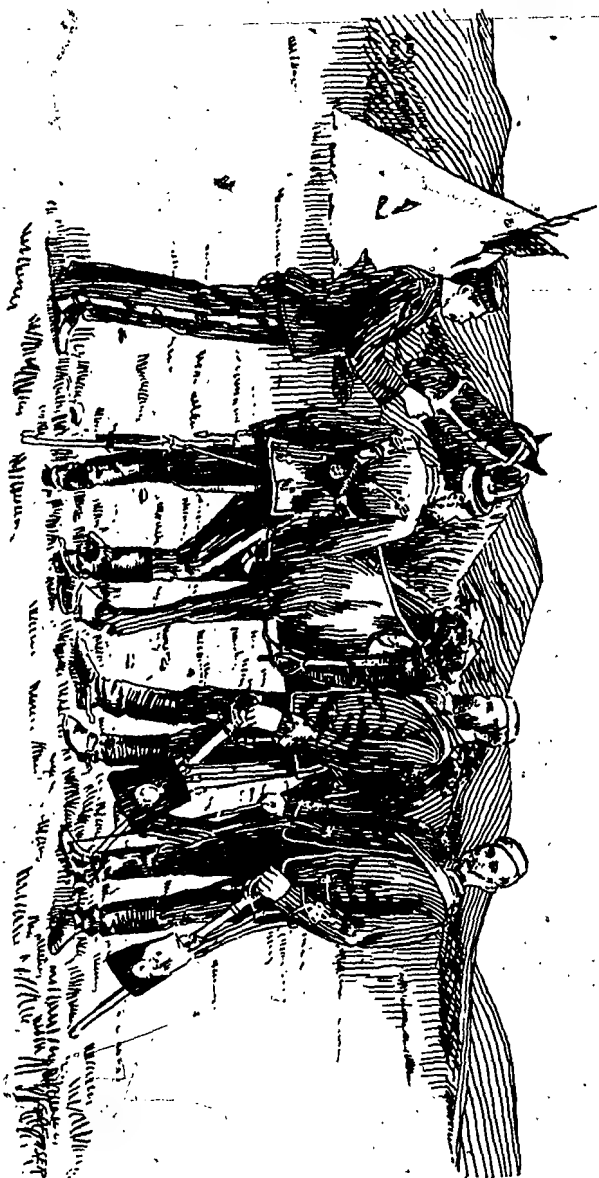
Major Crozier remained the first part of that summer at Calgary, but was ordered during the latter part to take down half of F troop to Fort Walsh. I remained behind for a short time with the rest, leaving Calgary about midsummer with all the remainder of the troop except ten men and a sergeant, who were left in charge at Calgary. We journeyed from Macleod to Fort Walsh, where I remained until the fall. While at Fort Walsh, it was a continual series of journeys to different Indian camps, and it took us all our time to keep the different tribes from coming into collision. Mr. Dewdney had been appointed Indian commissioner that year, and visited Fort Macleod and the different Indian camps. The Indians were finding it more difficult to obtain buffalo, as they had begun to diminish in numbers, and the hunting parties had to go far out on the plains after them, making our journeys much longer and more arduous.

Fort Walsh had become a small village with two or three stores, and a few smaller settlers living there, but it was an unhealthy place, being built in a deep valley about the middle of the Cypress hills. Fevers were very prevalent, and several men and one officer died from typhoid fever while the police remained there. It was a fort very much disliked by both officers and men, but had to be kept up, being a most important point particularly while the Sioux remained in the country. I was sent to Fort Macleod about August, 1878, to see the different tribes of Indians in treaty No. 7, and to set the time of their annual payments. The Bloods and Piegans were paid at Fort Kipp, about 18 miles below Fort Macleod, and the Blackfeet and Sarcees at the Blackfoot crossing, while the Stonies were to be paid at their reservation at Morleyville.

I had to inform Crowfoot, the head chief of the Blackfeet, that the Bloods would have a separate reservation given them in the south. This I did not look forward to with pleasure, as it was known that Crowfoot, whose word with the Blackfeet was law, was much against the Bloods and the Blackfeet separating, thereby curtailing the reservation at the Blackfoot crossing. Crowfoot was one of the most obstinate Indians to deal with that I ever came across. However, it

had to be done, and after notifying the Bloods and Piegans, who were at that time camped near Macleod in expectation of the payments, that they would be paid at Fort Kipp on a certain date, and notifying the commissioner at Fort Walsh of this arrangement, I proceeded across country to the Blackfoot crossing, where the Blackfeet were then encamped.





COL. McLEOD, INS. CLARK AND DR. KITSON, N.W.M.P.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INDIAN MEDICINE DANCE.

The trade of whisky to the Indians had by this time pretty well stopped, although occasional instances there were of it being traded in the camps. But the quantity of whisky brought into the country was still large, as a great deal was sold to the police and other whites in the country. The very poorest quality, costing in Benton about \$4 per gallon, would readily sell at Macleod or any of the other settlements for even as high as \$10 per bottle. A very large quantity was sold, and although the penalty was most severe, the fines ranging as high as \$300 for the third offence, the profits were sufficient to keep the trade in full swing, and all chances of capture were taken in bringing the liquor in.

All through the years of prohibition in the Territories it was found impossible to totally stamp out the liquor trade, and it could always be procured at a high price at any of the small towns or settlements in spite of the constant patrolling along the line, and the close watch kept on all suspected whisky traders. Many, of course, were caught, and fined or imprisoned, but the profits were so enormous that the fines would generally be paid, the trader nearly always remaining in the business. At Fort Macleod in the old days, the vilest compounds were sold, Jamaica ginger being a favorite. It sold at \$1 for a six ounce bottle, and was composed of alcohol and a few drops of extract of ginger. The men who sold these compounds made plenty of money, but it was easy come and easy go, as all of them were gamblers, and as gambling was rife at all the posts, this ill-gotten money quickly changed hands. Liquor permits were granted in those days by the lieutenant-governor, but applications had to be recommended, and then only two and a half gallons were granted, supposed to be for medical purposes.

These permits were much abused, being transferred indiscriminately. Men detected with hundreds of gallons of liquor in their possession had permits to cover it all, and therefore it could not be touched, although the permits may have been for several different individuals.

In the years 1877 and 1878 many of the men in the force took their discharge, the term of service being at that time three years. It was changed a few years afterwards to five, which it now is. Many of these time-expired men took their discharge in the country, and either worked out for wages, or took up farms of their own, and bought a few head of cattle and horses. Most of them settled in the vicinity of Fort Macleod, and a good many in the north along the Saskatchewan river. This was the beginning, in a small way, of the stock industry in Southern Alberta. A few men from Idaho and Montana also brought in small herds of cattle, and settled in and near Macleod. Some of them went in for farming and gardening, making large profits out of their grain and vegetables, which they could always sell to the police, oats often fetching 5 cents per pound, and potatoes 7 cents. Several of the police who took their discharge in the country had saved considerable money, and in some cases brought in quite large bands of cattle, which have largely increased, making the owners wealthy men to-day.

In the spring of 1878 I contracted with two men from southern Montana, Lynch and Emerson by name, to drive in the following fall 100 head of yearling heifers, which they agreed to deliver at Calgary for \$10 per head. Cattle could be purchased at that time in Montana and Idaho at a very low figure. These men delivered the cattle at the time stipulated, bringing in also several hundred head of cows and steers, which they had a ready sale for, also making the first start for themselves. They in after years became large stock owners. This was the first year cattle were brought into the western Territories, and our diet of buffalo meat was changed for that of domestic beef, I. G. Baker & Co. having the contract to supply the force, which they did by driving in herds of beef cattle and opening butcher shops at different posts. Their contract price for beef was 14 cents per pound, and they made enormous profits on their cattle, which they bought at a low figure in Montana.

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The summer of 1878 was an unusually rainy one, the rivers all being very high, and there being no boats at that time the crossing was always most difficult and dangerous. The Old Man's river at Macleod had changed its course, breaking through its banks, and overflowing the bottoms on which the fort and settlement were built. Several houses in the village were washed away, even the fort was nearly flooded. The bottom on which the fort was built was converted into an island, with a branch of the river both north and south, and the river now flowed over the spot where buildings once stood, and where the main road through the village ran.

The fort at Macleod had been improved, as the mud floors and roofs had given place to lumber, a small saw mill having been shipped up the Missouri river, and then taken by bull team to Macleod. It cut, however, only a limited quantity of lumber. Great difficulty was experienced in booming the river, as in high water these mountain streams are very swift and many thousand of our logs were carried down the river by the breaking of the boom, and never recovered. Logs had to be cut and driven down the river for sixty miles and our force beings so small, and the work increasing yearly, it was found that men could not be spared for this work. The buildings then only received repairs where absolutely necessary, and in wet weather they were decidedly uncomfortable. At Calgary, Fort Walsh, and Edmonton, halfbreeds were engaged to cut lumber by whipsaw, and a great deal was got in this manner. At Edmonton plenty was to be obtained, and the fort at that place was comfortable and substantial. Horses for the use of the force were being sent up from Canada, via the Missouri river, but they were found to be not nearly as serviceable as those bred in the country, which could stand the hard winter journeys, without grain, and keep in good condition on the wild grass, while the Canadian horses, used to stabling and good feed, very soon become useless, or died from hardship.

A good many mares were brought into the country by the police in 1874, and a herd of them was started at Pincher creek, thirty miles west of Macleod, with the purpose of breeding for the force. A good, well bred stallion was sent up, but although a good many colts were bred which

turned out well, the scheme was not a success, there not being men enough to spare for the farm. A great many of the mares having been, as it was supposed, stolen, the idea was abandoned, and the herd broken up, the mares being returned to duty.

In July, 1878, I proceeded to the Blackfoot crossing to notify the Blackfeet of the date of their payments, and found that tribe, and also the Sarcees, camped on the old treaty ground. They had just finished their medicine dance, which this year had been held with great ceremony, many braves having been made, and much talk of going on the war path against the Sioux indulged in.

Tobacco had been sent to the Blackfeet from the Sioux, with messages of peace, the smoking of tobacco sent from one hostile tribe to another, and smoked by them, being considered the end of hostilities. However, the Blackfeet refused to smoke this tobacco, and were more hostile against the Sioux than ever, considering that their presence in the country had much to do with the diminution of the buffalo, which were yearly becoming fewer in numbers.

The Blackfeet had a curious custom, and one I had found among no other Indians, of smoking tobacco at the medicine dance grown from seed by themselves. They had no record of when or where this seed was obtained, but as far back as they had any record, the custom prevailed among them. This tobacco seed was carefully gathered when ripe by their medicine men, and planted in a particular spot at the Blackfoot crossing, and gathered and dried by them before the medicine dance was held. It was very much venerated. I have seen the tobacco growing and it seemed the ordinary plant, and did remarkably well.

This custom, I believe, has died out, and the seed is lost, but it must have continued for ages, and it would be interesting to know from where the seed was first obtained, and how they got the knowledge of its cultivation.

The Blackfoot crossing, or the "Ridge Under Water", as it was termed in Blackfeet, had been an old camping and burial ground of the Blackfoot tribe from time immemorial, and was in fact looked upon by all the tribes of plain Indians with veneration. That, prior to the advent of the Blackfeet into the country, many hundred years ago, some

warlike tribe of Indians existed here and made the crossing one of their chief camping places, is shown by mounds raised in a half moon shape, there having been embankments thrown up of considerable height, the remains of which still exist, the crescent shape being clearly defined. Indians have informed me of pieces of pottery having been dug up there. I have myself found flint arrow and spear heads, also stones worn into grooves made by the sharpening of the flint weapons, near these old mounds.

It would be worth while, I think, to thoroughly search this locality, as no doubt many relics could yet be obtained.

I found Crowfoot and his chiefs and Indians in very bad humor, and explained to them that the Bloods were to be paid separately, at a certain date, and also that they would have a separate reservation in the south, and that surveyors would come up the following year to lay out all the reserves. I also asked him to set the time for the Blood and Blackfoot payments to be made.

This for two days he would not hear of, insisting that the Bloods and Blackfeet should have their reserve together, as agreed in the treaty the previous year, and also that the Bloods should come to the crossing, Blackfeet and Bloods to be paid together.

It was about the most difficult job I ever undertook to make him agree to the change, and it was only after two days' steady talk that he finally gave in, and the day was set for the Blackfeet payments.

The Blackfeet had many complaints to make, the principal one being that of the Sioux, together with the scarcity of buffalo, and the entry into the country and on to the plains, of the Crees from the north, whom, they claimed, never previous to the advent of the police, dared to hunt buffalo in their country.

I, however, told them to bring up all their grievances at the time of the payment, about a month from that time, and I then returned to Fort Macleod, after notifying the Stony Indians at Morleyville, and setting the date of their payment at that place, after that of the Blackfeet had been finished.

Word was sent to the commissioner at Fort Walsh, of all the different dates agreed upon, and I remained at Fort Macleod until his arrival, some time afterwards.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

For some years after the advent of the North West Mounted Police into the western portion of the then Prince Rupert's land, and to-day known as the North West Territories, the newness, and also the strangeness, of the country, were a source of unfailing interest to us, who belonged to that force. Game of all kinds abounded throughout the country and as we came to the foot hills of the Rockies, bear, elk and moose were often to be seen. This class of game was little molested by the tribe of Blackfeet Indians, whose home was out on the plains, and who lived altogether on the buffalo, which animals supplied them not only with meat, but nearly everything, either directly or indirectly, that they required. The streams were full of fish of many kinds, trout being the most plentiful, and near the mountains salmon trout which often weighed fifteen to eighteen pounds were easily to be caught.

In the summer of 1875 I determined to take a trip from the fort on Old Man river to the foot hills of the mountains, and up that river about 40 miles for the purpose of fishing, also intending to give one day to deer hunting. Deer of two kinds were always to be found in the patches of brush and timber along the river bottom, called black and white tail by the hunters of the west. These were not a very large species, but the venison was excellent, and made a welcome addition to our mess, as a continuous course of buffalo meat was found monotonous after a while.

I took with me a pack horse, together with my blankets, a few cooking utensils, and an Indian rubber boat which was made to be inflated, and when so filled was very buoyant, and impossible to overturn. It would only hold one man, who could sit comfortably in the bottom with a gun and a rod. A couple of short paddles, one for each hand, was enough

to guide the light boat away from any rocks or to the shore when required. This rolled into a small compass, was packed on the top of the blankets. I took an Indian with me, as I intended after a day's shooting to return to the fort by water, and the Indian would take back the horses with any game we might shoot.

The Blackfeet were very friendly with us, and I expected to come across one of their camps up the river, as I had been told some Indians had gone up towards the mountains, intending to cut lodge poles, which they did every summer, never using the same poles for more than one year.

We made a quick ride up the river about thirty miles, that being far enough to come down by boat in one day, which I should have to do, not being able to carry any blankets or cooking utensils. The distance by water would be about double that by land owing to the winding of the channel, and I was not at all sure that there might not be rapids or even falls between there and the fort.

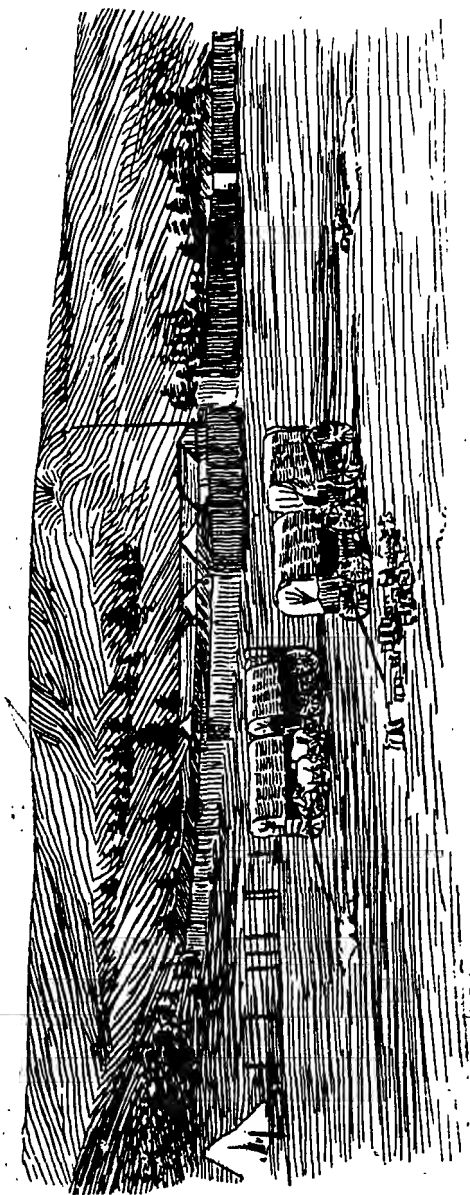
We shot only two deer, myself and the Indian one each. The one I killed was altogether by chance, as in walking down a buffalo path through a patch of wood, I thought I saw something stir in the brush to my right. I was passing on when I thought I would fire a shot in that direction, which I did, without any apparent result. Still I had an idea that I had seen something move, and on walking through the brush in that direction I had gone about fifty yards, when in drawing back a bush to make my way through I almost fell over a fine buck lying dead. On examining him I found that my bullet had severed his jugular, and he had dropped without a sound. He had a splendid pair of horns, which, together with the meat, were taken down by the Indian to the fort on the following day.

We made a pleasant camp that night in a clump of wood near the river, and having caught some trout, they, together with some steaks cut from one of the deer, made a first-class supper, to which we did ample justice. On the following morning we packed the deer and our camp outfit on the two spare horses, and the Indian made an early start with them for the fort. I remained with the boat ready to go down by the river, keeping only my gun and a light overcoat, with a bite of cold meat and bread for lunch.

I made good way down the river during the morning, which was fine and warm, only once having any trouble, at a rather nasty rapid, in the middle of which I stuck on a flat rock. In getting off the boat upset, and I got a thorough ducking before I could catch it again. The gun which was fastened by a cord to the side of the cushion, was not lost, although rendered useless for the time by water. I, therefore, camped early for dinner, eating the bread and meat, which, although rather sodden, was better than nothing. I got my clothes partially dried in the sun. All my matches were wet, and a fire was not to be had.

While camped about noon the weather began to look threatening, heavy banks of clouds gathering in the north, and now and then the growl of thunder in the distance could be heard. As I was not more than half way, I started again on my downward journey as soon as possible, but the farther I went the darker it grew, and I soon saw that I was in for a heavy storm, which, to say the least, was by no means pleasant. The thunderstorms along the mountains, although seldom of long duration, were often very severe while they lasted, and by the look of things, I was in for one of the worst. I however made my way steadily down the river, and after a while the storm came down with a vengeance. There was a heavy wind, with hail, rain, and perpetual lightning, followed by deafening peals of thunder, seemingly right overhead. I found it difficult with such a light boat to make any progress, as the heavy wind would drive me from one shore to the other, and the river was lashed into quite heavy waves, so that, although the boat could not sink, I was sitting in water up to my waist, and sometimes sheets of water would be blown right over me. As it was getting quite dark, although not more than four o'clock in the afternoon, I found it impossible to make my way, and I determined to land and wait until the storm was over.

In rounding a bend in the river I saw on the south bank a good clump of timber, and determined to take shelter in it. I made for that shore, and as I approached the fury of the storm for a moment lulled, and in the stillness I could plainly hear the drums beating in an Indian camp, and the sound of the Indian "Hi-ya" mingling with it.



Old Fort Walsh, built at the time this story was written.

The sounds came from beyond the clump of trees, and I congratulated myself upon meeting with an Indian camp where I could take shelter from such a storm. I concluded that this was the camp I had been told had gone up the river. I therefore landed and drew up the boat into the brush, tying it securely, and, taking my gun, made as quickly as possible through the wood towards the point from which the sounds could now be plainly heard. The storm had now come down worse than ever, and the lighting was almost blinding. I made my way through the timber as fast as possible, it not being any too safe in such close proximity to the trees, and coming out into an open glade of quite an extent, I saw before me the Indian camp not more than two hundred yards away. I could see men and women, and even children, moving about among the lodges, and what struck me as strange was the fact that the fires in the centre of many of the tents shone through the entrances, which were open. This surprised me, as you do not often find the Indians moving about in the wet if they can help it. They generally keep their lodges well closed during a thunder storm, of which they are very much afraid. They look upon thunder as being the noise made by one of their deities called the "Old Man," while throwing great boulders from the mountains. There were, I should consider, about twenty lodges in the camp, and a band of horses could be seen grazing not far off on the other side of the camp.

I stood for a few seconds watching and considering which lodge to make for, and had taken a few steps towards the one nearest me, when I seemed to be surrounded by a blaze of lightning, and at the same time a crash of thunder followed that fairly stunned me for nearly a minute, and sent me on my back. A large tree not far off was struck. I could hear the rending of the wood, and it was afterwards found nearly riven in half. Some of the electric fluid had partly stunned and thrown me down. I was fortunate to have escaped with my life, and, as it was, it was a few minutes before I was able to rise and look around. I looked towards the place where the camp stood, but to my unutterable astonishment as well as terror, it was not there.

It was quite light, although still storming heavily, and was not much after four o'clock. A few minutes before not only a large Indian camp had stood there, and the voices of the Indians could be distinctly heard, but now all had sud-

denly disappeared, even to the band of horses that were quietly grazing there only a few minutes before.

I stood for a moment almost dumb with astonishment, seeing and hearing nothing, when suddenly an overwhelming sense of terror seemed to seize me, and almost without knowing what I did, I ran towards the bank overlooking the river, which was about a quarter of a mile away, dropping my gun as I ran. I did not stop until I reached the top of the bank, and there I had to rest for want of breath. Here I managed to gather my wits together, and to think of what had taken place.

The open place where the camp had stood was in plain sight from where I was, with the clump of trees behind towards the river, but it was empty, and not a tent or human being in sight. There was nothing but the trees tossed by the storm and the driving rain, and now and then a flash of lightning. I could even then hardly believe my eyes, but there was no doubt about it, and I did not remain long in sight of that spot, and being afraid to go down to my boat, I determined to walk down the river bank to the fort, which must have been a good fifteen miles away. It was one of the hardest journeys I ever undertook. What with the shock from being thrown down, and then the most astonishing and inexplicable disappearance of the camp, and also being soaked to the skin, I was in a most uncomfortable condition. The storm continued until night, when it cleared up, and I made my way into the fort at about midnight, completely fagged out, turning into bed at once, with no explanation to anyone.

In the morning I told my story at breakfast to my three brother officers. I was not much the worse for my experience of the previous day, but the more I thought over the matter, the more bewildered and astonished I became. As I expected, I was only laughed at by my companions, who called it imagination. But this I am firmly convinced it was not.

I was not unduly excited when I first heard the Indian drums. I did not expect to find a camp there, but when I emerged from the wood and saw the camp before me, everything seemed perfectly natural, and in no way out of the ordinary. But the sudden and complete vanishing of the camp I could in no wise explain. I however determined

to again proceed to the spot that morning, and bring down my boat and gun.

I therefore took an Indian and our Blackfoot interpreter with me. We found the place without trouble, but it was vacant, and look as we could no sign of any recent camp was to be seen. A few rings of stone partly overgrown with grass showed where an old camp had been many years ago, and on questioning the Indian he stated that the Blackfeet had surprised and slaughtered a camp of Cree Indians at that place many years ago, and in fact we came across two bleached skulls lying in the grass.

The Indian did not seem to have any superstitions regarding that place. We found where a tree had been struck by lightning, and the boat and gun we brought away.

I have, until now, but seldom mentioned this circumstance, but I am to-day as firmly convinced as ever that the Indian camp, together with the men, women, and the horses, was most certainly there, and that I suffered under no hallucination whatever, but account for it I cannot, and look upon it as one of those inexplicable riddles which cannot be solved.

On the commissioner's arrival at Macleod, he proceeded at once to Fort Kipp, and paid the Blood Indians, together with the Piegiens. This second payment passed off well. There were many traders on the ground, but they did not make as good bargains as in the previous year, as the Indians had begun to find out the value of the money paid them. This year the money was all in Canadian bills, thereby saving a great deal of trouble. Many traders from Montana came over, and did a good cash trade for horses and goods.

After the payments most of the Indians went south into Montana, after buffalo, as most of the bands had gone in that direction, and but a few scattered herds were now to be found in the North West Territories.

CHAPTER XX.

TROUBLES WITH THE SIOUX.

Colonel Macleod, with myself and escort, proceeded to the Blackfoot Crossing to pay the Blackfeet and Sarcees. At this payment a good deal of trouble was caused at first by the head chief, Crowfoot, who was dissatisfied at the Boods not being paid with the Blackfeet. He also pretended to think that they should receive the same amount, \$12, per head, as at the first payment, although it was understood, by all that after the first year \$5 each, except the chiefs and minor chiefs, was to be the amount. However, after a great deal of time wasted in talk, the payment was satisfactorily made, and I proceeded to Morleyville, and paid the Stonies, with whom I had no trouble.

An extract from Colonel Macleod's report of 1878 on this payment is as follows: "At the Blackfoot crossing things were at first different, the Indians expressing their dissatisfaction at only receiving \$5 per head this year, instead of \$12, as they did last year. I had a long talk with Crowfoot, the head chief, and his band, the morning after my arrival. It is very evident to my mind that they are instigated to express their discontent by interested persons, who have been visiting them, and who should have known better. However, when they found that I had come there to carry out the terms of the treaty, and not to alter the old one, or make a new one, they all came forward and received what the government had promised them by the treaty of last year. Several of the chiefs came and apologized for what Crowfoot had said on the first day of our meeting, and they all sent a message to say that they were perfectly satisfied with everything. The evening before I left I paid a visit to the head chiefs, and I was much gratified to hear them express the contentment which prevailed throughout the camp. Early in the morning, as I was leaving the camp, Crowfoot and several other of the chiefs

came to say goodbye. Crowfoot taking me by the hand said: 'We have come to shake hands with our old friend, and hope he will forget the words I spoke the other day.'

"I entrusted Sub-Inspector Denny with the payment of the Stoney Indians, and enclose his report, from which it will be seen that the duty was most satisfactorily performed."

I returned to Macleod after this payment, and received instructions to return to Calgary, and take command of that post, with about 50 men. A herd of cattle for distribution among the Indians came in that year, but as the Indians were not prepared to take them over, as the most of them had, after the payments, gone south to hunt, the cattle were turned over to herders. This stock was herded in the Porcupine hills, near the present Pincher Creek, where the police had established a farm with the intention of breeding the mares belonging to the force. This farm was only kept up for two years, as it was not found to pay, and took too many of the few men we had to run it. The herd of cattle was eventually divided up among the Piegan and Stoney Indians; none of the other tribes would take them, and showed no desire to go into stock raising. The Pegans and Stonies have done well with these cattle, and a number of individual Indians have to-day quite respectable herds. But the Bloods and Blackfeet even to-day will not take them, preferring to live on the government rations, and do little or no work.

While I was at Fort Macleod a curious incident occurred. I. G. Baker and Co. supplied us with what beef we wanted, driving down what cattle they required to slaughter from the vicinity of Pincher Creek, near which place they ranged unherded. In butchering a cow it was discovered that the paunch contained considerable coarse gold, and on washing it out, about \$20 in very coarse gold was obtained, mixed with a black sand. This discovery caused quite a stampede of men to that section of the country in which the cattle had been feeding, but nothing that paid was discovered, although in all the creeks and rivers color was found, though not in paying quantities. It has always been a mystery where this gold came from, as the animal no doubt either licked it up in some salty place, or had it in its stomach before it was driven from Montana.

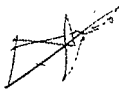
No gold has as yet been found on the eastern slopes of the mountains in the Territories, although color can be

found in all the streams, and, as in the North Saskatchewan, in paying quantities. As you go up that river towards the mountains it gets scarcer in quantity. The country as yet has been little prospected, and I think that in time gold will be found, particularly in the ranges of hills, such as the Porcupine hills near Fort Macleod.

The fall and winter of 1878 was passed quietly at Macleod and Calgary, as nearly all the plain Indians had gone south into Montana after the buffalo. This was indeed the last year that any large number of buffalo were to be seen in the North West Territories, although they did not entirely disappear for a few years afterwards. In fact, all game, with the exception of geese, ducks, and grouse, had nearly disappeared, the deer and elk being now only found among the mountains, and rarely seen along the rivers. A few bears would during the summer season be sometimes seen along the river bottoms, but with this exception the game was practically driven out.

Our work, therefore, as most of the Indians were away, was this winter easy, although patrols had to be continually made up and down the different rivers. At Fort Walsh, however, there was plenty of work, as the Sioux at Wood mountain were troublesome, and many Indians of other tribes congregated there, so that much care had to be taken to keep peace among them all.

A small stockade fort had been built at Wood mountain, and a troop of police stationed there. This place is only a few miles from the American boundary, Fort Bufard on the Missouri river being the nearest American post. The Sioux Indians, under Sitting Bull, when they first came into Canadian territory after the Custer fight, numbered some 150 lodges, with about eight souls to the lodge. They were much crowded when they first came over. The fact of these Indians, hostile to the United States, finding secure shelter on our side, soon had the effect of drawing to that camp numbers of dissatisfied Indians belonging to that tribe, until about 600 lodges were camped around Wood mountain, and the number of buffalo killed by this tribe was enormous. They committed many depredations along the Missouri river, and much trouble was the outcome of their sojourn in the country.



An extract from the commissioner's report on the arrival of Sitting Bull and his Indians, states as follows: "At that time the savage warfare that these Sioux Indians had engaged in against the United States was fresh in the minds of American settlers. The press teemed with graphic descriptions as to the doings of the savages, whose presence caused such consternation among the settlers and intending immigrants. Their power and warlike disposition was quoted again and again. Recollections of the Minnesota massacre were publicly revived, and large numbers of American troops were hurried forward and posted along the Western frontier. It was not to be wondered at that when the Sioux crossed over into Canadian territory general uneasiness prevailed.

"Not only were the fears of our actual and intending settlers aroused, but our own Indians and halfbreeds looked with marked and not unnatural disfavor upon the presence of so powerful and savage a nation in their midst. We were assured on all sides that nothing short of an Indian war would be on our hands. To add to this, serious international complications at times seemed inclined to present themselves. Both the American and Canadian press kept pointing out the possibility of such a state of affairs coming about, the press of Manitoba even urging that a regiment of militia be sent to the North West to avoid international complications, and the interruption of trade."

From the above it will be seen the position in which the police force was placed from 1877 until 1882, in which year the Sioux surrendered to the United States government, and left our country for good. A perpetual supervision had to be kept over them, and we were kept in a constant state of anxiety and watchfulness during these years, to say nothing of the hard service that had to be performed both in the summer and during the long and severe Northwest winters. When it is remembered that the force at Wood mountain only consisted of 50 men, in a poor wooden stockade, which a war party of Sioux would have had no trouble in taking in an hour, the courage and tact of the police is beyond all praise. Many a critical occasion arose in dealing with the Sioux, and only by sheer pluck was a massacre of that small force avoided.

One instance I remember that occurred the winter previous to the surrender of Sitting Bull. Major Crozier was in command of the small force stationed at Wood mountain. Sitting Bull and his camp were getting pretty hard up for food (the buffalo being about gone) and were most persistent in their endeavors, backed up by threats, to obtain rations from the police, which were, of course, always refused. They were therefore in a savage mood. They had always been hostile towards the Canadian Indians, particularly the Bloods and Blackfeet.

The Blackfeet would always come to our posts when near them, and many of them were scattered all over the country on the look out for any stray buffalo that might still remain. A Blood Indian had strayed as far as Wood mountain, in a starving condition, and was making for the police fort when the Sioux got wind of him, hunting him like a pack of hounds. He evaded them by hiding in the thick brush, and managed to get to the fort at night, seeking protection, which was promised him. The Sioux, on hearing that he was in the fort, flocked there in hundreds. The gates being closed on them, they did not enter. They demanded his surrender, and threatened if it was not complied with to burn the fort and kill everyone in it. This they could have done, being some thousands strong. Everything was got ready for defence, and Major Crozier went to the wicket gate alone to parley with Sitting Bull himself. For hours he stood there and argued with him, and finally on Sitting Bull trying to push his way into the fort, he took him by the shoulders, throwing him out, and shutting the gate.

An attack was at once expected, but the firm front shown overawed even these fierce Indians, and they returned to their camp with many threats. The Blood Indian was smuggled out that night, and a horse given him, and he was soon well on his way west. He reached Fort Walsh with his scalp intact, thanks to the courage of that small band of police, and their brave commander. This was one of the many hazardous chances taken by the officers and men of a force only 300 strong, in the old days of the opening up of the now prosperous and fast settling up North West Territories.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAMINE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

In the spring of 1879, Mr. Dewdney, the Indian commissioner, arrived at Macleod, and visited the various reservations in Treaty No. 7. The Indians were beginning to return from the south, bringing some dried meat with them, but not enough to last long. The buffalo had now nearly altogether disappeared from off the plains, and the Indian commissioner left word that should the Indians suffer from hunger, cattle were to be slaughtered for them, arrangements being made with I. G. Baker and Co., to supply both beef and flour, should it be necessary to issue.

Considerable numbers of cattle had been driven into the country the previous fall by men intending to settle, most of them locating near Macleod or Pincher Creek, a few only going north. By the beginning of summer, nearly all the Blackfeet and Sarcee Indians had returned to the Blackfoot Crossing, and a large number of Bloods had returned to their reserve on Belly river. They could now procure no game, and the Bloods in the south commenced to commit depredations by killing what cattle they found. They slaughtered a large number, and although as soon as word would be brought to the fort that cattle had been killed, parties of police would at once go out and try to arrest the perpetrators, none were caught.

The Indians posted sentinels on the hills at long distances apart, who, as soon as a party of police would leave the fort, flashed signals with glasses they carried for that purpose from one to another, until the party engaged in cattle killing were warned, and had ample time to escape.

This cattle killing near Macleod finally became so bad that many of those owning stock drove them back across the line, preferring to pay the heavy duty over there to the

risk of losing all their stock. Some of the parties remained on the American side several years, eventually returning to this side when the Indians were finally settled on their reserves, and drawing regular government rations.

At Calgary, at which fort I was in command, matters began to be very serious, as the summer advanced. The Blackfeet were actually dying of starvation, and had I not taken the responsibility of feeding them, an outbreak must most certainly have occurred. It was a pitiable sight to see the parties bringing in their starving fellows to Fort Calgary for food, some of them being mere skeletons. I have seen them after I had an animal killed, to issue, rush on the carcass before the life was out of it, and cut and tear off the meat, eating it raw. The Blackfeet showed great gratitude for the food I issued them, and never afterwards forgot what was done for them, and I found in after years, when I had charge of them as Indian agent, that to this one cause I greatly owed the success I had in dealing with them on many a critical occasion.

The following is the report written by me to Colonel Macleod, who was at that time expected at Fort Macleod, although Capt. Winder, who was in command at that post, had authority to forward supplies to any Indian camp in need of food:

"Fort Calgary, 5th July, 1879.

"Sir: As Mr. Merent leaves this fort to-day to proceed via the Crossing to Fort Macleod, I have the honor to report how the Indians are situated at this post and the Crossing, and the action I have taken in the matter of feeding them. On the first arrival of word from the Crossing that there were nearly 200 lodges there starving, and waiting for supplies, I immediately despatched S. C. Christie to Fort Macleod with a letter to you, also stating the condition of the Indians, and asking permission to purchase beef for them. Ever since that time the Indians have been coming in here in hundreds, always headed by a chief, for food, as they are actually dying of starvation. (I have heard already of 21 cases of death.) As they are and have been getting no assistance from any post, I took upon myself the responsibility of purchasing and issuing beef to them; for the last three days I have been obliged to issue beef at the rate of 2,000 lbs. per diem. I have advised the Indians not to move their camp up here from the Crossing, as I expected

you would have been at Fort Macleod when Sub-Constable Christie arrived there, and that some of the Indian cattle would be sent to the Indians at the Crossing. I have told them all that as soon as you arrived at Fort Macleod provisions would be sent to them, and that in the meantime I would supply them with meat, which I have done, and am now doing. Until assistance arrives from Fort Macleod I can manage to keep them in meat the way I am now doing for a week or two, but of course the expense will be great. I am buying cattle from Mr. Emerson of this post, at 7 cents per pound. There is no doubt whatsoever that if I had not fed them, and do not continue to feed them, they will take the matter into their own hands, and help themselves.

"Crowfoot sent up here yesterday, asking me to go down to see and talk to them in their distress. It is utterly impossible for me to leave here until the Blackfeet receive assistance from some other post. Crowfoot himself will, I think, be here to-morrow. All the other chiefs have been in, with the exception of Three Bulls, who is at Cypress. The Blackfeet are utterly destitute, there being no buffalo in the country. I have had to send meat out to parties coming in here who were eating grass to keep themselves alive. The rush here is not quite so great as it was, as I have established some order in the going and coming. Every party that comes in is headed by a chief, who sends a man some hours ahead to notify me of their coming, so that I can have meat ready for them. I am keeping careful note of what I issue, and to whom, and in what quantity. I am paying the men from whom I purchased beef by voucher on J. G. Baker and Co. I am nearly out of flour, and can issue no more without running myself short. It is impossible for me to keep meat for our own use any length of time, because of the scarcity of salt. I sent some time ago to Macleod for salt, but could procure none. I am not only feeding the Blackfeet, but also Stoneys and some halfbreeds, who have come off the plains starving. I have asked Mr. L'Hereux to go himself to Fort Macleod. He will be able to state the exact nature of the case. I have advised the Blackfeet not to move up from the crossing until I hear what is going to be done for them, and when supplies will be sent. They are now within easy reach of this post, coming up from the Crossing in a day and going backwards and forwards with meat. I hope that I have your approval in the action I have

taken, and trust to have full instructions before long, as this is rather a trying situation.

"I have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servant,

"C. E. DENNY, Inspector commanding Fort Calgary."

I had received orders from the Indian commissioner in the spring not to ration Indians at Calgary, but of course such a state of affairs as I have described was not apprehended, and not long afterwards I received a letter from the Indian commissioner, thanking me for the action I had taken. The price of beef, 7 cents per lb., was in those days considered high, strange as it may seem, as to-day the country is overrun with cattle, and beef sells as high as 10 and 12 cents per lb. The reason of this was that cattle could be purchased in Montana at a low figure, there not being much market in that country at that time for them, and the ranges were much overstocked. The herd of yearling heifers purchased by me in 1878, cost, delivered at Calgary, \$10 per head, of which \$3 per head was allowed for driving, and say \$2 per head profit for the purchaser. This would leave the original cost \$5 each in Montana. As soon as possible after things had come to this pass with the Indians, cattle and flour in large quantities were contracted for, and sent to the different reservations. Men were also engaged to butcher, and police went to see to the fair issue of rations. From this year dates the beginning of the issue of regular rations to the Indians under treaty No. 7, which has continued ever since. For a year or two after this many bands of Indians would be away for months at a time in quest of buffalo, sometimes going far south along the Missouri river, and in fact scouring the country for them. It was hard to make them believe that the buffalo had become extinct, as for years after they believed they would reappear.

Their belief was that the buffalo originally came from a hole in the ground, in the centre of a lake, located in the north, and that on the advent of the whites, they had returned into this lake, ultimately to reappear.

The ration given to the Indians at that time was 1 lb. of beef and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour per head all round, and this ration has been little altered, although the tendency has been during the last few years to cut it down, but it is little enough, where they have nothing else whatever to live upon.

Since we came to the country in 1874 up to this year, 1879, no man of the force had been killed or molested by an Indian. Many had died from various causes, but no death was occasioned by Indians. But the clean record was broken in October, 1879, by the deliberate murder at Fort Walsh of Constable Greybourn, stationed at that post.

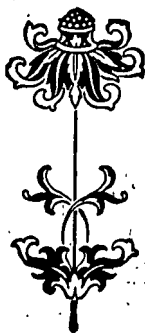
It was the custom to herd the horses belonging to the fort about three miles away where the feed was good, and a permanent herd camp was established of four men and a non-commissioned officer stationed there under canvas, one man being continually on herd during the day, and the horses being driven into the fort and stabled at night.

At the time the murder occurred, a camp of Blood Indians was not far off from the herd camp, and they made themselves very obnoxious by continually prowling round and begging in the camp. Greybourn left camp that morning to take his turn on herd, and shortly afterwards an Indian, named Star Child, also left. This Indian had given a good deal of trouble, and in fact at one time Greybourn had strong words with him. Some hours after Greybourn's departure his horse returned to camp alone, and the men at once went out to search for him. About a mile away they came upon his cap, and a further search disclosed his dead body, lying at the bottom of a gully and in some brush. On examination a bullet hole was found in the back of his head, no doubt causing instant death.

Word was immediately sent to the fort, and the body removed. A party proceeded to the Blood camp, as suspicion at once centred on Star Child, who was known to have had a grudge against Greybourn. The camp was thoroughly searched, but the Indian could not be found, and no information whatever could be gained from any Indian in the camp. It was afterwards learned that Star Child had that morning left for Montana, where he remained for two years, and although efforts were made to have him extradited they were without effect.

He returned to the Blood camp near Macleod in 1881, and was, after much trouble, captured. He was tried for murder at Fort Macleod, but, although it was a moral certainty that he had committed the murder, there was not the slightest evidence to prove it, and he therefore was acquitted. He, however, was arrested a few years afterwards for horse steal-

ing, and sentenced to five years in the Manitoba penitentiary, where he died before completing his sentence. Poor Grey-bourn was buried at Fort Walsh with military honors, and a gloom was cast over the whole force at the end of this year by the sad event.



CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER A MURDERER.

We received word during the winter of 1879 at Fort Walsh that the Indian, Star Child, on whom suspicion rested as having been the murderer of Greybourn, was in an Indian camp south of Fort Benton, Montana, and Major Crozier who was in command of Fort Walsh that winter, instructed me in the early spring to proceed to Benton, and try indirectly, with the sheriff of Fort Benton, to have the Indian given over to us. I was authorized to offer as high as \$500 to attain that object. Colonel Macleod was that winter at Fort Macleod, which place was for the time being headquarters of the force, on account of the disturbed state of the Indians, in that district. An Indian agent had been appointed during the winter for Treaty No. 7, with headquarters at Fort Macleod, and the commissioner's brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Macleod, was the one appointed. He was expected to arrive in Benton in the spring, and the commissioner was to be there to meet him. Commissioner Macleod had the previous year brought his family out west, and his wife, with the exception of Mrs. Winder, and the wives of two of our officers who came out in the same year, 1877, but a few months earlier, was the first white lady in the Fort Macleod district of the North West. These ladies attended the treaty in 1871, and shewed the greatest courage and cheerfulness through all the hardships and dangers they had to encounter, through long and rough journeys with poor transport, and living in mud-roofed huts, through which the water streamed during the rainy season. They were often left alone with only the company of each other, while their husbands were away on duty, sometimes for long intervals, and this in a country only inhabited by thousands of warlike Indians, and a white population not the most select.

I rode to Fort Benton, about 150 miles from Fort Walsh, in the early spring of 1880, and tried to make arrangements to have Star Child turned over to us. Extradition was out of the question, as our evidence was very slight, and I endeavored by the offer of a reward to have this Indian captured, but the terms asked were out of my power to give, according to the instructions I had received. I, therefore, waited for the arrival of Colonel Macleod, who came in after I had been in Fort Benton a few days, with Jerry Potts, our guide, Sub-Inspector Neal, who was on his way to Ottawa, and Staff-Sergt. Norman, the commissioner's secretary. We remained in Benton for five weeks, waiting the arrival of Col. Norman Macleod, the new Indian agent who was coming by way of the Union Pacific, and from there by stage to Helena and Benton. This was my first visit to Fort Benton, and of course I had to "take in the town." At that time Benton was quite a busy western town of about 1,000 inhabitants. It is the head of the navigation of the Missouri river, and for fifty years back had been a great Indian trading post. The old fort, built of unbaked bricks, or "adobies," as they were termed, still stood, although some handsome business blocks and residences were to be found in the town. It was a very rough place. Gambling and dance houses, together with liquor saloons, occupied the whole of Water street, facing the river, and the sidewalks and streets were a mass of playing cards, thrown out from the different gambling places as the easiest way to get rid of them after use. Mr. C. Conrad, of the firm of I. G. Baker and Co., who had spent the first two years at Fort Macleod when we first came out, showed us the greatest hospitality, placing his very comfortable house at our disposal. They boasted of a club in Benton at that time, the Choteau, called after the name of the county, and our names were immediately enrolled as members. We found it to consist of a very mixed array of members, among whom we met Colonel Donnelly of Fenian memory, who was a justice of the peace, practising law in Benton, and not at all a bad fellow socially. He seldom referred to the little unpleasantness that existed between himself and the Canadian Government. We also met the colonel and officers of the portion of the Seventh United States Infantry stationed at Fort Benton, the headquarters of the regiment being at Fort Shaw about 100 miles west of Benton. As it

was, we spent a very pleasant time in Benton, and were quite sorry to say good-bye on the arrival of Mr. E. Galt, our assistant Indian commissioner, and Colonel Norman Macleod, Indian agent.

Colonel Macleod, the commissioner, together with his brother, proceeded to Fort Macleod, with the guide Jerry Potts. Mr. Galt and I went to Fort Walsh, as Mr. Galt, as assistant Indian commissioner, was on a tour of inspection of the western Indian reservations comprised in Treaty No. 7. Colonel Macleod's trip was an uneventful one, with the exception that in crossing the St. Mary's river, the stream being high and the ford rough, Staff-Sergt. Norman, who had acted as Colonel Macleod's secretary for some years, and who was sitting in the rear seat of the wagon, was thrown into the river, and by hard swimming reached shore without anyone being the wiser, with the exception of Jerry Potts, who was sitting beside him. Shortly before reaching the farther shore, Col. Macleod noticed a woollen cap floating down the river, and turning to the driver said: "Hold up, I think Jerry has fallen in."

Jerry, sitting behind and hearing this, became most indignant, and answered back, "No, sir, not by a d—d sight, but your d—d sergeant is drowned."

However, Sergt. Norman was found none the worse, and no further accidents happened on the journey, and on arriving at Fort Macleod everything was found to be going on well. After a few weeks' stay at that place, the commissioner proceeded to Fort Walsh, which then was the headquarters of the force.

I proceeded with Mr. Galt, assistant Indian commissioner, to Fort Walsh, where he inspected the different Indian camps in that vicinity. I then accompanied him to Fort Macleod, making a five-days' trip of it, as the weather was cold and stormy. We met Colonel Macleod on the road, on his way to Fort Walsh. Mr. Galt and myself visited the Indians at Macleod and Calgary, Colonel Norman Macleod going with us, and taking over the duties of Indian agent of Treaty No. 7, his headquarters being at Fort Macleod. A farm instructor and issuer of rations was stationed with the Blackfeet at the Blackfoot Crossing; one at Calgary for the Sarcees, and another at Morleyville for the Stonies. In-

structors were also placed on the Piegan reservations, twelve miles above Macleod, and on the Blood reserve, south of the Belly river.

I remained at Calgary that summer with only ten men and a non-commissioned officer. It was necessary that some force should be stationed at this point, as a good many Blackfeet were camped at the Crossing, and there was also a large camp of Crees in that vicinity, and the two did not agree at all. In fact, at one time open collision between them nearly took place. Word was brought to Calgary that a Cree Indian had been killed by a Blackfoot at the Crossing, and that the Crees were about to avenge his death, and attack the Blackfoot camp. I, therefore, started for that point with what men I could spare, only six all told, with an interpreter, and made the ride to the Crossing in one day, arriving there late at night. We took a light wagon with us, but very little bedding. Some of the men were recruits, who had only come up that year, and the ride tried them severely. It was as much as I could do to get them in that night. We camped on the river bottom until morning, when we found a Blackfoot camp of about 1,000 Indians on the edge of the bluff overlooking the river, and the Cree camp, nearly equal in numbers about three miles distant. Many of the Blackfoot chiefs came down to see me. They had many complaints against the Crees, and on my asking if it was true that a Cree had been killed, they informed me that it was so, but they had lots of excuses. I demanded the Indian, but found that he had left the camp and gone so no one knew where the day after the killing was done. I then told the Blackfeet to put up a large lodge in their camp, and that I would go to the Cree camp, and try and get their chiefs to come over and meet the Blackfeet, and try and make peace between them. This they promised to do, and also to talk reasonably and do their best to straighten matters.

I rode with the interpreter to the Cree camp, and found them more amenable to reason than I expected. In fact, they were pretty badly scared, as being in the Blackfoot country, and a long way from any of their friends, they were very much at their mercy. However, they felt pretty sore over the killing of one of them, but were willing to overlook it if the Blackfeet would pay them, and agreed to come over on the following day and make peace with them, after

which they promised to move camp and go back to the Cypress Hills, and join the rest of their tribe. On my return to camp, I informed the Blackfeet of this, and they were satisfied. I found that some of the Indians had brought dried meat to our camp, and had pitched a lodge for us, as we had no tent with us. This showed great friendliness on their part, and the meat was most welcome, as we had only bacon with us.

The following morning I and the interpreter went to the Blackfoot camp, and were shown the tent they had pitched for the Council. The two of us seated ourselves alone at the head of it. After a short interval the head chief, Crowfoot, arrived, and with great ceremony paced round the fire, and shook hands with me, at the same time throwing down before me a fine head and tail buffalo robe. I told the interpreter to tell him that I had not come to take presents, but to settle the trouble between them and the Crees. The interpreter advised me to take the robe, as it was given to show that they were friendly towards us, and that if I did not do so, the Indians would think that we were not friendly towards them. I, therefore, threw the robe behind me, and after doing so, thirty-three chiefs, both Crees and Blackfeet, filed in and shook hands, and each chief threw down a robe. After having taken the first, I now had to take all, as had I taken the one and refused the rest, they would have been deeply affronted. I, therefore, had thirty-four robes piled up behind me. However, these robes came in most usefully, as we all were short of bedding, and the cold weather was coming on before we got back to Calgary. I divided them equally among the men, who were delighted to get them.

After a solemn smoke all round, I advised the Crees to move, and also the Blackfeet to settle with the family of the Indian killed in the usual Indian fashion, by paying so many horses, and altogether gave them lots of advice. I had, however, to sit for several hours and hear the different grievances they had against each other, and sometimes the talk waxed pretty hot. However, I managed to settle their troubles, and the Crees promised to move the following day and the Blackfeet to give up the murderer should he come into camp. I made them shake hands all round and, after seeing the Crees out of camp, returned pretty well done up to our camp, near the river. We remained here

For two days until the Cree camp was well started on its way to the east. We then pulled out for Calgary, being two days on the road, with very cold stormy weather all the way. But for a little management there might have been most serious trouble between these two large camps, and had it once started, it would have spread to other camps, and a general Indian war between the Crees and Blackfeet would have followed, which, with our small force, would have been nearly impossible to quell. Our hands were pretty full all this summer, the Indians being very restless, and being unaccustomed to remaining for any length of time at one place, it was difficult to keep them on their reserves, where they could receive their rations.

Although the buffalo were in vast herds when we arrived in 1874, they must in the olden days have been many times more numerous. There are, at the foot of a bank of about fifty feet in height, on the Elbow river, six miles south of Calgary, the remains of many thousand animals, which must at one time have been driven over this bank. Below the soil at the foot of the cliff there is a thickness of at least three feet of nothing but old bones, pressed by the weight of the soil into a solid mass. How far back this extends, it is impossible to say, but ages ago an enormous number of buffalo were in some manner slaughtered there. I have found flint arrow heads mixed among these bones, which shows that the Indians had a hand in the slaughter.

I returned to Fort Walsh in the early part of the summer of 1880, leaving one man in charge at Calgary, and he, with the exception of the Hudson's Bay Company's trader, A. Fraser, and G. C. King, who had charge of a small trading store belonging to I. G. Baker, was the only white man left at Calgary.

At Fort Macleod things were about the same. A few more settlers had taken up ranches along the Old Man's river, being principally old policemen who had taken their discharge in the country and having saved a little money, had invested in a few head of stock and settled down. Most of these early pioneers did well and many of them are still in the country and well off.

The Indians in the vicinity of Macleod now and then killed cattle but, horse stealing was their principal pastime.

This we found almost impossible to put a stop to, and the guardroom was generally pretty well filled up with these Indian horse thieves.

Jingling Bells, the Blackfoot Indian who killed the Cree at the Crossing in the spring, was captured this summer and after being in the guardroom at Macleod for a month, made a desperate break for liberty, and after swimming the river, with a volley fired after him by the guard, managed to effect his escape. He was again captured about two years afterwards and sent to the Manitoba penitentiary, where he died, after being in jail only one year.

Star Child, the Indian supposed to have killed Constable Greybourn, was captured after considerable resistance in a Blood camp. He was tried by Colonel Macleod in the fort and although there was little or no doubt that he was the man who committed the murder, there was no proof whatever to convict him, and he was therefore released. He was arrested about a year afterwards, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for horse stealing, and he also died in prison before his time had expired. This was the case with nearly all the Indians sent down; they very rarely lived any length of time in confinement, consumption carrying them off in nearly every case.

The village of Macleod had not increased at all, but still a good deal of money was in circulation and there was plenty of work. Mr. C. Conrad had returned to Fort Benton, and Mr. D. W. Davis was in charge of I. G. Baker & Company's business at Macleod.

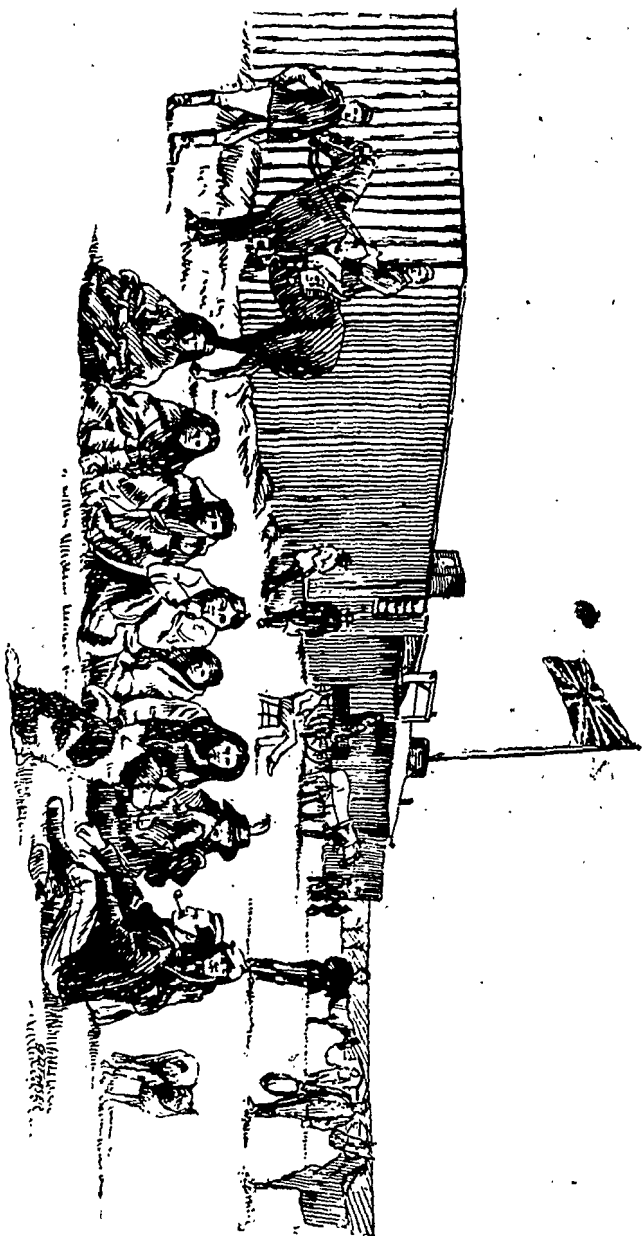
From time to time a whisky trader was arrested and fined or imprisoned, but whisky could nearly always be procured, (a vile compound at \$5 per pint bottle) but the popular beverage was Jamaica ginger or alcohol with a little essence of ginger, at \$1 a six-ounce vial.

It was seldom that an Indian could now procure liquor, and the whisky illegally smuggled in was sold altogether to the whites. The permit system had now come into force. A permit was granted by the lieutenant-governor to any party well recommended, for not more than two and a half gallons of liquor, said to be for medical purposes. These permits were unfortunately transferable and the system was thereby abused.

At Fort Walsh things were more serious than in the west. Indians of all tribes were congregated in its vicinity and endless trips into the camps had to be made, and the greatest judgment had to be shown in making arrests, as the Indians, particularly the Crees, showed a sullen and unfriendly attitude towards us. They were at this time half starving, little or no rations being issued them by the Indian department at Fort Walsh, so the burden of all was laid on the shoulders of the brave little band of police, under Assistant Commissioner Irvine at that post.

Continual journeys had to be made to Wood mountain, near which post the Sioux in large numbers still camped, causing ceaseless anxiety to the police. Some remarkably fast journeys were made by the assistant commissioner to this post, through a country devoid of wood and game for one hundred and seventy-five miles. Up to my arrival there in the summer of 1880 from Caiga no trouble had occurred, but the work done was remarkable, and the steadiness and forbearance of the men beyond all praise.

GROUP OF BLOOD INDIANS AT CALGARY, 1875.



CHAPTER XLIII.

TROUBLE WITH INDIANS AT CALGARY.

Shortly after my arrival at Fort Walsh, I obtained two months' leave, to return to Fort Calgary, at which place I intended to take up a ranche on the bottom where the present town is now built, and I wished to make arrangements with an ex-policeman, an old servant of mine, Joe Butlin, to build a house before winter set in. As Colonel Macleod was returning to Fort Macleod himself, I took the opportunity of travelling with him, he having a four horse team and spring wagon. I was also able to take my baggage along, riding my troop horse. The Indian agent, Macleod's son, Norman, was also with us, having just arrived via the Missouri from Canada, and was on his way to join his father at Fort Macleod. Jerry Potts, and two other men formed the balance of the party.

Our journey was uneventful until we came to the Belly river at Whoopup, where we found the stream very high, and just managed to cross without swimming. We dined here and went on to Slide Out, that being the second crossing of the same river. It was then about six in the evening, and Colonel Macleod having taken my horse, I rode in the wagon. He and Jerry crossed the river, and being on the ford they got over without swimming. I told the driver to drive in after him, but when we were nearly half way over, the colonel called to me, and ordered us to return and camp on the south bank, and come over in the morning, and that himself and Jerry Potts would go on to Macleod that night, nine miles north. We turned and went back, although I was loath to do so, having made a good start to cross. However, we had to obey orders, and went back.

We put in a most unpleasant night. Having no tent we slept under the wagon. The mosquitoes were very bad all night, and sleep was almost impossible. During the night two of our horses crossed the river, although hobbled,

and in the morning we could see them on the other side. A little after daylight I sent the driver, Hooley, over, after them, and also instructed him to pay particular attention to the ford, so that he would know where to drive when we started over. He got across all right, and brought back the two horses. I watched him cross, and saw that the water was about breast high, and a swift current running. He informed me that he considered the ford all right and that we would have no trouble in getting over.

We therefore loaded the wagon and hitched up, and started for the river. There was a small log shanty on the north side, not far from the river bank, owned and occupied by two ex-policemen, Bell and Patterson, who had a short time before left the force, and taken up a ranche at this point, intending to go into farming and stock raising. These men were in the house at this time, but it being very early, they were still in bed. We had reached the middle of the river, which was about breast high on the horses, when the lead team balked. It seems that they were sometimes given to this habit, although I was not aware of the fact. I took the reins of the leaders, and the driver held those of the wheel team, and after a short interval, we started them all together, and I handed back the reins I held to the driver. We had only gone a few steps when they stopped a second time, the leaders swerving down stream, dragging the wheel team round with them, and tilting over the wagon, throwing me out into the river among the horses. How I escaped being injured by them I cannot tell, but, half drowned, I managed to gain the shore, and scrambling up the bank, saw that young Macleod and Stewart had jumped off and swam ashore. The team and wagon were going down the centre of the river; the driver had let go of the reins, and was holding on to the side of the seat, the water being up to his waist. The horses were swimming, and the leaders having turned round, were frantically pawing on the team behind them. The driver, who had completely lost his presence of mind, called out, "Mr. Denny, come and help me!"

I of course jumped into the river, swam down towards the wagon, and had come within a few yards of it when it turned completely over, with the man underneath, and the whole, horses, man and wagon, disappeared. I swam over the spot, and down the river for a quarter of a mile,

without any signs of any part coming to the surface, and being nearly exhausted, I had to make for shore.

In the meantime, the two young men had watched this horrid catastrophe from the bank, and being young, were naturally in a very nervous state. I called up Mr. Bell and Mr. Patterson, and, borrowing two horses from them, sent Macleod and Stewart into the fort for assistance. I, together with Mr. Bell and Mr. Patterson, went down the river and found that the wagon, with the drowned team still attached, had landed on a bar in the middle of the river, about half a mile down. Of poor Hooley there was no sign. We could do nothing until assistance arrived from Ft. Macleod, as there was no boat on the river. We waited about an hour and a half, when a party of men, with a boat loaded on a wagon, arrived, and we went out to the wreck, and after many hours' hard work, managed to disentangle the horses, and bring the wagon and harness and some baggage ashore, but no sign whatever of Hooley's body could be discovered. We then went many miles down the river, searching, without success, and towards evening reluctantly had to relinquish the search. Most of our baggage was lost, but, curious, as it may seem, not a thing belonging to Col. Macleod was missing, even his waistcoat that contained a gold watch, and had been left on the driver's seat, was recovered. I lost, among other things, a good part of my uniform, together with three months' pay I had in my uniform case.

Poor Hooley's body was not recovered for nearly a month afterwards, when it was found about twelve miles down the river from where the accident happened, and was buried with military honors at Macleod. This was one of the many fatal accidents that occurred in those days in crossing the dangerous rivers in this country, and many more occurred in after years. These mountain streams are very dangerous, the current being so swift that the different bars are constantly changing, and where you found a good ford one year, you might be swimming the next.

We found on arrival at Ft. Macleod that summer, that the Sarcee Indians, who were camped at Calgary, and very badly off for food, were making themselves very unpleasant to those in charge of the Hudson's Bay Co., and I. G. Baker & Co's stores at that place, and there being no police then

stationed there, they had it pretty well their own way and we had not been long at Macleod before word was sent us from there, that the storekeepers were in danger of their lives, and asking for assistance. These Sarcee Indians, although a small tribe of only about 500 all told, were by far the most troublesome Indians in the west. They came originally from the far north, somewhere in the vicinity of Great Slave Lake, and their language was similar to that of the Chipewyans who still live in that section. This portion of the tribe must have migrated south very long ago, as they themselves have no record among them when this migration took place. They were at one time a large tribe of several thousands, but were continually at war with the Blackfeet and all other tribes of plain Indians, and this, together with the smallpox, which killed off hundreds, was the means of bringing the numbers down to what we found them on our arrival.

They had been given their reserve with the Blackfeet at the Blackfoot crossing, and were told that only at that place would they receive rations. They could not get along with the Blackfeet, and went in a body up to Calgary, to demand food, and when they found the place without police protection and the two stores there well provided with goods, they began to demand in a very threatening manner that they be supplied with all they required.

The Indian agent, Col. Norman Macleod, together with myself in charge of a police detachment of eight men, and Sgt. Lawder, a N. C. officer, therefore proceeded at once to Calgary to move the Sarcees away from that place, and to punish any who had committed depredations. There was not much lagging on the road, and we made Calgary on the second day, and right glad the few settlers at that place were to see us.

The Indians had, up to this time, gone no farther than threatening, and firing off their guns inside the stores. The agent held a council in the fort, and on the Sarcees refusing to go back to the Crossing, promised to issue them rations at Ft. Macleod, if they would go there, which they were very loath to do, wanting to be rationed at Calgary, but this was altogether out of the question, there being no cattle or other supplies at that place. The agent then left Calgary and

proceeded to Morleyville to visit the Stoney Indians, leaving us the job of getting the Sarcees out of Calgary and on the road to Ft. Macleod.

We had very hard work with them; for three days they refused to move and even threatened us in the fort. We had to nearly all keep on guard day and night, as it looked very much as if they would attack us, and they no doubt would have done so had we not shown a bold front. We, as they say in this country, "bluffed" them off, and on the third day they promised to go the following morning, and asked help to move their tents and goods, as their horses were all very poor. This I promised them in the shape of carts, and also told them that if they did not move on the following morning, I would pull down their tents and take them off. This was a pretty bold threat, but we had to see it through. I therefore engaged Sam Livingstone, a rancher in that vicinity, and an old Hudson's Bay Co. man, to bring a number of carts the next day to take them south. On the following morning I went to the camp with all the men I could collect, (I think there were thirteen of us,) and found no sign of any move on the part of the Indians. I therefore drew up the men with their rifles loaded, just on the outskirts of the camp, and I and Sgt. Lawder commenced to pull down the tents. The Indians swarmed out and were very nasty for a time, but cooled down at the sight of the armed party outside the camp, and presently began to pack up their goods into the carts we had handy. One shot was fired from the back of a lodge that was still standing, and the bullet came unpleasantly close to Sgt. Lawder. We could not ascertain who fired the shot, and as the Indians were well under way in their moving, we paid no more attention to it. We got them well on the road south by the afternoon, stayed with them for one day, and then rode on to Ft. Macleod. The camp arrived at that place in four days, and for the next year remained there drawing rations, after which time they had a separate reserve given them on Fish creek, about ten miles from Calgary, where they have remained to the present day.

A sad death, and one that cast a gloom over us for a long time, occurred this fall. Capt Clarke, the adjutant of the force, and a great favorite with all ranks, died at Ft. Walsh of gastric fever. This was always an unhealthy post and a good many men died there of fever during the few

years it was occupied. Capt Clarke was the first officer we had lost since we came to the country, and his death was greatly felt by all. Dr. Kittson and Dr. Kennedy, our two police surgeons, and both very clever men, attended him with all that skill could accomplish, but he died in spite of all, and was buried at Ft. Walsh. The monument over his grave was still standing a year or two ago, although the fort itself and all the buildings of the old village have long since disappeared most of them having been burned down by Indians some years after it was abandoned.



CHAPTER XXIV.

INDIAN FARM STARTED.

In November 1880 Col. Macleod, the commissioner of the police, resigned that position, and the Assistant-Commissioner, Lt.-Col. Irvine, was appointed in his place, the headquarters of the force still being at Fort Walsh. Col. Macleod was appointed stipendiary magistrate for the Northwest Territories, his district being a very large one, comprising the Fort Walsh district, and that of Macleod, Calgary and Edmonton. Lt.-Col. Jarvis who had been in command of a troop at Edmonton since 1874, he having taken that troop there in that year, building Ft. Saskatchewan the following year, on the location where it now stands, was moved from Edmonton to Ft. Macleod and given command of that district, I and Sub-Inspector Dickens being his subalterns. During the winter of 1880 a serious fire occurred in the fort, all the stables being burned; the buildings were not much loss, being only old log buildings, the roofs being of mud, but much harness and saddlery were destroyed, and at one time it looked as if the quarter-master's stores would also go, but with the assistance of many of the civilians from the village the fire was at last extinguished, with only the loss of the stables. The buildings in the old fort had not improved very greatly since they were first built; floors had been laid, but the mud roofs still remained, and the buildings even now were far from comfortable. Ft. Walsh was much ahead of Macleod, the buildings being all roofed in and fairly comfortable.

A police farm had been started at Pincher Creek, about twenty-five miles west of Macleod, under the charge of Sub-Inspector Shuoncliff, but it did not turn out a success, and was shortly afterwards abandoned. The Indian department had also started an experimental farm at the same place, with the view to raising grain to be supplied to the different Indian reservations in the treaty. Some fairly good crops were

raised here, but the expense was greater than the return, so this farm was, after a few years, also abandoned, and sold shortly afterwards. The section of country in and around the vicinity of Pincher Creek was, and is to-day, by far the best farming section in Southern Alberta, and in that section, as time went on, most of the settlers located, that is, those who went in for mixed farming and stock-raising, while the country east on the plains was taken up by the large stock-owners, and in after years large leases of grazing land were secured by these companies, which had a tendency to keep back the settlement of the country by making it impossible for settlers to take up land.

I resigned my commission in the police force in the early spring of 1881, as I intended to start ranching at Calgary that year. I therefore went to Calgary in February and started building and ploughing land to crop. There was at that time only I. G. Baker and the Hudson's Bay company stores at that place. Both were small stores, as indeed there was little or no white trade there in those days, there being only half a dozen or so settlers anywhere in the country between Macleod and Calgary, and from there to Edmonton. Sgt. Johnstone was alone in charge of the old fort at Calgary but at Morleyville mission, at which place the Stoney Indians had their reserve, David McDougall had a store, and did a very good business with those Indians who confined their hunting and trapping altogether to the mountains, going far south on their hunts, into the states, and also a long way north, and in those hunts they collected large quantities of fine fur, such as silver and black fox, beaver, martin, bear and deer skins, of many varieties. These they nearly altogether traded to Mr. McDougall, who made a yearly trip to Winnipeg, where he disposed of his fur, and brought a supply of trading goods back with him. The Stonies did some trade with the Hudson's Bay company, both at Edmonton and Calgary, but little or none with the American traders. They had some cattle given them by the government, and this, together with a little farming they had begun to do, made them better off, as they were more industrious than any other tribe on the plains.

The Crees had nearly ceased coming south altogether, since the buffalo went south, with the exception of a large band of non-treaty Indians under Big Bear, who hung around the

Cypress hills and who joined the half-breeds in their rebellion in the year 1885. There was, as I have before mentioned, a small band of Iroquois Indians, who lived altogether by themselves in the Jasper Pass, northwest of Edmonton. These Indians were brought out from Canada many years ago, to act as boatmen and hunters for the Hudson's Bay company; and, settling in the mountains, have remained there to this day.

I started ranching at Calgary with a small band of cattle and some horses, but the prospect of making anything was not encouraging, there being no market in the country, and even in 1881 we never expected to see a railroad built in that section, although rumors were in circulation that the C.P.R. would be commenced before long; the survey was made near Edmonton, and it was at first thought that the road would be built through that section.

Lt.-Col. Jarvis also left the force in this year, going to Edmonton and locating. A new fort had been built at Qu'Appelle, and Inspector Steele with D troop was in charge there for some time. Mjr. Crozler had been removed to Fort Macleod, and Capt. Winder who for some years had been in command there, left the force that year and went into stock ranching in the vicinity of Macleod, and started the ranche today known as the Winder ranche. He also built and stocked a trading store in the old village of Macleod, and did very well in business for some years, in fact until his death at Macleod in 1885. A good many men left the force about this time, many remaining in the country and taking up farms. It was in 1881 that the first large herd of cattle was brought to the country by the managers of the Cochrane Ranche Co., who were also the first to obtain a grazing lease from the Canadian government, on the Bow river in the neighborhood of Calgary.

They bought their cattle in Montana and Oregon at low figures in those days, and they brought in this summer about 7,000 head; they had to employ American cowboys almost entirely to drive them in, many of these men—all first class cattle men—being permanently engaged by the Cochrane Co., and as other cattle companies were started many more came in and found good wages on the different ranches, the pay being from sixty to one hundred and twenty-

five dollars per month. Major Walker, an ex-police inspector, who had come with us as far as the Sweet Grass hills in 1874 and who had been stationed at Fort Pelly until he left the force, was engaged as manager of the Cochrane ranche, whose headquarters at first were at Calgary, but he was a good deal across the line during the first year, buying and starting the herds of cattle north.

The year 1881 saw therefore the beginning of the stock industry, on a large scale, in this western section; and as time went on, many large cattle ranches, now paying well, were started in Southern Alberta. This summer matters were very busy in police circles. In July, after long negotiations, Sitting Bull and his band of refugee Sioux surrendered to the United States government at Fort Buford, on the Missouri river in Montana. For a long time the Canadian government had tried to forward this end. The Sioux, about six-hundred and fifty lodges, had for the last year been put to great straits for food. The buffalo had disappeared, and, as our government had refused to feed them, they were in a bad way indeed, and had nothing left them but surrender or starve; and they chose the former. The commissioner, Col. Irvine, in his report to the government in 1882, says as follows:

"It is, I think, a matter of the utmost congratulation that the Canadian government has peaceably effected the surrender of a warlike and powerful nation of Indians, whose presence in our country has necessarily been a source of continual anxiety. In connection with this surrender I trust the government has every reason to be gratified with the manner in which its policy has been carried into effect by the force under my command."

It will be remembered that in 1877, soon after the latter fight, Sitting Bull and his followers, numbering some hundred and fifty lodges, crossed the boundary line to seek shelter in British possessions. It was astounding with what rapidity the news of Sitting Bull's safe arrival in Canada was transmitted to other branches of Sioux, who had up to this time remained in the United States. This news quickly had the effect of rendering our country attractive to the remainder of the hostile Indians who had taken part in the Custer fight; their numbers being augmented by large bands of Indians of the same tribe, who previously had been

located on American reservations. In other words, a general stampede took place, and in an extremely short time Canada became the home of every Sioux Indian who considered himself antagonistic to the American government. In all they numbered some seven hundred lodges and these lodges being crowded it may safely be estimated that they contained eight souls to the lodge. Thus suddenly we had our Indian population increased in a very undesirable manner by some five thousand six hundred souls. In addition to Sitting Bull, we had such celebrated chiefs as Spotted Eagle, Broad Tail, Bear's Head, The Flying Bird, The Iron Dog, Little Knife and many others.

It will be seen by the above extract from the commissioner's report that by this surrender we got rid of a very large band of strange Indians, and ones who were a thorn in the side of our own Indian tribes, with whom they had always been at war. It also took a great deal of laborious duty off the hands of the police, who constantly had to maintain control and supervision over them, more particularly during the hard and severe winters, when the travelling was at its very worst.

The police commissioner had in the year 1880 reported to the government that in his opinion the Sioux would in the end be forced to surrender, although much contrary opinion was held in Canada, and no doubt much underhand influence was brought to bear by traders and others to induce them to remain, which caused so long a delay in their ultimate surrender.

Therefore, in July, 1882, Sitting Bull with his camp moved south towards Fort Buford, to which post an officer of police had gone ahead to notify the American authorities of his coming with the intention of surrendering, which he did July 21.

He was afterwards sent south into exile and his band altogether broken up, being sent down, the majority of them, into the Indian Territory. Sitting Bull himself, as will be remembered, in 1890 headed another Indian rising and was shot by one of the government Indian scouts. Rain in the Face, the Sioux chief who killed General Custer, was also shot some years before while trying to escape from confinement at one of the American military posts.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Commissioner of the Police was notified from Ottawa during the summer of 1881, by the Comptroller of the force, Mr. F. White, that it was the intention of the Marquis of Lorne, the Governor General of Canada, to visit the Northwest Territories during that summer, and to have escorts of police in readiness to accompany his party in their journey through the country. In July an escort left Fort Walsh in charge of Sergeant-Major Lake for Qu'Appelle, it being arranged that Superintendent Herchmer should meet them at that place. I might mention that, as heretofore the ranks in the force had been constables, acting constables and sub-constables, they had this year been changed to sergeants, corporals and constables, and the commissioned ranks, being previously inspectors and sub-inspectors, were now superintendents and inspectors. The uniform had also been materially changed. The party from Fort Walsh consisted of sixteen constables, three corporals and three staff sergeants, with thirty one horses and three wagons. The party under Superintendent W. Herchmer's command was to meet the Governor General at Fort Lorne, which was situated about 400 miles from Fort Walsh, so they had a nice little journey before their actual work began. Relays of horses were sent to Battleford and Calgary, together with forage and other supplies.

The Commissioner met the Governor General and party at the Blackfoot crossing on the 11th of Sept., where a grand war dance of the Blackfeet had been held, in honor of the visit, and proceeded with the party to Ft. Macleod via Calgary, at which latter place they rested a day or two.

At Ft. Macleod the escort was changed, and Superintendent Crozier took command for the journey south into

Montana, the Governor General intending to return east by the United States.

The officer in command of the 3rd U. S. Infantry, Colonel Kent, at Fort Shaw, Montana, situated something over 200 miles south of Ft. Macleod,* was notified by Col. Irvine of the Governor General's intended visit, and the notice was received by him and the officers under his command with the greatest satisfaction. Lt. Col. Irvine and Col. Kent, with an escort of United States cavalry met the Governor General with the escort of mounted police, at the South Piegan Agency, Montana, and the two escorts proceeded together to Ft. Shaw, where the Governor General and the Canadian police were most cordially received and all honors shown them. From this point the Governor General travelled under the escort of United States troops, Superintendent Crozier returning with his party to Ft. Macleod. Altogether the journey from the beginning to the end was most satisfactory, and the behavior of the different police escorts beyond all praise, as the following copy of a letter written on the old escort from Winnipeg to Macleod, will show.

Ft. Macleod, 18, Sept., 81.

Sir.

I am commanded by His Excellency the Governor General to desire you to express to Superintendent Herchmer his entire satisfaction with the admirable manner that officer has performed his duty while in command of the force of mounted police which has escorted His Excellency from Winnipeg to Ft. Macleod. I am further to request you to convey to the non-commissioned officers and men who formed the escort, his Excellency's thanks for the services rendered by them while on the march, and the pleasure it has afforded him to witness the discipline and efficiency of the corps.

I have the honor to be, Sir

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) F. De Winton, Lt. Col.

Mil.-Secy.

The same thanks were also given to Supt. Crozier and the escort under his command before they returned north from Fort Shaw.

The whole of the Northwest Territories were now beginning to settle, not it is true, with great rapidity, but slowly and surely, and it was becoming evident that the strength of the police force, about 300, was not sufficient for the work they were called upon to do, more particularly as nearly all the Indians had now settled on their reserves. The force was stationed and divided up between thirteen posts, as follows; Fort Walsh, Qu'Appelle, Shoal Lake, Swan River, Ft. Macleod, Blackfoot crossing, Calgary, Macleod Farm, Blood Reserve, Battleford, Saskatchewan, Prince Albert and Wood Mountain. These different stations were in most cases, at long distances from each other, and being so numerous, their strength was very small. The Commissioner therefore recommended this fall to the government the necessity of increasing the force by at least 200 men, giving many good reasons for so doing, the most particular being the necessity of protection for the settlers now entering the country against the Indians, and vice versa. I quote a portion of the recommendation as follows:

"Since the beginning of Treaty 7 in 1877, the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens have never been even temporarily assembled in Canadian territory up to their full strength. In 1877 it must be remembered that large quantities of buffalo were to be found in the country. The Indians were then self supporting, in fact almost rich, and certainly contented. Thus notwithstanding the fact of these three tribes being nothing less than savages, they were not dangerous. Now matters have completely changed; the savage nature alone remains, and they are purely dependent on the government for a living. The yoke of dependence weighs somewhat heavily upon them. It is true that the policy of settling the Indians on reserves, and instructing them in agricultural pursuits has been adopted; small bands have from time to time straggled in, found homes on the reserves and adopted the new mode of life, but the majority are fresh from the south of the international boundary line, where they have been employed in hunting buffalo. It must be remembered that these Indians have led a lawless and roving life, that they have been accustomed from infancy to regard other men's cattle and horses as fair plunder, and that the habits of a life time are not easy to unlearn. It is not natural to suppose that they

will at once settle down to a quiet, uneventful life, and devote themselves heart and soul to farming. Discontent may, in fact more than probably will, break out, and the spirit of unrest show itself, particularly among the young men, which, if not suppressed in time, will result in periodical raids on the cattle and horses of settlers. This would in a short time lead to acts of retaliation and a serious outbreak would follow as a natural consequence.

The number of Indians in the Northwest Territories, all under the jurisdiction of the police, may be taken as 27,000. The area of territory is some 375,000 square miles, almost equal to the area of France and Germany combined, or nearly twice that of Spain and Portugal."

It was also recommended that the fort at Macleod should be rebuilt on another site, as the river bottom on which the old fort stood was fast being washed away by the Old Man's river. Ft. Walsh was also recommended to be abandoned, as the site was far from being a good one, and the Cypress Hills would never be a farming country, as summer frosts were too prevalent. No settlers whatever had come into that district in the six years the police had been there, and I doubt if in 1881 there was a single settler within a hundred miles of that place. The Canadian Pacific was now creeping towards the Northwest and it would soon become necessary that the headquarters of the force should be on the line of railway as soon as it was built to a suitable point, which would soon occur. During the summer of this year, 1881, the coal mines at the present town of Lethbridge were first opened by Capt. Bryant, working for the Galt company, who had leased the coal seams in that locality from the Canadian government. Capt. Bryant also visited the coal seams on the Blackfoot reserve on the Bow river, and started men cutting timber on the Company's timber limit in the Porcupine Hills, west of Ft. Macleod, where a saw mill was afterwards erected and timber cut and hauled to the Old Man's river, at Ft. Macleod, where barges were built and sent down the river to the coal mines, where they were, until the advent of the C. P. Railway, loaded and towed down the south Saskatchewan river.

During the stay of the Marquis of Lorne at Calgary I was offered by Mr. Dewdney, the Indian Commissioner who

was with the party, the agency of the Cree and Assiniboine Indians at Fort Walsh, which I accepted, together with Mr. Dewdney, proceeded from Ft. Macleod across country to Ft. Walsh after the Marquis had gone south.

There were about 700 Assiniboine and about 1,000 Crees camped at Ft. Walsh and in the neighborhood, and these were in a very destitute condition. An experimental farm had been started for them on Maple Creek, on the north side of the mountains, but owing to the summer frosts, had not proved much of a success; although some wheat had been raised it had not fully ripened. No beef cattle had been contracted for for these Indians, and as there were no buffalo now in that section, it was difficult for them to get a living, which they managed to gain principally by fishing. Some of the lakes in the Cypress Hills were full of fish, principally suckers, and on these they had to live. A great many of the Cree Indians were non treaty, and it was the aim of the government to get them all, both Crees and Assiniboines, away from Cypress, and on to reservations east of the present Regina. They had, however, shown great unwillingness to go, and as the season was far advanced, it was necessary that some provision should be made for them at Ft. Walsh, and with the scanty supply on hand, I and Inspector McIlree, who was in charge of the police at that place, had our hands full. The winter was a very hard one, and the Indians suffered greatly, bacon, a little pemmican, wheat and fish, being altogether their food during the winter, and our work was of the hardest to keep them quiet on these short rations. Too much credit cannot be given the commanding officer and those under him for the manner in which they handled the Indians this winter and kept them quiet. There were many bad characters among the Crees assembled there, such as Lone Man, Little Pine, and many others who took an active part in the rebellion of 1885.

Mr. Dewdney the Indian Commissioner was this winter appointed Lt. Governor of the N. W. Territories, Lt. Governor Laird's time having expired. Mr. Dewdney at the same time was Lt. Governor and Indian Commissioner, and Mr. E. Galt Asst. Indian Commissioner. It was not until late in the summer that the Assiniboines and most of the Crees left Ft. Walsh, and then they went south along the Missouri river, as

they had received word that buffalo were to be found in that direction, and it was with great difficulty that most of them were induced to go on their reserves near Qu'Appelle, but after the payments they again went south after returning all tools etc., that they had received from the government.

Big Bear and a large following of Crees, all non-treaty Indians, who refused to sign the treaty, as they said they objected to hanging as the punishment for murder, had for years off and on, been hanging round Ft. Walsh, sometimes going south to the Missouri river after buffalo, but always returning to Cypress; these Indians had given endless trouble but in December, 1882, they took the treaty at that place, and went north in 1883, only, however, to foment discord and to join the rebellion in 1885.

Regarding these Indians, the Indian Commissioner in his report of November 1882, remarks:

"The wish of the government that all Indians south, should go north, has, I am sorry to report, been only partially successful, but had Ft. Walsh been abandoned as determined on last winter, I have no doubt the bulk of them now south would have been on their reserves, and some of the restless ones, who went north would not have risked returning south as they did. The knowledge that if the buffalo failed, they could fall back on Ft. Walsh, made them visit what would otherwise have been starvation. At one time during the summer it looked as if we should have had a return of the buffalo in large numbers, as several bands were north of the Missouri River, on the Milk River, but the United States troops stationed south of the boundary to prevent the return of the Indians, coupled with the burning of the grass along the boundary line by the American Indians, drove them back, and they are still south of the Missouri river.

"Our Indians who expected to meet buffalo this fall, remained south, and when starvation actually stared them in the face, they congregated round Ft. Walsh. They were in a most deplorable condition and begged to be paid their annuities at that place."

The Indian Commissioner goes on to report Big Bear being admitted to treaty No. 6, and states that: "Big Bear, who has, I think, borne unjustly a bad character, will make one of the best of chiefs." This prediction of the Commis-

sioner was far from being realized, as Big Bear was one of the most mischievous and stubborn Indians of the Rebellion.

During the summer of 1882, the Northwest police, which up to this time had been only three hundred strong, was increased to 500 in number and the western posts greatly strengthened thereby. It was time this increase was made, as the Indians were all through the south and west giving a great deal of trouble in getting them to remain on their reserves, and to put a stop to horse stealing in the south, which was becoming very prevalent and giving rise to complaints from the American government. The small force of police had more than they could do, and it was high time that an increase in the strength of the force should be made.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Matters at the Blackfoot Crossing had not been going on well during the winter of 1881, and early in the spring of '82, I was instructed to proceed via Ft. Macleod to the Crossing and take charge of the Blackfeet, also the Sarcees, who had their reserve near Calgary, and the Stonies, who were located at Morleyville, some forty miles west of Calgary.

A good deal of trouble had been caused at the Blackfoot agency owing to a flaw in the beef contract, which gave the contractors the right to dispose of all heads and offal of animals killed; these parts they sold to the highest bidder among the Indians, and in many instances exorbitant prices were charged.

The Blackfeet had only the previous year returned from a long sojourn across the line and had done little or nothing in the way of building, but were mostly congregated around the agency. Flour had on some occasions run out during the winter, and, remembering the starving condition they had been in previous to crossing the line, they were afraid of a recurrence. They were therefore dissatisfied; after spending nearly two years in Montana stealing horses and trading for whiskey, the young men among the Blackfeet were a pretty wild lot, and under the control of the soldier lodge which they had organized while on the other side. This band of soldiers was the cause of the greatest trouble to the Indian department employes on the reserve, and things had come to such a pass that on several occasions shots had been fired in close proximity to men working on the reserve, and finally a shot was fired at one of the men employed by the butchers, who, the Indian stated, had sold him a beefhead, and then had delivered it to some other Indian. A party of police from Ft. Macleod, under Inspector Dickens, was sent to arrest the Indian, Bull Elk, who had fired the shot. But the Blackfeet resisted the arrest, this being the first serious resistance

shown towards the police since they had been in the country. Although the party of police was small, vigorous efforts were made to take him, and it was not until the prisoner had been forcibly taken away from Sergt. Howe and Constable Ash, who showed a brave front, and Inspector Dickens even knocked down, and many shots fired by the Indians pretty close to the police, that they had to desist, and send in word to Ft. Macleod for reinforcements.

Major Crozier immediately started for the Crossing with all the available men he could muster, and these only amounted to 20. He found the Indians in a most excited state, and they positively refused to give up the Indian, Bull Elk. The situation was a most serious one, and required prompt action, as it would have ruined the prestige of the police with the Indians, had this man not been taken.

Major Crozier informed Crowfoot, the head chief, that if the Indian was not given up by the following day, he would take him by force. At the same time a temporary fort was made out of one of the Indian department buildings, and sacks of flour were used as a barricade. A very good fortification was made in a short time, and every precaution taken in the event of the Indians showing fight.

This prompt action overawed the Indians, who although in large numbers, did not dare to go to extremities. The Indian was taken the next day without any resistance, and sent into Fort Macleod, where he was tried by Judge Macleod and imprisoned. This was about as close a shave of coming into actual conflict with the Indians as had yet occurred; and only the coolness and courage shown by the officers and men averted an Indian war, which would most certainly have followed, had an Indian or white man been killed.

This happened only a week or so before my arrival to take charge of the Blackfeet, and I found them in a most excited and unsettled state; and it would have taken very little to have made them leave their reserve, and go south again, in which event they would have made a slaughter of settlers' cattle before they left. A small detachment of police under Inspector French had been left at the Crossing, and their work was far from being safe or pleasant.

I found that the Indians were anxious to go to work, but as yet had no tools. These I shortly supplied them, and I

also took over the heads and offal of all animals killed, and issued them as rations, thus removing one of the chief causes of trouble.

I also made arrangements for seed for the Blackfeet, Sarcees and Stoney Indians, and started the Blackfeet in building houses, the villages being scattered along the Bow river, some distance from each other. It was necessary to break up the large camps, as I always found that mischief was hatched by large numbers congregating together.

Mr. Norman Macleod, who was Indian agent at Ft. Macleod, shortly afterwards resigned, and I was appointed agent over the whole of Treaty No. 7, which comprised the five tribes: Blood, Blackfeet, Piegan, Sarcees, and Stonies.

The headquarters of the agency was at Ft. Macleod, but I had to be constantly journeying from one reserve to another, having to visit each at least once a month, and sometimes oftener, and when it is remembered that the reserve farthest south—the Blood—was at least a hundred and fifty miles from that to the Stonies, and the other reserves, at distances proportionately great, the amount of travel was indeed large. There were also two experimental farms, belonging to the treaty, one at Pincher Creek, thirty miles west of Ft. Macleod, and the other on Fish Creek, seven miles from Calgary. These also had to be visited. I had the assistance of a sub-agent, Mr. Pockington, who was, however, stationed permanently at the Blackfoot Crossing, but he saved me much work; also valuable assistance was always given by the police, particularly among the Bloods, on which reserve a detachment was placed.

I found the Piegan and Stoney Indians getting on much better than any of the other tribes, they having quite a large tract of land under cultivation. However, I managed this summer to get quite a large acreage under crop on all the reserves, principally potatoes, barley and turnips, and got the Bloods and Blackfeet to make a good start in the way of house-building, which they had done little of previous to my arrival.

The Stoney and Piegan Indians took the cattle promised them at the treaty, and did well with them, but the rest of the tribes in the treaty refused them, and it was just as well

they did, as what with the hundreds of dogs in these camps and the unfitness of these Indians to take care of cattle, they would either have soon been all killed or else lost past recovery.

The two supply farms were given up and sold the following year. This was just as well, as they were a great expense and of little use for the purpose they were originally intended.

The police in the west had their hands full this summer, as continual raids were made by the Crees and Southern Indians on the Bloods and Blackfeet, after horses, many of which they ran off. Of course these Indians retaliated, but a check was put to this after a while, as many Indians were captured red-handed, and sent down to the penitentiary.

One instance of this horse-stealing that occurred, I well remember. One of the Blood Chiefs, White Calf, came and reported to me at Macleod that forty of their horses had been stolen by Crees on the night previous, and he was anxious to take a war party and go after them. This I would not allow, but gave him a letter to Col. Irvine, the Police Commissioner at Ft. Walsh, in which I asked him to try and recover the stolen horses, and I stipulated that only three Bloods should go; however, without my knowledge, quite a party started, in fact about ninety, and after they were well on the road they sent me word that this large party had gone, as they were afraid of being attacked by the Crees at Cypress Hills; I much doubted this explanation, and the sequel showed I was right. They gave Col. Irvine and the police at Ft. Walsh endless trouble to keep them from coming into hostile contact with the Indians congregated round Cypress, and did in fact kill a Cree as they were leaving. Of course they had endless excuses. They had seen their horses among the Crees, who refused to give them up. The Chief, Pie-a-pot, had thrown the tobacco they had offered him to make peace into the fire. With the exception of this band I had no trouble with the Indians during the summer, they remaining quietly at work on their reserves, but I had to be constantly among them, and the talk was without end. By this time it was known that the C. P. R. railroad would be built through the Blackfoot reserve, and indeed the survey had been made, and it was to be expected that the Blackfeet

would cause trouble over it, but such was not the case. They showed no signs of displeasure, but only curiosity, which was to be expected, as they were totally ignorant of what a railroad was.

I, on many occasions, spoke to the Blackfeet on the subject, and was asked a thousand questions, I pointed out to them the advantage they would derive from the road running near them, and they appeared satisfied; I however recommended that when the road was actually building through the reserve, it would be well to have police detachments near or on the reservation. This was afterwards carried out, and no trouble whatever was caused by the Blackfeet to the working parties. The road was built without a single hitch, much to the credit of the Indians.

The Blackfeet asked me on many occasions the meaning of the surveyors' mounds and stakes, stating that they had been told that wherever a mound was erected, a house would be built. I over and over again took pains to fully explain the nature of the surveyors' work, but the Indians were so superstitious that they more easily listened to false than true reports.

Although the country was fast filling up with cattle, but few cases of cattle-killing occurred this year, and although cattle belonging to the Cochrane Rancho company were running on the Blackfoot reserve in close proximity to the Indian villages, none were killed, a vast difference to what now exists after ten years, when the same company are complaining every year of the number of cattle belonging to them that are killed by the Blood Indians near their reservation. In fact the whole time I was in charge of treaty No. 1 very few cases of this kind occurred.

As the year 1882 might be said to be the first year in which the plain Indians undertook to farm, the result was most surprising, and in fact the crops raised from '82 until '84 have never since been equalled. In fact from 1892 until the present time it was seldom if ever, that enough vegetables were grown on the different reserves to even furnish seed for the following year.

An extract from my annual report to the Indian Commissioner for 1882 reads as follows:

"The summer has been a good and fine one, and large crops have been raised on all the reserves, with the exception of the Stonies, where as usual early frosts destroyed what crops there were. The Bloods raised as much, I should think, as two hundred thousand pounds of potatoes, and a large quantity of turnips, also some oats and barley, but principally potatoes. The Piegan crop of potatoes, oats and barley, is even greater than this. The Blackfeet have, I should think, about one hundred thousand pounds of potatoes, some turnips, and some good fields of barley for the first year's crop. The Sarcee crop is not very large owing to the land being bad, and the potatoes being hurt by the frost in the early part of the summer. Previous to the harvest I visited the reserve and advised the Indians to turn in as much seed for the next year as possible, telling them that the government would not furnish them with seed another year.

"I also had large root houses built on the different reserves to hold the seed. The result is that the Indians have turned us over an abundance of potatoes, more than we can use for seed; the rest will be issued instead of flour. On the Blood Reserve we have three root-houses full of potatoes, about seventy thousand pounds, received in various quantities from different Indians, from one bag up as high as fifteen from individual Indians.

"The Bloods have besides this a large amount of seed, many thousand pounds, in their own root-houses. We have in the last month allowed the Indians to use their potatoes, and have cut the rations one-half. It has saved many hundred sacks of flour already, and I hope to keep to this ration for the winter. We should be able to double the amount of land in crop next year."

The report further goes on to state:

"The result of the work done on this reserve is most satisfactory. On the Piegan reserve the potato crop is very large. The Indians have turned over for next year's seed about fifty thousand pounds of potatoes and I have purchased fifty thousand pounds from them at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb., to issue as rations at the same rate as flour, which will effect a saving of nearly 4 cents on every pound issued, as flour is \$8.75 per 100 lbs., on that reserve, and it is also a great encouragement to the Indians to sell some of their produce.

I have allowed some of the Piegans who had more potatoes than they could use, to sell to people in the country by giving them permits. They have, I should think, sold \$1,000 worth, and have still large quantities on hand.

"We are making also on this reserve a great reduction in the rations, letting them use their potatoes in lieu. The Indians are all fond of potatoes and it is about the best crop they can raise. At the Blackfoot Crossing we have taken in from Indians for seed, between twenty and thirty thousand pounds of potatoes, and they have a good many on hand to use. Here we are also making a reduction in the rations of flour."

It will be seen from the above that wonderful progress had been made by these Indians this year, and it is all the more astonishing, as up to this time they were rightly considered the wildest and most warlike Indians on the plains. They have never since those first two or three years done anything near so well, from what cause it would be difficult to say. There is, however, no doubt that the seasons have been getting drier for the last six or seven years, lakes that were always full of water have been dry for years, the three or four weeks of heavy rains that always came in June of every year do not now put in an appearance, and in consequence crops are a failure nearly every year, the grass also being less luxuriant. Therefore, the only way in which this country will ever be fit for farming will be by the aid of irrigation, and even then the great expense will stand in the way, without assistance from the Canadian government.



CHAPTER XXVII.

TROUBLE WITH THE SOUTHERN INDIANS.

A good deal of trouble was caused during the years 1882 and 1883 by southern Indians, particularly the South Piegans, coming over to our side and camping with our Indians, to whom they were related, being an off shoot of the Blackfeet who had settled in Montana, and had taken the treaty from the United States government. The American authorities had been having a good deal of trouble with them during the year 1882, and at one time had to send troops on to their reserve, thereby causing many of them to cross over on to our side. They were a source of unrest to the Blackfeet and the police had trouble returning them to their own country.

A detachment of police under Inspector French had been left at the crossing, but it was found better to withdraw them. They therefore went to Ft. Calgary, being the first force of police since 1879, who had been stationed at that place, and from this time on the force was year by year increased as the town sprang into existence. The Canadian Pacific railway was this year surveyed into and past Calgary. During the building of the Canadian Pacific only one case is known of any obstruction caused by Indians, and that occurred near Maple Creek, a tomahawk being driven in between the ends of two rails, and a few yards farther on a rail was laid across the line. Sergt. Blight and three men were despatched from the police detachment at Swift Current, and arrested three Assiniboine Indians on suspicion; who, after some questioning, gave the name of the Indian, also an Assiniboine, named Buffalo Calf, who committed the offence. This man was sent to the penitentiary for two years for the crime.

As Lt.-Col. Irvine states in his report, it is fortunate that the Indians, generally, have not developed this terrible

method of redressing their grievances, whether fanciful or not.

Much trouble had been caused at the annual Indian payments in the west, and in the fall of 1882, owing to the large number of Indians who had been overpaid at the previous year's payments, I had great difficulty in making anywhere near the necessary reduction. I found that the Indians had begun to ascertain the value of money, and to use it more sensibly than heretofore, buying principally blankets and clothing, of which they were much in need, having now no buffalo robes as substitutes. The issue of government ammunition to the Indians I recommended should cease, and that some clothing should be sent instead, and common cotton print for the women, who suffered most, being literally in rags; indeed the women would fight over old cotton flour sacks, of which they made dresses.

This year's payments showed that the Blackfeet and Blood Indians had begun to decrease, a natural consequence of their coming in contact with the whites, and this decrease has been steadily going on to the present day, when these tribes are now about half what they were when the first treaty was made with them. It will be but a few more generations before they will be nearly extinct, as happens with all Indian tribes, sooner or later.

The police found it difficult to eradicate the old customs among the tribes, many of which were crimes according to the white man's law, but an article of faith and teaching among the Indians. I think that too much was expected when it was thought that these old customs of generations could be eliminated in a year or two. It must be remembered that the western Indians, through their forefathers, had been brought up to believe that stealing, lying and killing were virtues to be cultivated, and could not understand why they should be punished—the greatest chiefs among them were those in whom these qualities were most prominent, and to be a chief was the aim of all young men in the camp. I think that the first few years the sentences of Indians who had committed crimes against white man's law were most severe. However, as the country was now beginning to settle it was no doubt necessary. A great deal of trouble was taken to put a stop to a punishment the Indians had among themselves for infidelity

among their women, which was the cutting off of the nose of the offender. They were loath to give this up, and severe punishments had to be meted out to them.

The missionaries and teachers on the reserves were not very successful, although indefatigable in their labors, and I still think, as I represented at that time, that the only way to teach the children and to bring them up as useful members of society, is to separate them altogether from the tribes, as their parents will never force the children to attend school if they wish to shirk. I recommended the same plan as now adopted in the United States with success, to establish industrial schools some hundreds of miles away from the reserves, which would effectually prevent all intercourse between the children and their parents, and at intervals the parents might be taken to see them, in order that they might, by their reports of the advancement made, induce others to send their children.

In Sept. 1882 Inspector Steele in command of B. troop, who had the previous year been stationed at Ft. Qu'Appelle, was moved to the Pile of Bones creek, and erected the first buildings in what is now the town of Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories. The buildings put up were portable houses, and were erected for the use of the police. The government buildings were shortly afterwards built, and the town of Regina came into existence. Inspector Steele was engaged for the next year in looking after the construction parties on the Canadian Pacific railway as that road was building west, and the quietness and absence of disturbances among the thousands of workmen engaged in building that road were largely due to the watchfulness and energy displayed by him, and the non-commissioned officers and men under him. Inspector McIlree, who had remained at Ft. Walsh after I left in the spring of 1882, and who had a difficult job in looking after the Indians assembled there, was this summer promoted to the rank of superintendent, and was the next spring stationed at Ft. Calgary, where he had his hands full of work, the Canadian Pacific railway being built through that place during this year. In 1883 Ft. Walsh was finally abandoned and the men and officers stationed there moved to the west, and to Regina, which was this year made the headquarters of the force.

The old fort at Walsh did not long remain standing, as it was shortly afterwards burnt down by Indians, and the old village also soon disappeared much in the same manner; although a good deal of material from the old houses was moved when the railroad passed Maple Creek, at which point many of the old inhabitants of Ft. Walsh took up their residence.

In the north, around Battleford and Fort Pitt, the Cree Indians and halfbreeds were giving the police no end of trouble during the years 1882-3, and the seeds were growing that sprang into rebellion in 1885. There is no doubt that the Crees in the north were insufficiently fed.

At Ft. Macleod there was plenty of work for the increased force of police and that work was ably performed. The village of Macleod had slightly increased in population, and many ranches had been started in that section and also from High River to Calgary. The first newspaper was established in 1882 at Ft. Macleod, the Macleod Gazette, which is still in existence and was edited by C. Wood, formerly in the Mounted Police. This was the second newspaper started in the Territories, the first being the Battleford Herald, which started a year or two previously.

Many thousand head of cattle now grazed on the plains in the west, the first few years' success of this industry inducing many others to embark in the business. It was however a new thing to most of the large companies, and for the first year or so the want of knowledge caused, during the hard winter that prevailed in 1882-3, some serious losses, particularly to the Cochrane Rancho Co., which had some 7,000 or 8,000 head ranging on the north side of the Bow river in the vicinity of Calgary. Many of these cattle were driven in from a long distance south, in the fall of 1882, and came in thin. It seemed to be thought by the management that it was necessary to close herd the cattle, and the result was that, the winter of '82 and '83 being an unusually severe one, many thousands of their cattle died before spring, and the country round Calgary was fairly poisoned by the stench of the carcasses. After this year the Cochrane Co. decided to move their cattle from Calgary and obtained a large grazing lease between the Belly and Kootenay rivers, some twenty-five miles south of Ft. Macleod.

where they have remained ever since, with great success in stock raising. They have lost no cattle during the winters, of any account, the only loss they have really sustained being by Indians, the Bloods having their reserve just across the Belly river and in close proximity to the Cochrane ranche. This however was to be expected as hundreds of head of cattle would cross over and graze close to the Indian villages, which was a temptation almost impossible for the young men to resist. A police detachment was always kept near the reserve, and good service was done by them in hunting up and arresting the offenders, and many an Indian was sent to the penitentiary for numbers of years for this offence. Strange as it may appear, when the Indians were practically wild, and only recently on their reserves, cattle killing was not nearly as prevalent as it has been in the years from 1890 until today.

In 1883 a new town site for Ft. Macleod was surveyed, where the town now stands, about two miles west of the old fort, and a more unsuitable situation could hardly have been chosen—high up on the bench land, above the river, on a bed of loose stones, with little or no soil fit for cultivation in the whole plot. A new fort was also built west of the town, and very respectable buildings erected. The contract was taken and the work done by the Galt Co., who had built a saw mill in the Porcupine hills, to the west, where most of the lumber was manufactured.

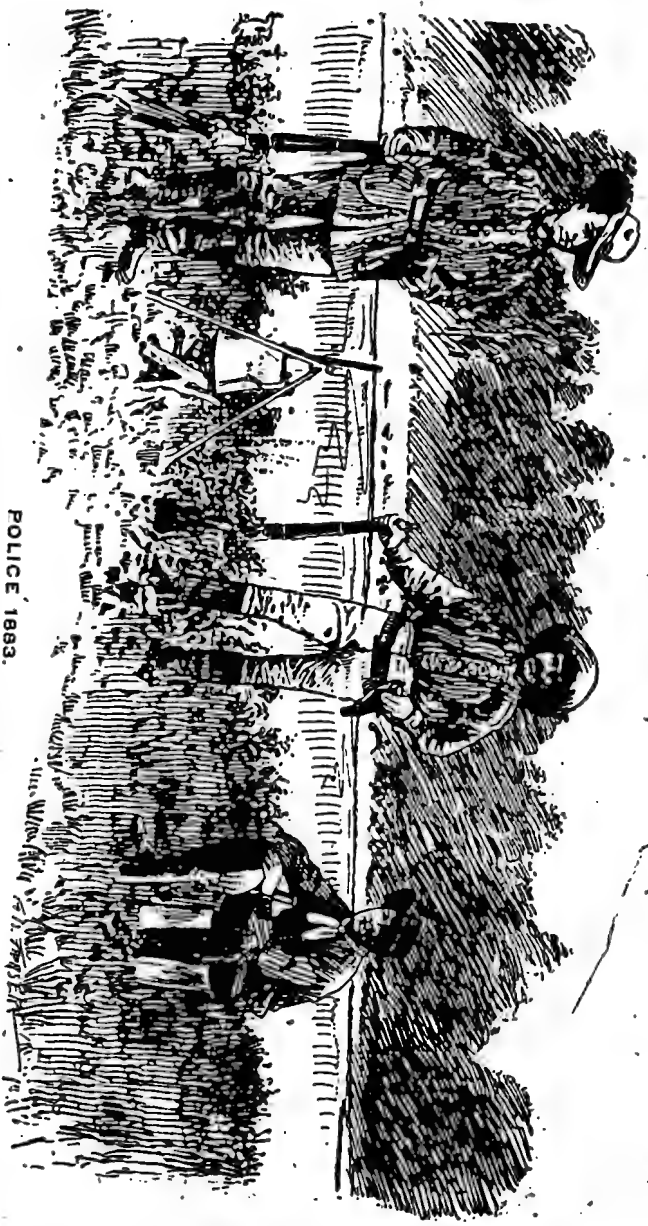
It was found necessary to abandon the old fort and town, as the river had broken through its banks and carried away some buildings, and had formed a new channel on the south, converting what had been the mainland into an island. The Indian Department also put up buildings, those put up by me being the first built in the present town of Macleod. Most of the buildings in the town were erected in the following year, in which year the fort was finished and occupied by the police, with Superintendent Cotton in command. Major. Crozier having been appointed Assistant Police Commissioner, was stationed at Battleford, that point causing more anxiety to the government than any other place in the Territories.

The game that existed in plenty apart from the buffalo when we first arrived, had nearly altogether disappeared.

Where deer used to be found in numbers, none were now to be seen. We used to kill many in the wooded bottom near the old fort, but for some years there had been scarcely any there, and save in the foot hills and mountains, no game, with the exception of a few bands of antelope, geese, and ducks, in the spring and fall, now existed in the country. Most of the hunting in the mountains was done by the Stoney Indians, who went far back in the range, and managed to kill a good many deer of all kinds, including elk now and then, and also a good many sheep and a few bears.

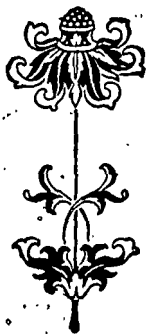
Geese, ducks and grouse, were still plentiful on the plains, and the game laws that now came into force helped towards the increase of the latter, although, each fall, the flight of geese to the south was less in numbers, no doubt caused by the great slaughter that was always going on in the north, and particularly by the destruction of the eggs during the laying season by halfbreeds and Indians. The geese were not protected by law as it was supposed that the damage done by them to the crops necessitated their destruction. However this might be, flights were not nearly as numerous in 1882-3 as in previous years, unless the waveys be excepted. These geese, white in color with black tips to the wings, were, and still are, as numerous as ever, and strange as it may appear, neither I nor any other resident or Indian in the north, ever saw or heard of a nest of one of these birds having been seen. Indians in the north have often told me that they had heard that the wavey nested very far in the north, in a marshy spot of many miles in diameter, and this swamp was impassable. The truth of this story is hard to substantiate, but no doubt these birds do nest far inside the Arctic circle.

Rabbits, both the cotton tail and the jack rabbit, the latter being a species of hare, turning white in the winter were still numerous; in fact the genuine rabbits, or cotton tails, are fast increasing in the north, and if steps are not taken in time, will eventually prove as great a pest as in Australia. In 1877 none of these rabbits were to be found south of the Red Deer river, 100 miles north of Calgary, but they have year by year crept south till they are now quite numerous in the vicinity of Ft. Macleod. As the wolves are killed off, which animals live principally on these rodents,



POLICE 1883.

they increase enormously in numbers. The wolves, since the buffalo had gone, were most destructive to stock, both horses and cattle, and although nothing like as numerous as in the buffalo days, when parties of "wolfers" who had been out all winter poisoning wolves, would return in the spring with many hundred pelts, they killed and maimed many animals annually among the cattle herds. In late years a bounty has been offered by the Territorial government and cattle companies of \$5 per head killed, but still the damage goes on, and comparatively few are killed. They will not eat the poisoned baits as in the old days, no doubt growing wiser with experience, and riding down and shooting them is about the only successful method yet discovered, and this thins them but slowly. Hounds were for some time used, but a couple of large prairie wolves would stand off a whole pack, and the dogs soon become afraid to tackle them. Therefore as a game country unless long trips are made into the mountains, which necessitates a good outfit for camping, the western portion of the Territories is a failure, and whoever comes out with the intention of shooting will be disappointed. However, a journey to the far north, about 150 miles north of Edmonton, on the Lesser Slave lake, or Peace river, would well repay the journey, as much game, such as elk, many kinds of deer, caribou, and now and then a wood buffalo are still to be found, and a party prepared for the rough work in the mountains, would still find many sheep, goats and bears to reward their labors.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

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WESTERN INDIANS BECOME RESTLESS.

The general work of the police from 1883 until 1884 was most severe, as the field of their operations was much greater, and as in all parts of the country the influx of settlers was great, and, in consequence, crime of all sorts was more prevalent. In the year 1884 five cases of murder are recorded; two by Indians, two by white men, and one by a negro. Calgary had by this year become quite a thriving village, and had moved from the first townsite on the east side of the Elbow river, which was owned by Major Stewart and Col. Irvine, to the west side. These gentlemen had taken up the land originally owned by me as a ranche and laid it out in town lots, making at first many sales of land. As this company held their land at a high rate, and would give the railroad company little or no inducement to build their station and other buildings there, the railroad company decided to erect their station on their own land on the west of the said river, where the present town now stands, and were shortly followed by all those who had erected buildings on the east side. The policy of the owners of this land was disastrous, in a financial sense, for had they held their lots at a reasonable figure, not only would the town have been located on their land, but they would have realized a tidy fortune from the sale of it.

The first murder case at Calgary in February, 1884, is about as follows: A report was made to Major Steele, commanding the police at that point that a man named Adams had committed suicide in the town. Inspector Dowling and Dr. Kennedy were dispatched to the place to examine the body, and they reported that murder had been committed. A negro named Williams, had been seen in conversation with Adams shortly before the deed must apparently have been committed. Sergt.-Major Lake visited the tent occupied by the negro, and found him with traces of blood on his hands and clothing. He explained this by stating it was caused by beef he had been carrying, but it was found on enquiry that the beef he had bought was frozen hard.

A razor was found in his tent covered with blood, and his tracks were followed in the snow, leading to the back door of the murdered man's house; a glove and some bills were also discovered near the same house and identified as the property of Williams, and the negro shortly afterwards confessed his guilt. He was tried before Judge MacLeod and a jury of six at Calgary, and sentenced to death, being executed at Calgary on the 29th March.

Up to January, 1884, I had remained in charge of Treaty No. 7, having charge of five reserves already mentioned, together with the two Indian supply farms. I was naturally kept on the road from one reserve to another most of each month, and being allowed a clerk stationed at the headquarters of the treaty, Fort Macleod, he had the returns etc., ready for me when I arrived at the end of each month, when after being signed by me they were forwarded to the Indian Commissioner. A teamster was also necessary, together with a man to look after and issue Indian and farm stores at Fort Macleod, where scarcely a day passed without something being needed, and this was not surprising when it is remembered at what long distances some of the reserves were from the point of supply.

This staff, together with an interpreter, certainly was not a great one, when the amount of continual work the one agent had on his hands day by day, is remembered. However, the government, or at least its representative, the Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian affairs, thought it too large and about the end of January I received a letter from that official, part of which I quote:

"I have to inform you that the superintendent general is of the opinion that there exists no necessity for employing a clerk in your office, consequently you will, after giving him a month's warning, discharge him, as it is considered that you ought to be capable of performing all the office work in your agency, as well as supervising the issue of supplies from the store. The store-keeper should therefore be dismissed, and you are consequently required to act as store-keeper, and to restrict yourself to one visit each month to each of the reserves within your district, and on making your visits, you are to lock your office and

storehouse, and take the interpreter with you to act as servant and interpreter."

This letter goes on further to say: "The superintendent general is of the opinion that no assistant instructors are necessary, and that the employment of officials has a bad effect. The instructors ought to be able to supervise all the Indians in their respective districts."

When it is known that on my leaving the treaty in the summer of 1884, treaty No. 7 was divided up into three separate agencies with each agent at the same salary that I received while in charge of the whole, and that each agent had not only a clerk, but farm instructor and assistant, with many other subordinates, such as issuer of rations etc., the short-sightedness and absurdity of the above order becomes apparent, and this short-sightedness, or want of knowledge of the northern and western Indian reservations, was one of the causes that led to the outbreak among the northern Indians in the year following.

I resigned the agency in the summer of 1884 in the following letter:

Macleod, 1884.

"Sir,—I have the honor, in reply to your letter No. 5989, to state that I have notified my clerk, and also the storekeeper, of the instructions contained therein. This is most hard on the clerk, who has only just arrived here after a long journey. I beg to inform you I cannot undertake to do this work, and I therefore think it best to notify you of the same, as I have always, and shall always, do my work thoroughly, and I do not see my way to do so in this instance. The work of a clerk in my office takes all his time from one month's end to the other, and I cannot do this and look after my treaty. My work has been difficult since I came here, but I am glad to say that I have everything in this treaty now in perfect order, and do not wish, while I am here, to see it upset; I therefore beg that I be allowed to resign my position as agent of this treaty, as soon as convenient to the department. I have applied for leave from the 1st March, and if my place is filled up before that time I shall be glad while I am here to assist the new agent all in my power, and will turn over the treaty in good order.

"To the Honorable The Superintendent General of Indian affairs. Ottawa."

I therefore gave up the agency this year, and it was during the summer divided up as I have stated, and I took up a ranche after turning everything over, on Willow creek about three miles from Ft. Macleod.

The commissioner of police this spring forwarded a report to Ottawa, which was called for by a suggestion made by the deputy-superintendent general of Indian affairs to the effect that Indians should not be allowed to leave their reserves without a permit from the agent. This showed a total want of knowledge on his part of the treaties made with the western Indians, in which it was distinctly stipulated that they might travel anywhere through the country subject to the law of the land, and as the police commissioner states in his report, I pointed out that the introduction of such a system would be tantamount to a breach of confidence with the Indians generally, inasmuch as from the outset the Indians had been led to believe that compulsory residence on reservations would not be required of them, and that they would be permitted to travel about for legitimate hunting and trading purposes. This concession largely contributed to the satisfactory conclusion of the treaty with the Blackfeet.

The Indians nearly all over the country began to give a good deal of trouble this summer. Sergeant Fury of the Police, with one constable and the interpreter, arrested a Blackfoot, by name Whitecap, at the Blackfoot crossing, for horse-stealing. They were surrounded by about eighty Indians who threatened to take the man away from them, and also demanded more rations. I might mention that their rations had been much reduced. The sergeant got away with his men by showing a bold front, and next day Superintendent Steele, who was in command at Calgary, visited the camp with a party of thirty men, with the view of arresting the leaders in the obstruction the previous day. But the leaders had gone to Calgary, where they were afterwards arrested, and being reprimanded by the judge, were eventually released.

Trouble also occurred this summer with a camp of Crees at Crooked lakes, near Broadview, where a number had collected in a house to hold a medicine dance. After dancing

for a week and getting into a great state of excitement, a large party went to the reserve and broke into the agency store-house, stealing a large quantity of provisions; police were sent and a party of ten under Inspector Dean proceeded to Broadview. They could, however, make no impression on the Indians, or arrest the culprits, and had to send to headquarters for reinforcements, which arrived the following day under Superintendent W. Herchmer; the whole party then proceeded to where the Indians were camped and were waved off by a large band of armed Indians. A parley took place in which the ringleaders of the robbery were demanded without success, and a determined show of resistance took place, the house bristling with muzzles of rifles, and as most of the party were covered at short distance, it would have been foolhardy to fight under the circumstances. After a good deal of talk the police drew off and camped for the night at a house near by. After two days' talk and persistence on the part of the police, four of the Indians were given up, the Chief, Yellow Calf, being released, as he had given help to the police during the disturbance. The other three were also afterwards tried and discharged by Judge Richardson at Regina, being, as the commissioner stated in his report, probably the most satisfactory conclusion to a troublesome affair.

Other Indians were becoming very troublesome, leaving their reserves and going north. A man named Pollock was shot at Maple Creek, presumably by Indians, whose trail was followed by Sergeant Patterson and a party of police as far as the boundary line, but without coming up to them, though they travelled over a hundred miles. This party was supposed to be Blood Indians, and no doubt were, as the agent on that reserve reported parties of Bloods off the reserve at the time. At the same time that Pollock was shot a band of horses was stolen from the same vicinity, but not recovered.

The Indians near Battleford were also very unruly, particularly on the Cree chief Poundmaker's reservation, where the farm instructor, Craig, was assaulted by an Indian; and the Indians refused to give up the offender. Superintendent Crozier with twenty-five men then proceeded to the camp to take him, and as they found a sun dance in progress, con-

cluded to wait until its conclusion, and at the same time send for reinforcements--moving into the old agency buildings some three miles from the camp and taking the Indian department stores and cattle with them. As they passed the camp on their way to the buildings it was at one time feared that an attack would have been made on their small party, as the Indians made a great demonstration, firing off their guns in the air over the heads of the police, and some of the bullets coming unpleasantly close.

The buildings were put into as good a state of defence as possible, and reinforcements having arrived, and the sun dance being finished, negotiations were opened, with the final result of the capture of the Indian, but not without at one time very nearly coming into hostile contact with the Indians, who were very loath to give him up. In this camp were Poundmaker, Big Bear, Lucky Man, and other old chiefs who took a leading part in the rebellion of '85. Superintendent Crozier gives the greatest praise to the detachment under his command, stating that their coolness and steadiness were most praiseworthy.

Twenty-five horses were stolen from Maple Creek this summer, and twenty-two of them recovered from the Bloods and Piegiens near Macleod. At the time these horses were stolen, a half-breed, who was herding them, was found dead, having been shot; but it was never possible to identify the murderer. Two of this war party were subsequently arrested and sent to the penitentiary for two years respectively.

The police commissioner found it necessary to again recommend that an increase of 500 should be added to the force, and a great portion stationed at Macleod. Every possible assistance was given to the Indian department by the police, and it would have been impossible for that department to have done its work without them. In many cases the Indian payments were made by the police, such as at Fort a la Corne by Sergeant Brooks; and at Green Lake by Sergeant Keenan. Inspector Steele with a detachment was stationed in the mountains along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway west of Calgary, and on to the end of the track, having about 150 miles of road on which work was being done under his supervision, extending about twenty miles west of the Columbia river. This officer reported no injury done to the road whatever, and all the contractors

were satisfied that this was mainly due to the work performed by him and those under his command.

The police commissioner states in his report regarding horsetealing that the prevalence of horsetealing by white men, half-breeds and Indians indiscriminately throughout the Territories is a marked feature of this year's annals of crime. There is no doubt that the commissioner was right in this case after case continually being referred to the police, and the settlers seemed to think they had only to report the loss of stock to have it immediately recovered. An instance of this occurred in June, '84, when a telegram was received at a police post as follows: "Pieapot's Indians stole team of horses from me last night. Will you please find them."

Numbers of horses were this year stolen by American Indians, and white men from the other side, and little or no help could be got from the American military officers at the posts along the line to aid in putting down this practice. The commissioner instructed Superintendent McIllree in July to proceed to the American post nearest the C. P. R., (Fort Assiniboine,) to enquire whether the military authorities on the other side would be willing, and at liberty to co-operate with us in the suppression of horsetealing. Colonel Coppinger replied that the United States troops would be glad to aid us in every way to put an end to this crime, but he would first have to get authority from his superior officer. He communicated with General Ruger at Helena, who referred the matter to Washington.

On September 1 Col. Coppinger telegraphed to Superintendent McIllree his regret that he was not permitted by the authorities to enter into any negotiations on the subject. Colonel Coppinger explained to Superintendent McIllree that his powers were limited to recovering government horses and putting intruders off Indian reserves. While Superintendent McIllree was at Assiniboine he saw a member of a gang of horse-thieves—which included a fugitive from justice on this side—and considered that many horsethieves and whisky smugglers fitted out there. It is therefore obvious that many cases occurred in which it was impossible to recover stock stolen from settlers, because they had been driven over the line and out of reach.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TREATY INDIANS MAKING PROGRESS.

The liquor traffic, which in the first five or six years after the police arrived had been nearly stamped out, in fact none being sold to Indians, again began to grow into serious proportions as the country became settled. It was about as disagreeable a duty as the police had on their hands. By the temperance portion of the community they were condemned as being too lax, while on the other hand, the non-temperance portion found them too severe.

Information against these law-breakers was almost impossible to obtain, as no settler, however much he was against the sale of liquor, would turn informer, and none of the traders themselves would do so for the half of the fine to be derived from giving such information. The profits on the whisky itself were immense, as much as a hundred dollars often being realized from the sale of a 5-gallon keg. It was necessary that police detachments should be stationed near the boundary line as most of the liquor was brought from Montana. The trains on the Canadian Pacific had also to be watched, as much liquor was brought in that way. The mails on that road from Moose Jaw westward were also under the charge of members of the force. These men were sworn in as special officials of the postal department, and carried out their duties greatly to the satisfaction of that department. It was therefore be seen how varied were the duties of the police. In 1883-84 many new police buildings were erected at different points along the railroad, also in the vicinity of many Indian reservations, and patrols were constantly on the move through the country. A new town had been started at Macleod and Lethbridge was just coming into existence, although the town was not really built until '85. The Galt company in '84 opened their coal mines at that place on a large scale. Calgary had the beginning of a large town, Edmonton was beginning to grow; ranches were now to be found scattered through the country from that

place to Calgary, and from there on to Macleod, and south to the boundary line. Regina, Battleford and Prince Albert were fast growing, and innumerable small places springing up along the line of railroad.

It is therefore seen what great strides the country had taken since the first advent of the police in 1874, or in ten years from that time. Then the buffalo roamed the plains in countless thousands, and the Indians were given the pick of the country as reservations. It never was at that time for a minute contemplated that a great transcontinental road would be built through the midst of it. This influx of settlers had, however, demoralized the Indians, and was also causing their decrease at the same time. They themselves saw this, and were becoming more reckless in consequence. The cutting down of rations on Indian reserves both north and south, all at once, had a disastrous effect, culminating in rebellion, of which it was one of the causes. The many millions spent by the Canadian government to quell that disturbance would have provided enough for all the Northwest Indians for many years. Even in the year 1882 up to which year the Indians received a fair ration, they were making good progress on their reserves. I quote a portion of my report of that year to the Indian commissioners to bear out this fact, and it was not until 1885, in which year I again, having charge of the western Indians, increased their rations, that they again began to show any signs of progress.

My report for 1882 records as follows: "The Stony Indians' cattle are doing as well as can be expected, a few having mixed with the large herds of the Cochrane ranche company, but as that company's cattle are moving south, there will be no further trouble on that point. I have made a contract to have all the lumber bought from the Stonies taken in rafts down the Bow River to the Crossing, to be used for flooring and roofing our buildings on that reserve.

"The Stonies have a good quantity of timber on their reserve, which will last them for years if carefully used, and they might be allowed to sell small quantities now and then in the shape of lumber. A few more wagons are required on the reserve, which it would be well to give them, with a few sets of harness. They do well by hunting and trapping, and I think that before long they will be able to

support and look after themselves. The Sarcees have about 175 acres under cultivation and I have great hopes of a good crop on the reserve. They have not been as quiet as I should have wished, and a few of the worst characters among them have caused trouble during the summer, but have been arrested and punished. The head chief, Bull's Head, is an obstinate man, and it would be better for his tribe if some other held that position. The tribe is a small one and on the decrease. Many among them are good workers, and they all have good houses and are anxious to work, but on account of the close proximity of Fort Calgary to their reserve, there is great inducement for them to go there. The farm instructor has instructions to stop the rations of those who leave, and I hope this will help to keep them more permanently on their reserve. I think it will not be many years before this tribe will scatter through the country, getting work where they can find it, as all the country around them is now becoming more settled.

"We have to be constantly on the watch to prevent people encroaching on this reserve, cutting timber, etc., as timber in other sections is scarce. Now the railroad is passing so close to the northern reserves, and the country getting so thickly settled, the interests of the Indians must be closely watched, and they must be encouraged and kindly dealt with, as this change has come upon them so suddenly that they scarcely understand it. I must say that, so far, the settlers who have come in contact with the Indians have treated them well and kindly, but as they get more used to them this will likely change, and unless the interests of the Indians are well looked after they will go to the wall altogether, and many petty depredations will take place. It is also all-important that the men in charge of reserves should be well acquainted with the Indians under their charge.

"At the Blackfoot crossing all has been going on quietly with a few exceptions. None of the Blackfeet have been off horse stealing, but have remained quietly on their reserves. They have increased the number of houses in all their villages, and fenced good large fields as well. In the early spring I spoke to them in council, on the approach of the railroad, and pointed out the advantages which would accrue to them. They expressed their willingness that the road should pass through their reserve, and since that time no change has

come over them in this respect. Grading parties have been working close to their village, and the Indians have mixed with the men and have always been well-treated. The road is now running past the Crossing, and they are all satisfied so far. Instances have occurred where some trouble was caused by men from working parties cutting firewood on the reserve, but as it could not be prevented, the Indians allowed dried wood to be cut on receiving a small remuneration for the same. Many people passed through the reserve, while the road was being built, but I think that this will now cease. Some of the chiefs are anxious to go down to Regina, and even to Ottawa, by rail, and it might be well for some of them to go, as they would see and learn much of the white men that now they only hear of. Next summer much of the freighting, if not all, for the south, will come from the railway via the Crossing. I have a ferry boat already built, and I am waiting instructions as to how it is to be run. It would be well to keep it in the hands of the department, letting it on shares, the rent to go to the Indians. The instructor now at the Crossing has long experience with the Blackfeet, and under his management they are progressing.

"Mr. Pocklington, sub-agent, has spent a great portion of his time on the reserve, and by his good judgment has kept things in order, and prevented much trouble while the road was being built.

"The crops at the Crossing look well, and there are over 200 acres under cultivation in different fields on the reserve. I sowed wheat on some portions of the land, and so far it has turned out well. I think there is little doubt that the land at the Crossing is well adapted for wheat, and should this crop turn out well, I should recommend that some kind of mill be sent, so that the wheat can be ground. A small portable steel mill would be best, so that the Indians could get flour made from their own grain. Some new buildings have to be erected on this reserve, both at the lower and upper camp. This will be done this summer. The lumber purchased from the Stonies will be used.

"There is a prospect of a good crop, particularly of potatoes, and I have instructed Mr. Wheatley to take in all the potatoes he can get from Indians and keep them for

seed. We shall build new root houses, and be able to store a large quantity. I should not advise the sowing of barley in the agency; although it is a sure crop, no use can be made of it, there being no means of grinding it for flour, and it does not sell well, as oats can now be brought in much cheaper.

"Mr. Wheatley has instructions to keep the Indians away from the railroad as much as possible, particularly on account of accidents, one of which happened a few days ago, an Indian having his foot nearly cut off by a passing train. Much sickness has occurred amongst the Blackfeet this summer, many dying of a dangerous fever which has prevailed amongst them. Dr. Gerard has visited the reserve twice and gives his best attention to the sick. His presence in this Treaty is a great help, and although his work is very hard and not agreeable, he takes the greatest interest in the welfare of the Indians. The passage of the railroad through the Blackfeet reserve in such close proximity to the villages, can have but one result, which will be the final extinction or scattering of the tribe. I have shown the Indians fully that their future prosperity depends on their own exertions; that if they follow the advice of those in charge of them, and steadily work on their reserves with the intention of living by their farms, and if they send their children to the schools the government open for them, they will do well and prosper, but if their habit of wandering over the country and troubling themselves little about the future, and doing as little work as possible, goes on, they will in the end be lost.

"The Indians along the line of railroad are in more danger of this than the tribes in the south, as the Bloods for many years yet will enjoy what, to Indians, is freedom. The advancement of the Blackfeet altogether depends on their management, and the help they may receive from the government during the next few years. The young people growing up among these Indians, and in all the other tribes, are bright and intelligent, and have not had the teaching of their fathers in stealing and going to war. If earnest missionaries go among them now, with means at their disposal, not only to teach, but to make it interesting for the young, and if schools are erected where the children can be

taught trades, and be kindly and indulgently dealt with, their future will be a prosperous one, as they are inclined to learn, but great kindness will be required at first. At present, however, they are totally ignorant. A Catholic missionary, Father Lacombe, has worked among them during the last three years, and could his idea be adopted, what I have stated would result. Other missionaries are also working on the Indian reserves, in many cases with fairly good results; but the field requires not only teachers, but the expenditure of money.

"The late visit of the lieutenant governor was looked forward to by the Indians, as an opportunity for them to state their grievances: and on nearly every reserve they asked for tools and help to farm, which shows their wish to work, and that they see the necessity of it.

"When it is remembered that, not many years ago, the Blackfeet tribe were considered the wildest and most untameable Indians on the continent, it is thus shown that they are possessed of great intelligence, which could be turned into useful channels.

"My reason for writing so fully on this subject is, that I can see that it is not by the receipt of rations or annuities they will be made self-supporting, but by the encouragement they get in farming and being taught useful trades. The older Indians will die out without ever learning, or doing much, as their old habits and prejudices are too deep-rooted: but there are several thousand children growing up, who can and will learn easily, and these are the material to work on.

"The Blackfeet will doubtless raise good crops this year which will, I hope, settle and encourage them, but they will still visit the Bloods or Piegiens with whom they are related.

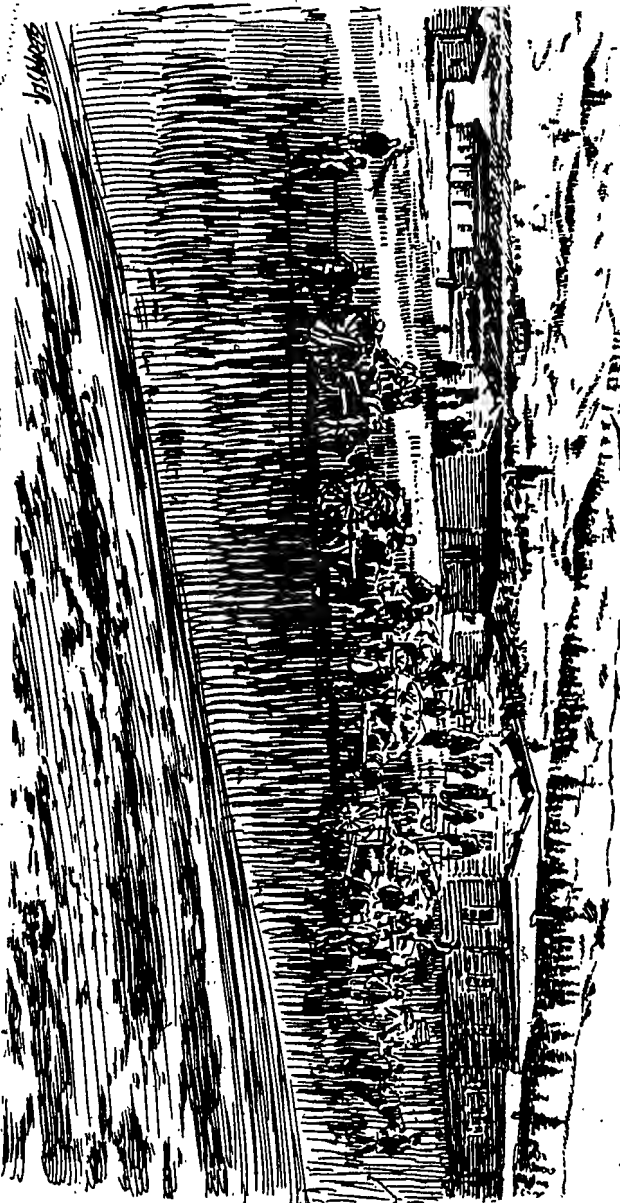
"I understand that this treaty was to be divided, in which case the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens should be in one division, and the Sarcees and Stonies in the other. Mr. Nelson, D. L. S., is this summer definitely fixing the limits of the reserves, and also laying out the timber limits for the Indians. Mr. Nelson has taken great pains to take the chiefs with him, and has pointed out to them where the lines of the reserves run.

"The Indian department's herd of cattle did not do so well as might have been expected, and the sale of that herd

not long ago at a good price takes away another source of expense and anxiety. Fifteen cows from this herd were sent by me, under instructions received, to Mr. Lucas, in charge of a government farm in the Edmonton district. I also sent cows to some of the reserves, for the use of the men employed. This herd of cattle has been kept up for the use of the Indians when they should require them, but as they could not keep them, and did not want them, it was thought best to get rid of the herd and the expense. As it is, the Indians have received many things from the government not promised in the treaty, and I do not think that they are entitled to anything in lieu of these cattle.

"The most central point for the headquarters of this treaty is certainly Fort Macleod, being close to more than half the Indians in the treaty (the Bloods and Piegans) and the next largest tribe, the Blackfeet, are within only a day and a half's drive. As a new site is chosen for the town of Fort Macleod, good buildings should be erected for the agency storehouse; Indians' waiting room and stables, also room for men who come in from the reserves, on duty, which will save much expense in the way of horse feed and board for the men. I am having a good supply of hay put in for the agency, so I hope that next winter livery bills will cease. A room will be put up for the medicines, and a room in which the doctor can see and attend to sick Indians. I am keeping down the blacksmithing expenses as much as possible, and since I have been allowed to have our work done by outside blacksmiths, and the salaried blacksmith has been dismissed, I think the work will be done cheaper than formerly. I have made many visits to the reserves in the treaty during the summer, and my time has been fully occupied in keeping matters running smoothly and in travelling among the Indians. The Commissioner's late visit to all the reserves was a most satisfactory one, and in all the reserves the Indians were very glad to see him, and many matters that needed arranging were settled.

"I received instructions during the summer to have a trail cut through the Crow's Nest Pass, in the Rocky mountains, to join the trail being cut from the Kootenay. We were supposed to cut a good trail for cattle and horses, as many parties were waiting for the completion of the road to



VILLAGE OF OLD FORT WALSH 1887.

come over with stock. I sent a party of five men up in charge of Mr. McCord, instructor of the Blood reserve, and in two months the trail was finished at an expense of \$1,500; the road cut is a ten foot trail, and a good one for a mountain road; bridges were built, and a few miles on the other side of the summit were also finished. Many parties have come through since, and all say the road is a good one. Some work will have to be done every year, as the timber which falls across the track must be cut out. This I understand has already occurred on the west end of the trail, as heavy timber fires have been raging for some time past. Our party did their work well, and Mr. McCord, as manager, deserves credit. It is a good thing for the Kootenay country to have a good trail cut through this pass, as stock can be driven over and goods packed in from this side. My report of last year is up to so recent a date, that it is not necessary to go back many months. I have, however, endeavored to touch on all matters of importance and interest in this treaty, and to show what has been done, and what improvements the Indians have made and are making."

The above report was written in December, 1882, and requires no comment, as much of the subject has been touched upon in other chapters.



CHAPTER XXX.

THE NORTHWEST REBELLION.

It is not my intention to write a history of the outbreak among the halfbreeds and Indians in the Northwest during the year 1885, the subject has been written on hundreds of times already, and little is left to record. I will only give a short outline of the beginning of the trouble in the vicinity of Battleford in the spring of that year, and the part taken in it by the Mounted Police. Much was said derogatory to this force after the rebellion was put down, not one word of which was true, as their efficiency and conduct during the time of this uprising, (in which they took the most active and arduous part) was exemplary.

As I have shown in previous chapters, for some years past matters had been going on badly among the Indians. What with cutting down the rations and settlers coming into the country, and bad advice given them by the hundreds of dissatisfied halfbreeds who principally lived near and in the Crees residing on, or off, their reservations in that section, to come sooner or later, and did arrive in 1885. Many halfbreeds who were in the Red River rebellion under Riel, lived in the north, and their old leader who had only a year or two previously been pardoned and allowed to return to Canada by the Dominion government, had rejoined them and was again the leader in a revolt, comprising nearly all the Crees residing on, or off, their reservations in that section. The Blackfeet and other plain Indian tribes, who heretofore had always been at war with the Crees, and had more than held their own against them, keeping them from the plains altogether, had at the instance of the whites made peace with their old enemies and perfectly well knew what was about to take place in the north, but although much pressed by the Crees had not yet made up their minds to join them, having still a deep rooted enmity towards those northern tribes.

The Blackfeet in the spring of 1885 were far from being settled, and a very little would have caused them also to

break out, in which case a clean sweep would have been made of the thousands of head of stock on the plains, and the unprotected settlements would have been wiped out. The expense and loss of life to subdue the plain Indians had they followed those of the north, would have far exceeded that incurred (great as it was) to suppress the rebellion that did occur, and great anxiety was shown by the Canadian government and also in all western settlements as to the action the plain Indians would take.

In the north during the previous year many meetings were held by Riel, his audiences being half breeds and Indians who had, or fancied they had, grievances. These meetings were reported by Superintendent Crozier in command of the police at Battleford, who states, "I have already reported that I believe the Indians sympathise with the half breeds, nor could anything else be expected, being close blood relations and speaking the same language, what may be the result of this half breed agitation, or what result it may have on the Indians, of course I cannot foretell." In August 1884, Sergeant Brooks at Prince Albert, reported a meeting held by Riel together with Big Bear, and again a meeting held by Indians at Duck Lake. Sergeant Keenan at Duck Lake, again reported in August and September, meetings held by Riel and other dissatisfied half breeds and Indians, and Sergeant Keenan stated that at a meeting held September 1st, at which Riel, Jackson, Scott and Isbister, three of Riel's strongest supporters, were present, speeches were made condemning the government, and Jackson stated that the country belonged to the Indians and not to the Dominion of Canada. These reports were all forwarded by the Commissioner to Ottawa, together with many from the superintendent in command in the north, showing that he looked upon matters as serious, but still the government until an actual outbreak took place, seemed to give no credence to them, either through ignorance or incapacity of their officials, such as was shown the year previous in dealing with the Indians in the west.

The number of police stationed in the north, and divided up between Battleford, Carleton, Prince Albert and Fort Pitt, in the spring of 1885 was only 200 of all ranks, and they were continually on the watch for what was going on, reporting the same. Superintendent Gagnon reported in

December 1884 that the half breeds had held a large meeting at Batoche, and forwarded petitions to Ottawa, and that they were trying to induce Riel to remain among them, offering him a well furnished house to live in.

Superintendent Crozier reported in January 1885 that Little Pine, the Cree chief, had held a large meeting at Duck lake, and that this chief had tried to induce a number of Blackfeet to join him and move northward in the spring. Matters went on about the same until towards the end of February (in fact quieting down if anything) when Riel caused a report to be circulated that he had been required by the government to leave the country, at the same time getting up a meeting himself to discuss the question, at which meeting he was pressed to remain.

Reports then came thick and fast of the uneasiness of both Indians and half breeds, of their intention to prevent supplies coming into the country, and March 13, Superintendent Crozier telegraphed the commissioner at Regina:

"Half breed rebellion liable to break out any moment. Troops must be largely reinforced. If half breeds rise, Indians will join them."

This message was sent to Ottawa at once, together with the recommendation of an increase of force being sent at once.

The commissioner left Regina Mar. 18th with all the men he could muster, consisting of four officers and eighty-six N. C. officers and men. Word was received by him March 19th that the half breeds had seized the Indian department stores at the South branch of the Saskatchewan, and held the Indian agent, Mr. Lash, prisoner, also committing other depredations.

No time was lost by the commissioner and party on the road, forty-three miles being the first day's journey and the rest of the days in proportion. The time taken to reach Prince Albert was seven days from Regina, the distance being about 290 miles, and this in the coldest weather, through deep snow, so the hardships were very great.

On the road a second telegram was received from Superintendent Crozier, as follows:

"Beardy's Indians joined the rebels this afternoon. The wire is cut, the rebels are assembled on south side of river.

Prisoners are held in Roman Catholic church about a quarter of a mile up stream from crossing. All of One Arrow's band of Crees joined them this afternoon. Many of Beardy's also joined them. The remainder of Beardy's will probably follow tomorrow. The number of rebels assembled this afternoon is estimated at from 200 to 400 men. They rapidly increase in numbers. My impression is that many Indian bands will rise. The plan at present is to seize any troops coming into the country at the South Branch, then march on Carleton, then on Prince Albert."

At Prince Albert the commissioner raised volunteers and with his additional force of twenty five men proceeded towards Carleton, the scene of operations, where Superintendent Crozier had his head quarters.

March 26, when withing nine miles of Carleton, the following despatch was received from Superintendent Gagnon:

"Superintendent Crozier with 100 men started out on Duck Lake road to help one of our Sergeants and a small party in difficulties at Mitchell's store. I have seventy men and can hold out against odds. Do not expect Crozier to push on further than Duck lake. All quiet here."

When the commissioner's party were close to Carleton another despatch was received to the effect that Major Crozier had come into collision with the rebels, and had lost some men killed, and was retreating on Carleton.

And when the commissioner and party arrived Superintendent Crozier and party, with the killed and wounded, had just got in, together with the party of volunteers he had with him.

Superintendent Crozier had that morning despatched Sergeant Stewart and seventeen men with P. McKay of Prince Albert as guide, to bring in some police provisions and ammunition that were at the store of a trader named Mitchell at Duck Lake. They were met near that place by a large number of armed half breeds and Indians, who behaved in a very overbearing manner, demanding the surrender of the party or they would fire into them. This was refused, and Mr. McKay informed the rebels that their fire would be returned should they commence. The police pluckily held them off, retiring towards Carleton, to which place a man had been sent to notify Sergeant Crozier, who

with all the men he could spare, about 100 civilians and volunteers included, at once went out to the scene of action, meeting the other party on their way in. He then proceeded towards Duck Lake to get the stores that the first party failed to secure. They met the half breeds and Indians at about the same place that they were first seen, but their force was much augmented, and they had sheltered themselves behind strong natural cover. Superintendent Crozier posted his men to the best advantage but was much outnumbered. The principal cover being the sleighs, and the snow being deep and crusted, quick movements were impossible. Superintendent Crozier states as follows: "I consider that the line extended to our right prevented the rebels surrounding us. There we sustained the heaviest loss, because concealed from view to the right of the road, on which we approached, were two houses in which were posted a large number of rebels, and from whence they poured upon us a fierce fire. From this point they tried to gain and were working upon our right rear, the deep crusted snow however impeded their movements, thereby preventing them from accomplishing their purpose before the termination of the engagement.

"The engagement last about thirty minutes, and though the rebels were on their own ground, entrenched in ambush with the advantage of a commanding position, ready and waiting for us, we drove back their right, and had we been opposed by them on our right on anything like an equality, we could have done the same on their left, but there we had to contend against the enemy in houses and in ambush. The right of my line did prevent the enemy gaining our rear; they attempted it at the cost of their lives, and they could do no more. Both the police and volunteers who composed my little escort behaved superbly. Their bravery and coolness under a murderous fire was simply astonishing."

"The enemy were in ambush, behind splendid cover, while we were exposed, yet not a man shirked or even faltered until the order was given to retire, and then they moved off quietly."

Nine of the Prince Albert volunteers were killed in this first engagement, and five badly wounded, while three police were killed and six wounded. Superintendent Crozier states of the loss to the volunteers, as follows: "The Prince Albert


volunteers lost more heavily than the police, because several of them happened to be extended on the right of our line where they were more exposed to the fire of the enemy in ambush and in the houses.

The gun did good service and no men could have worked better than the gunners did that day under conditions that would have tried soldiers, however well disciplined. I did not think when the line extended, there was a house on our right, and that the enemy were ambushed about it in large numbers, so that I did not purposely expose one part of the line to fire more than another. The sleighs I threw out for no other purpose than for cover, and they were taken advantage of as such, by the volunteers and police indiscriminately, and if unkind or unfeeling remarks have been made, it was not by any of those who fought so gallantly together and received, without flinching, as hot a fire as men were ever exposed to. The strongest feeling of friendship exists between the Prince Albert volunteers and the Mounted Police, because all who were present that day, knew that no man shirked his duty, or shrank from danger, but that each unflinchingly and bravely took his chances and did his work. Though unsuccessful in getting possession of the stores, I considered that one consequence of my action was to force the rebels to give up for the time the attack on Ft. Carleton, which they had meditated and would otherwise have made on the night of March 26, and prevented the bloodshed that must have occurred.

"Before concluding the report, I may repeat that it was the rebels who attacked me and began the action. They had their disposition most skilfully made and nearly succeeded in cutting off my command, which they would have done but for the steady valour and good discipline of the men under me, on which I justly relied before setting out."

I have mentioned this engagement with different extracts from police reports, as it was the first that occurred in the rebellion of 1885, it was also as far as severity goes, much the hottest engagement that occurred through the whole summer, taking into consideration the few engagements and the great odds to contend with. The police, in whatever action they were in, either acting alone or in conjunction with the militia, showed the same courage throughout, doing in fact most of the hard work, such as scouting, etc. As

I have before mentioned, jealousy was shown towards them, but not for one moment could a word be said against their efficiency and pluck. The commissioner mentioned the work done by the scouts as follows in one of his reports: "The importance of the work done by my scouts could not, I think, have been surpassed. These men, all perfectly familiar with the country, were kept constantly employed from the outset under the direction of a man (Mr. McKay) well qualified for such work. My scouts at all times labored incessantly, cheerfully and efficiently. Perhaps the most important part of the work done by the scouts was the driving back of the men employed on similar duty by Riel who, on various occasions, tried to scout right into Prince Albert. Ditch and Armstrong, two of the three men who captured Riel, were police scouts who had been sent by me with despatches to General Middleton. The whole country around Prince Albert was thoroughly scouted."



Previous to March 26, Riel and his followers had robbed, plundered, and terrorized the settlers and the country. They had robbed many government and other stores, captured government agents and others, and had armed parties patrolling the country with orders to kill all who would not surrender. They had also encouraged the Indians to rise, and in spite of all proclamations and warnings had at last begun the threatened outbreak by attacking a government party under Superintendent Crozier, and killing and wounding a large number.

The force of half breeds and Indians at Duck Lake were about 400 armed men, the odds being too great for such a small force as were with Superintendent Crozier, to resist, and had not exceptional bravery been displayed they must surely have been annihilated. The total strength of the force at Carleton, both police and volunteers, was only 225 officers, non commissioned officers and men, and of these many were wounded. On the militia arriving in the Northwest in the following April under command of Major General Middleton, the police were put under his orders, and by that time the rebellion had assumed serious proportions, having extended to all the different Cree tribes in the north, and nearly all the half breeds were in rebellion. Strictures were passed on the police commissioner for not attacking the combined force of half breeds and Indians at Batoche (where

General Middleton's forces had an encounter with them) conjointly with that officer, but it was by a direct order from General Middleton that he did not do so, although both he and the police under him were only too anxious to Ly conclusions with the rebels.

General Middleton had under him at this Batoche fight about 1,200 men, while the whole police force with volunteers in that district, as before stated, was only 225 men all told, and as Lieutenant Colonel Irvine, the police commissioner, stated in his report after many unjust reflections had been thrown upon himself and those under him, it was indeed fortunate for us (the Northwest Mounted Police) that the development of these great territories is so closely and honorably interwoven with the history of the corps.



CHAPTER XXXI.

INDIANS OF THE SOUTH KEPT QUIET.

By June, 1885, the rebellion in the north might be said to have ended, with the exception of scattered bands of Indians, who had taken to the woods in the far north. There were parties of police and scouts after these bands, and they were brought in one by one during the summer. On July 2, Big Bear, the leading Cree rebel chief, was captured by Sergeant Smart of the police, and the detachment with him, near Ft. Carleton. This chief, together with many other prisoners, was taken to Regina shortly afterwards for trial. The execution of Riel and other rebels some time afterwards, is too well-known for repetition.

The officers and men in other parts of the north and operating with different militia regiments did good and valuable service. Superintendents W. Herchmer and Neal served with the column sent from Swift Current to the relief of Battleford; Superintendent Herchmer acting as second in command to Col. Otter, who reported both officers specially, for the services rendered by them at the fight at Cut Knife. Superintendents Steele and Pery held important commands while serving with the Alberta field force under General Strange in the country to the north and east of Edmonton, and were most highly commended by that officer for their ability, energy and zeal.

Superintendent McIlree did excellent work south of the C. P. railroad, watching the Cypress hills and to the boundary line, while Superintendent Cotton had his hands full in the west, in the Macleod district. All other officers and non-commissioned officers and men did their work most thoroughly and well.

At the fight at Cut Knife the police under Superintendent Herchmer showed the greatest bravery, two, Corporal Lowry and Trumpeter Burke, being killed in that action, and Sergeant Ward badly wounded. Superintendent Steele in command of a troop of scouts raised by him at Calgary, together with twenty-five police of the command that had

been under him in the mountains, was present at all the operations of the Alberta field force under command of Major-General Strange, who speaks most highly of the work done by the police, stating in his report that during the whole of the operations of the Alberta field force, the Mounted Police with it behaved in the most exemplary manner, and elicited the admiration of General Strange, and all the militia officers. He also particularly mentions Sergt. Ferry, Constables McDonald, McRae, Davidson, Bell, McMinn and Kerz, stating that all of the constables above mentioned performed the duties of non-commissioned officers to the scouts satisfactorily, and are able to do the work of either corporal or sergeant. "They have, owing to their experience on the Canadian Pacific railway, become thoroughly acquainted with the proper way of doing their duty as constables. I have no hesitation in saying they are collectively the best body of men I have ever had anything to do with. Sergt. Ferry and Constable McRae were wounded, the former at Loon Lake and the other at Frenchman's Butte; they are unable to do duty."

The detachment of police that left Fort. Macleod under Inspector Perry, joined the Alberta field force under General Strange, and marched from Macleod to Edmonton and Ft. Pitt and back, 1,300 miles. They accomplished this, hauling a gun weighing 38 hundredweights over roads sometimes nearly impassable, without the loss of a horse. Frequently the gun had to be dismounted from its carriage, and carried out of sloughs in which the horses were mired, and as Inspector Perry stated in his report, the detachment of N. W. M. Police under his command has borne out the reputation for energy, pluck and endurance, which has been carried by the North West Mounted Police force during many years of long and trying service in the Northwest Territories.

At Fort Pitt Inspector Dickens (son of Charles Dickens), was besieged by the Crees under Little Pine with a very large following. These Indians had committed many murders, and were a pretty desperate lot. Inspector Dickens had to abandon the fort, and went down the Saskatchewan river with his party, by road to Battleford, where they arrived without any loss; Fort Pitt was burnt to the ground by the Indians, after the police had left, but the Indians met

with a heavy reckoning at the hands of the Alberta field force, a short time afterwards.

A sad death occurred at Batoche after the fight was over and the rebels defeated; Inspector J. French who was through the fight from beginning to end, and who had shown great bravery throughout, was standing at the window of a house in the village, looking down on the street that was filled with troops and civilians, when a shot was fired from among the crowd by an Indian, which—striking him in the heart—killed him instantly. The Indian was seized and rid-dled with bullets. Inspector French was a brother of Major General French, the first Commissioner of the force, and had been an officer in the Irish militia previous to joining the N.W.M. Police in 1874; he left a wife and large family, and being a favorite among his brother officers, his untimely death was much regretted. He was about the last man killed in that section during the rest of the rebellion.

In the south among the plain Indians, things had re-mained quiet during the summer. When word was received by telegraph at Fort Macleod of the Duck Lake fight, I was on a ranche about three miles from Macleod and was called up in the middle of the night by a message from Superintendent Cotton, commanding the police in that district, who was stationed at the fort. On going over, I found a great state of excitement existing in the fort, word having just been received of the outbreak of the rebellion in the north, and great uncertainty existed as to the attitude the plain Indians would take. Superintendent Cotton requested me to take charge of Treaty No. 7, and visit the Indians at once. This I declined to do, unless full power was given me to act as I deemed fit, stating that I had resigned the agency on account of orders received from Ottawa instructing me to act in a manner which I knew could only end in disaster. I, how-ever, told him that I was quite ready to do anything I possi-bly could for the police or that would be of any advantage to the country.

He requested me to visit the Bloods, and find out their feelings and advise them to remain quietly on their reserves. This I agreed to do on the following day, when he and I together drove out to the Blood reserve. I sent messengers through the camps to call the Indians together, and a very large number collected. I gave them an account of what was

going on in the north, and advised them to remain quiet on their reserves. They had a good deal to say, and many complaints to make, particularly that they had not enough to eat, but altogether the meeting was satisfactory. I promised them more food, in which I saw they were much in need. On our return to Macleod I found the following telegram awaiting me from the government: "You are authorized to act for the government in Indian matters in any way which you may deem advisable. E. Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor Northwest Territories."

I therefore determined to take charge of the treaty for the summer, and notified the Indian commissioner accordingly; I also instructed the agent at the Bloods to increase the rations of beef on that reserve at once, and I started for the Blackfoot crossing as soon as possible, it being the most important point in the treaty, and the agent, Mr. Begg being away, it was most necessary that I should not lose any time in getting there. I found the Blackfeet even more excited than the Bloods, as messages had been received from the Crees and half-breeds asking the Blackfeet to join them. They also complained of not having enough food, so I increased their rations to the same as the Bloods. I remained a week with them, going from camp to camp, and when I left for Calgary, I was sure that there would be no trouble caused by the Blackfeet. I found quite an excitement at Calgary, as false rumors had been circulated there as to the attitude of the Blackfeet, and it was reported that they intended to make a raid on the town. These fears I soon quieted, and after visiting the Sarcees and Stonies, and leaving them quiet, I returned as quickly as possible to Macleod.

Matters had remained quiet at Fort Macleod, a corps of scouts under Captain Stewart had been raised, and had gone to Medicine Hat. I visited the Piegiens and Bloods several times, and finding no danger to be apprehended from them, I returned to the Blackfoot crossing. I remained among the Blackfeet until the close of the rebellion, making an occasional trip to Calgary and several to the Blood and Piegan reservation. I had not the slightest trouble with any of these Indians, who behaved well. I formed a corps of Blackfeet scouts, and sent many of them north to keep me posted as to movements in that section, and they did this

work most satisfactorily. I had continual communication with the Lieutenant-Governor, who kept me informed of what was going on in the north, and I finally persuaded him to pay a visit to the Blackfeet, who were most anxious to see him. A great council was held, which went off very quietly, and many promises were made to the Indians, which were, as usual, broken in after years. Sir John Macdonald telegraphed from Ottawa to Crowfoot the head Blackfoot chief, as follows: "The good words of Crowfoot are appreciated by the big chiefs at Ottawa. The loyalty of the Blackfeet will never be forgotten. Crowfoot's words shall be sent to the Queen. All Mr. Dewdney's promises shall be faithfully carried out." (15-4-00)—Forwarded to Mr. C. E. Denny, Fort Macleod.)

Yet, in spite of the above, a year had not passed before the rations were again cut down, and have been so ever since. With the exception of the Lieutenant-Governor and his party, there were but few visitors to the Blackfeet during the summer; and with the exception of the Church of England clergyman and the Catholic priest, who both remained steadily at their posts, no other missionaries visited us, although it has been reported otherwise. Father L'Comte visited the reserve once, and that was with the Lieutenant-Governor's party. I received a letter from him at Calgary during the summer asking me to go to that place and send a party of Blackfeet away, who were camped there; this I did. I also during the summer received the following telegram, which speaks for itself:

"Regina, May 1st.

"A few Crees, some thirty in number, skulking around Cypress. Would like Blackfeet to clean them out. Could this be done quietly? Advise me before taking action."

To this I replied as follows:

Blackfoot Crossing, May 1st.

"Better not send Blackfeet; would all wish to start out. Could not keep track of them."

It can, therefore, be seen what there was to contend against. Not only was there plenty of work required to keep the Indians quiet on their reserves, but you also had to combat orders issued with an utter ignorance of Indian ways. The result of such an action as that advised above would

have taken all the able-bodied Indians out of Treaty No. 7, and have started a nice little war to get them back again. I might relate more of these wise moves, but I think the one is sufficient, and if the northern Indians, before the rebellion, were handled in the same manner, there is no wonder that the outbreak took place.

Superintendent Cotton at Fort Macleod patrolled eastward towards the Cypress Hills during the summer, and did good service. Mr. Pocklington, Indian agent to the Bloods, and myself visited them in May. A copy of a portion of my report I give, as it shows how many different matters, small in themselves, tended to make the Indians uneasy, and these had all to be particularly explained to them. The raising of companies of scouts at Calgary and Macleod they could not at all understand, and there were always evil-disposed persons who would tell them that it was the intention to attack them, and, unless these reports were contradicted, much trouble might have been caused.

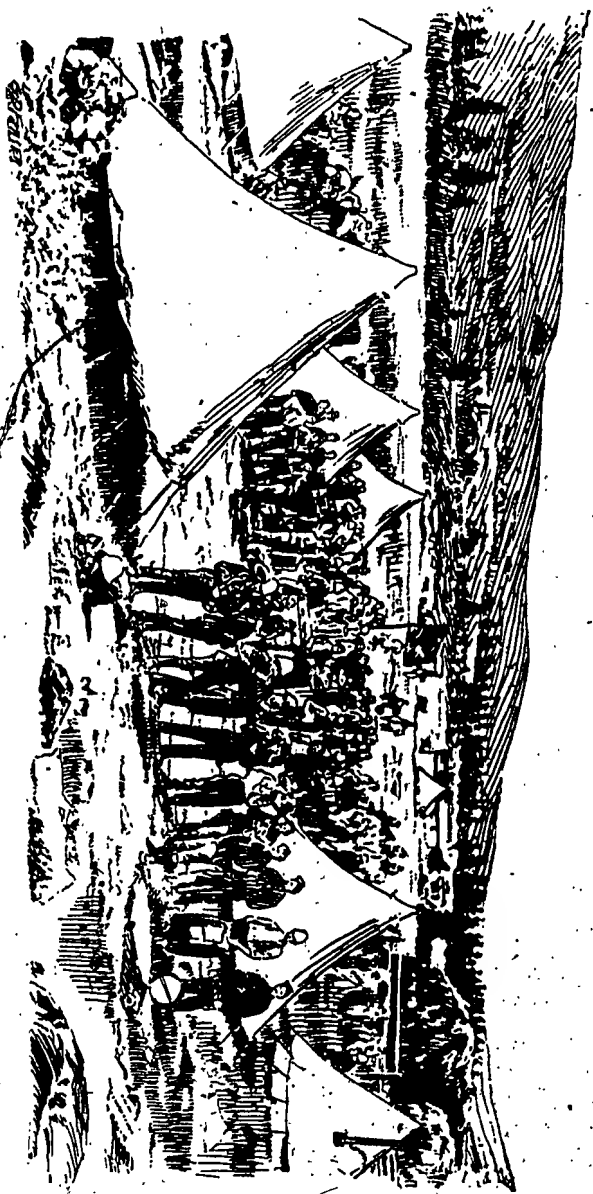
Fort Macleod, 17th May, 1885.

To the Indian Commissioner at Regina.

Sir,—I have the honor to report that Mr. Pocklington and myself visited the Blood reserve yesterday, and held a council with the Indians. I gave them the message you gave Crowfoot, and also his reply, and a message Crowfoot sent by me to the Bloods and Piegan, to the effect that they were to remain quietly on their reserves at work. The Bloods had a few complaints to make, but most of them were easily settled. Mr. Pocklington had seen Mr. Cochrane, and will take possession of his place next week; an issue house will be established there, much to the satisfaction of the Indians. It was necessary that the beef rations of the Bloods should be increased, as they had already heard that the Blackfeet have extra beef. This extra ration through this treaty was most necessary, as the ration they were getting was barely enough to keep them alive. I am glad to say that I had an opportunity to place Mr. Pocklington on a sound footing with the Bloods, who had held him responsible for many refusals to applications made by them for articles, etc., which he had no authority to grant.

The Bloods, if quietly handled during this summer, will not leave their reserves, but work on their farms. It is most

CAMP OF F. TROOP AT FORT WALSH IN 1877



important in dealing with the Bloods, Blackfeet and Piegans, this summer, that their attention should be withdrawn from anything going on outside of this treaty. There will, no doubt, be a change in garrison of the different police posts at Calgary and Macleod, and strict instructions should be given that, when it is necessary for these new men to visit our Indian camp for the purpose of making an arrest, they should be accompanied by an officer of the Indian Department known to the Indians, and that in no case should a party of militia go to an Indian camp without this step being taken.

My reason for this is that the Indians are used to the police going into their camps for prisoners, but do not understand men dressed in another uniform doing this duty. Just before I left the crossing, quite a stir was made in the upper Blackfoot camp by Major Hatton, from Calgary, entering that camp in the middle of the night with a party of militia on a patrol, and great excitement prevailed for several days.

It was only very rarely that any of the militia in the west visited the reserves, those in command being always most careful on that point, leaving such matters altogether in the hands of the police and Indian department, who brought the Indians of Treaty No. 7 quietly through the year 1885 without a hitch, while had inexperienced hands held the reins an outbreak of the Blackfoot tribe would most certainly have taken place, causing great loss of life and property, to say nothing of the cost.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

C. E. DENNY, Indian Agent.



CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER THE NORTHWEST REBELLION.

All the militia stationed in the west were withdrawn by the fall of 1885, and the scouts disbanded. All men of the militia, and those engaged as scouts, received land grants for their services, but the police received none; a most unjust and unwarranted measure. These men had borne the burthen and the heat of the day all through 1885, doing their work in grand style, work that only long training could fit them to fulfil, but on account of their being a regular corps, a land grant which all others received, including many of those who did no work at all, was denied them. Thanks and promises were profuse after the rebellion, and that was about all. I myself received thanks in a flowing letter, which I still have, and also the promise of a permanent position, which was, of course, unfulfilled.

On the withdrawal of the militia forces, the police force was increased to 1,000 men, up to which strength it has continued, until recently, and many new detachments were posted at different points throughout the country. Telegraph lines were also constructed from different points on the Canadian Pacific to points such as Macleod, Lethbridge, Wood Mountain, etc.

The whiskey traffic had increased during the summer of '85, as most of the points along the line were left unwatched. Horse stealing had also become common, many American Indians and white men making a business of it during this summer.

This horse stealing was not alone confined to the Northwest, but a police detachment under Inspector Saunders was stationed in southern Manitoba, and found this crime rife. He, however, put a complete stop to it, and, on returning to headquarters in the fall of '85, reported that for some time previous to his leaving not a case was reported.

Inspector Steele had been stationed with a strong detachment in the mountains along the line of the C.P. railroad, and his work, although difficult, was completely performed. He remained there until his services were required to take charge of a force, which, as I have already mentioned, operated under General Strange. An extract from his report will show the work he had to do. He states:

About the 1st of April, owing to wages being in arrears, 1,200 of the workmen struck where the end of the track then was, and informed the manager of construction that, unless paid up in full at once, they would do no more work. They also openly stated their intention of committing acts of violence upon the staff of the road, and of destroying property. I received a deputation of the ringleaders, and assured them that if they committed any act of violence, and were not orderly in the strictest sense of the word, I would inflict upon the offenders the severest punishment the law would allow me. They saw the manager of construction, who promised to accede to their demands, as far as lay in his power, if they would return to their camps, their board not to cost them anything in the meantime. Some were satisfied with this, and several hundred returned to their camps. The remainder stayed at the Beaver (where there was a population of 700 loose characters), ostensibly waiting for their money. They were apparently very quiet, but one morning word was brought to me that some of them were ordering tracklayers to quit work, teamsters freighting supplies to leave their teams, and bridgemen to leave their work. I sent detachments of police to the points threatened, leaving only two men to take charge of the prisoners at my post. I instructed the men in charge of the detachments to use the very severest measures to prevent a cessation of the work of construction.

On the same afternoon Constable Kerr, having occasion to go to the town, saw a contractor named Rehan, a well known desperado (supposed to be in sympathy with the strike) drunk and disorderly, and attempted to arrest him. The constable was immediately attacked by a large crowd of strikers and roughs, thrown down, and ultimately driven off. He returned to barracks, and on the return of Sergeant Fury with a party of three men from the end of the track, that

non-commissioned officer went with two men to arrest the offending contractor, whom they found in a saloon in the midst of a gang of drunken companions. The two constables took hold of him and brought him out, but a crowd of men, about 200 strong and all armed, rescued him, in spite of the most resolute conduct on the part of the police. The congregated strikers aided in the rescue, and threatened the constables when they persisted in their efforts.

"As the sergeant did not desire to use his pistol, except in the most dire necessity, he came to me (I was on a sick bed at the time), and asked for orders. I directed him to go and seize the offender, and shoot any of the crowd who should interfere. He returned and arrested the man, but had to shoot one of the rioters through the shoulder before the crowd would stand back. I then requested Mr. Johnston, J.P., to explain the riot act to the mob, and inform them that I would use the strongest measures to prevent any recurrence of the trouble. I had all the men who resisted the police, or aided Rehan, arrested next morning, and fined them, together with him, \$100 each, or six months' hard labor.

"The strike collapsed next day. The roughs, having had a severe lesson, were quiet. The conduct of the police during this trying time was all that could be desired. There were only five men at the Beaver at the time, and they faced the powerful mob of armed roughs with as much resolution as if backed by hundreds.

"While the strike was in progress, I received a telegram from His Honor the Lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories, directing me to proceed to Calgary at once with all the men, but in the interests of the public service I was obliged to reply, stating that to obey was impossible until the strike was settled.

"On the 7th day of April the laborers had all been paid, and I forthwith proceeded to Calgary, leaving the men in charge of Sergt. Fury; everything was perfectly satisfactory."

In the early part of the winter of 1885, I reported to the Government that it was not necessary for me to act for them among the western Indians, any further, everything being

quiet and the agents well able to do their work. Having retired to my ranche near Macleod, a telegram was brought me from the Lieutenant-governor at Regina, requesting me to pay him a visit at that place. I therefore proceeded to Regina, and found that Mr. Dewdney had just returned from Ottawa, and he stated that the Government were still most anxious about the Indians in the west, and that he had the premier's authority to request me to remain among the western Indians, and watch their movements, and keep him well informed of them during the winter. I was at first rather disinclined for any more work under that department, but he informed me that if I would accede to his request a permanent appointment would be tendered me in the spring. I therefore agreed to do as requested, and returned to Macleod, visiting the reserves often during the winter, and keeping matters straight. Among other things I was informed during the winter that it was the intention of the Government to send troops into the west, to show the Indians the power of the Government, and I was asked my opinion, which I most decidedly gave in the negative, the Indians all being quiet. Such a step would only have caused fresh trouble to arise. The project was, therefore, wisely abandoned.

The following spring, as there was no sign that the promises made me would be fulfilled, and as, in fact, the opposite was the case, I a third time severed my connection with the Canadian Indian department, leaving all quiet on the different reservations.

The country, after the rebellion, and since the railroad was built, had grown rapidly in population, and much stock was brought in. The work of the police was now different altogether to what it had been in the previous years, a railroad was built through the country, and branch lines were building; good, comfortable buildings had been erected in place of the old log forts; the transport was excellent, and food and clothing were of the best quality. The long journeys that used to be made were now a thing of the past, as small detachments, with good buildings, were stationed at different points along the Indian reservation and along the boundary lines. But the force was as necessary as in the old days, or even more so, and will continue to be so for many years to come. Although a shortsighted policy of late

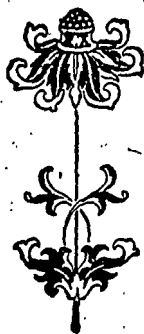
years has decreed the reduction of this splendid and necessary force, it will eventually be found that the country, for a long time to come, cannot get on without them, considering the multiplicity of duties performed by this force. Although for some years past, owing to the false Government policy, the southern portion of these Territories has been at a standstill as far as settlement goes, it is still imperative that a strong force should be along the boundary line, in close proximity to Indian reserves and cattle ranches, as well as the white settlements scattered through the country. It is a duty that can only be performed by such a force as the Mounted Police, who have had long experience and training in the country itself. There may not be, and probably is not, any necessity for a large police force at a place like Regina, or even Calgary, but in the south and north the time will be long in coming before they can be dispensed with. Less centralization and more scattering of the force in small detachments should now be the policy, as the time is past when an Indian outbreak in the west can be looked for, and as the settlement of this western country is for some cause very slow, the few ranches and villages are wide apart, and it is at those points that police are required.

It is not my intention to carry this book beyond the spring of 1886, although at some future time I may do so, and also give a fuller account of the rebellion in 1885, but I have endeavored in this short volume to show the actual police work performed, and necessarily had to include much Indian and Indian department matter.

Many of the old officers and men engaged in the force in the years comprised in this volume are dead, and as time passes there is less likelihood of an account of the work done ever being written, and I have therefore written, although with but few books or reports to refer to, most of the old reports having long since been destroyed, with a personal knowledge of the subject throughout, and with the thought that some record should be left by one actually engaged in the work of the splendid services rendered by the Northwest Mounted Police to the Canadian Government and the country generally. I have endeavored to do this, and although most incomplete and faulty in many respects, I have at least told in

a short form, facts, and left on record a short history of the police work in the early days.

I might mention that during the summer of 1885 one of the oldest officers, Superintendent Winder, died at Fort Macleod. He had left the force a few years previously, having been one of the first to get a commission in 1873, and going through all the hardships we all underwent. He started, after leaving the force, one of the first cattle ranches in southern Alberta, which was, and still is, most successful. His loss left another gap amongst the old policemen, which is year by year growing wider, and it will only be a few years before we shall all be of the past, and ourselves and our work forgotten, as must happen with nearly all old pioneers, although the result of their work may remain a monument for ever.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOME ADVICE TO SETTLERS.

In closing this volume I write a few words on the advantages, or otherwise, of settling in the present Northwest Territories, which comprise the following divisions: Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Keewatin, and Athabasca, more particularly to those intending settlers coming from the old country. Much advertising is done in England showing forth the easy living to be derived by men with means going to Western Canada, and many men come out without the slightest idea of the country, or the hardships they will have to endure before they attain that state of wealth which they fondly hoped, before they left home, would come to them with little endeavor on their part.

What I have written in this book goes to show the country in its first state on the advent of the police, its gradual settlement from that time until 1886, how farms were started and stock brought in, and the success, or otherwise, of these undertakings. These matters I have endeavored to fairly portray without fear or favor, stating only as far as my knowledge went the actual facts, and I now, in closing skip nine years, in which time many changes have taken place, and close the volume for the time, taking the history up to 1895.

The eastern portion of the Territories has rapidly come to the front as a farming country. Going westward from Maple Creek as far as the mountains, and from the boundary line on the south to Calgary and Edmonton in the north, is, in my opinion, the garden of the Territories, and nothing can be too great for its future. This country was the home, and both summer and winter the grazing ground for buffalo; it is one immense grazing ground, with grand soil as well, which with cultivation and irrigation will yield prolifically.

The winters in this area are comparatively mild. A few days or perhaps a few weeks during any winter may be severe, and the thermometer may go down to 40 below zero, but this is not lasting, a warm west wind, named the Chinook, will spring up, and in twelve hours or less the snow will disappear and the ground will be covered with water. This will continue for weeks, the cattle and horses running out all winter without shelter or feed, and come out fat in the spring. In March the farmer can begin his ploughing, and the rivers break up. One of the great drawbacks to the settlement of southern Alberta at first was that the Canadian Government granted large tracts of the most fertile land of this section to large cattle corporations, giving them long leases at a nominal rental, with the option of the purchase of thousands of acres at the end of their term. These companies naturally picked out the best grazing lands, with water front, on the most timbered bottoms on the rivers, and, as according to their lease with the Government they were perfectly right in doing so, they kept all settlers off until within the last few years, when some of the leases have been thrown open.

Calgary started with a rush, and it has the makings of a fine town. In the Macleod district, although this was the centre of the leasing policy of the Government, and although the settlement of the country has, on that account, been slower than probably any other portion of the Northwest, prospects are bright. The old town of Macleod, started in 1874, on the advent of the police, and moved to its present site many years after, never underwent a boom, and is not much larger today than in those old times, but its best days are to come. A grand stock raising country both north and south; a wonderful climate, and as fertile a soil as in any part of the world; but it must still be remembered that all prairie countries are subject to drought, particularly where timber is scarce and land uncultivated. This will pass, as these gaps are filled up, and no doubt irrigation will have to be resorted to in the first place before equable seasons are attained, but this will surely follow as the country gets settled and cultivated. Tree planting will also come into vogue, which will also be a great help towards making the seasons more moist. Irrigation is no doubt costly, but probably in time the Canadian Government will see the advantage of

giving grants towards this end, as it will have the advantage of bringing more settlers into the country and making a sale for the millions of acres of vacant lands, which will always remain vacant unless irrigation is resorted to. This irrigation is only required in southern Alberta, on what are now the cattle ranges. North of Calgary to Edmonton, the farther you go the damper the soil, and after you are 50 miles north of Calgary the timber belt begins and runs into the far north. In this section rain is abundant, and the soil very rich in consequence. This is at the present time a section of the Northwest to which settlers from the States and the old country are flocking, and a good class too, going in for mixed farming and stock raising. Many hundreds of families have been settling in the section between Calgary and Edmonton in the last four years. But although this section is undoubtedly a good farming country, with plenty of wood, coal, water and hay, it must be remembered that some winters are severe, not particularly as to cold, but the snow fall has often been deep. As the snow lies all winter, the Chinook winds not often being felt in that section, stock wintering out would run a chance of suffering; therefore, any settler going into that part should be prepared to not only feed his stock in winter, but also have shelter for them. This, of course, would be more costly than wintering out, but a farmer could only keep a limited number of animals.

Farming, as I have before stated, is in that part of the country a success, and a large acreage of nearly all kinds of grain can be grown, but grain and vegetables are not easily sold there. There are many advantages, however, to counterbalance these drawbacks; living is cheap, as all garden produce and grain can be grown; hay for stock is plentiful; wood or coal for fuel is there in abundance; much game, such as ducks, geese and rabbits are to be got for shooting, and minerals are beginning to be discovered; gold mining on some of the rivers even now pays well during low water. These are certainly advantages, and no doubt, when railroads are built, its disadvantages will disappear. Therefore, for mixed farming with stock on a moderate scale, not more than can be winter fed, no better section can be found in Canada.

There is an enormous country lying north of Edmonton, nearly altogether uninhabited, rich in minerals no doubt right to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, and the time is bound to come when this section will be opened up, and then Edmonton and that district will be the point of supply for it, and those settled there will be well paid for waiting. I have briefly glanced at the different sections of the Territories as they are today, and honestly given my impressions of them for the guidance of intending settlers, and will in a few words give some advice to those intending settlers I write more especially for.

Do not expect to grow rich at once, or without putting your shoulder to the wheel. When you have chosen your location, remain there, and grow up with the country. The old motto is true: A rolling stone gathers no moss; so will a moving settler gather no wealth.

Do not begin in a large way—a few cows, horses, hogs, and chickens; your buildings, fencing and tools can be procured in any portion of Alberta, at as reasonable a price as anywhere else in Canada. Take care of these, and you will in a few years be surprised at the way your stock has increased, and remember that each year the land is increasing in value.

Keep out of debt, and even stint yourself before borrowing money from those sharks always on the look-out to lend money on a mortgage on stock or land; many of these abound, and are growing rich at their business, lending money on good security at 2 per cent. per month. No farmer can stand this, as he must, as many have, only get deeper and deeper into debt, until nothing is left.

Temperate living is absolutely necessary. The small towns through the Territories now abound with licensed hotels and bars, and a hardworking farmer coming into town, after many months of quiet on his ranche, is only too liable to meet his friends, and, before he is aware of the fact, a great portion of his summer's earnings has gone over the bar for good and all.

The climate of the western Territories is very healthy, and the life on a ranche a pleasant one, the work being far from laborious. With care a competency is secure; railroads are building, and each year more will be built, bringing a

market to the door of the farmer. He is not cut off from civilization, as in some new countries, and neighbors are not far apart. The class of settler now in the country is of a very high standard, and good company can always be found; hunting and fishing can, at certain seasons, always be procured, and a hunting trip into the mountains in the fall is an inexpensive and splendid change.

Those intending to settle should at least have the knowledge of the prices of stock, and other accessories to farming, so as to be able to know what would be required to begin, and not be in the hands of agents, or those who require premiums. These are generally a swindle.

I will now draw this book to a close, and trust that the little advice I have given will be received in the same spirit in which it is offered, coming, as it does, from experience gained while seeing the country develop from 1874 until the time in which this book is written.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

PROGRESS OF THE TERRITORIES.

In adding this last chapter to a history I commenced to write nearly thirty years ago, and have at odd times carried on, and then let long intervals pass without a word being written, I wish to draw the attention of my readers to the following points:

I have not tried to write a novel, but only the dry facts of the original opening of the Northwest Territories of Canada in the days of 1874, and on to the year 1887, which thirteen years really take in the hard work done by the police in opening up that section.

As immigration brought more people into the country, of course things changed, and that very rapidly, as I stated in the last chapter. For eight or nine years up to 1895, the progress was slow, but today, that is in the year 1905, a jump of another ten years, the changes are more astonishing, and in a few pages I will show what these changes have been.

So far as I am concerned, my life since leaving the Indian department in 1887 has been a varied one. In British Columbia, prospecting and mining; in the State of Montana as United States Forest Ranger; and in many western states and territories, in all sorts of capacities, I have still been in touch with my old friends in western Canada, and have watched the advancement of that country with the greatest interest. Large towns have sprung up at Calgary, Edmonton and Macleod, and nearly all points where our first police forts were built; cattle are on the prairie by tens of thousands; farms are flourishing where the buffalo used to graze; and, recently taking a trip through western Alberta, I was unable to recognize the country. Railroads now run where our cart roads used to be, towns have sprung up where we used to camp, and all is changed.

Just think of it. Calgary, which I left twenty years ago, had then about 200 inhabitants; today it has 12,000, electric lights, fine stone and brick buildings; and Macleod and Edmonton are not behind. The immigration is increasing by leaps and bounds, and that from the western States of America is, I think, the best element obtainable for the settlement of western Canada that can be got.

Much has recently been said regarding the influx of Americans, with the idea that the American element coming into the country is liable to Americanize Canada. I find that these western Americans settling in western Canada become good law-abiding British subjects; they like our laws, and are all thoroughly practical men, nearly all with means and great push. They will make this western country, as they are doing in the mining sections of British Columbia. For some reason our people of Canada are slower in taking hold of an opportunity in the way of opening up a section of country than our neighbors of the south. I do not like the idea of bringing in large numbers of pauper emigrants from Europe, such as Doukhobors. These uneducated people are a detriment to any country, and their emigration to western Canada should be discouraged, and that of hardy intelligent western American settlers cannot be too much encouraged.

Nearly all of the police officers mentioned in this book have passed to the great beyond, and I know only today of five besides myself of the old police officers of 1874 who are still living. The hardships endured in those old days, in a great measure caused them to die off at really not a great age, and even the men who came out west in the '70's, although not remaining as long as most of the officers, are few and far between.

Many of the old police constables settled in the country, and went in for cattle ranching; these men married and raised families, and nearly all did well, but only a few of them are alive today. Different government parties have come into power and gone out, but the great work has steadily gone ahead, and the time is fast coming when that great country which we found a wilderness, and only inhabited by Indians in 1874, will have the say, and the whole say, in the directing of the policy of the Canadian Government, and the Government cannot learn that too soon for the

benefit of the whole of Canada. The west is the coming country for farming, mining, and cattle raising, and these industries are the ones that bring wealth to a country, and populate it with hardy, intelligent and enterprising people, who go to make a great nation.

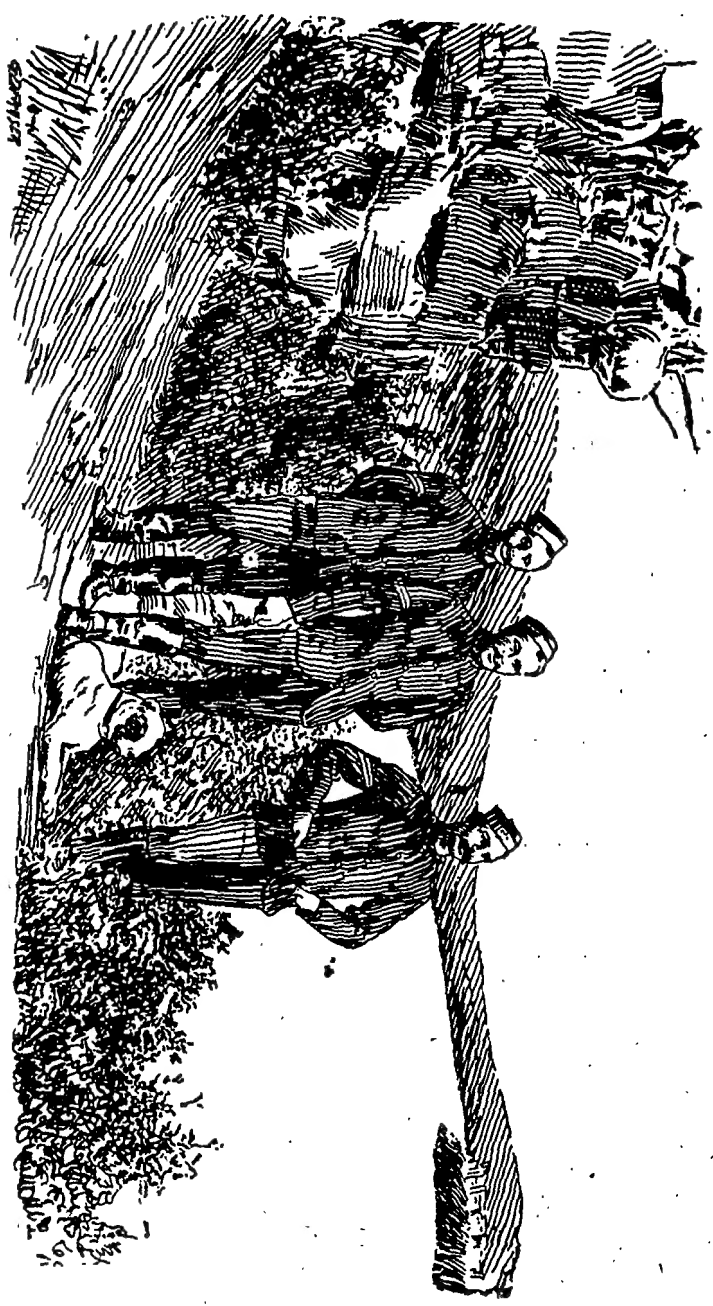
Manitoba is fast filling up, and since the early days of the police railroads have been built in many directions, and branches constructed north and south, thereby opening up to settlement a vast country that in our days was wholly unoccupied.

The railroads in Alberta are now running right through the heart of the farming and cattle grazing country. A road now runs from the boundary on the south, through Lethbridge (which is a prosperous mining town), Macleod and Calgary, northward over 300 miles to Edmonton, and all along this road prosperous towns are springing up, being feeders to the agricultural and stock country behind. The Northwest Mounted Police are everywhere stationed all through this section, with central posts in Edmonton, Calgary, and Macleod, and outposts all through the west. They are most efficient in their work, giving information regarding customs duties, or any information a settler may require, recovering stolen stock, and in all cases seeing that life and property are safe, and a more efficient force is not to be found in the world. The force is now over 1,000 strong, and they are scattered from Alaska to the American boundary line, and detachments are even stationed on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

The force which was led out to the far west in 1874 by Lieut.-Colonel French, now General Sir G. A. French, K.C.M.G., and were the first to open the Northwest Territories, are still as efficient as ever, and it would indeed be hard to get on without them.

Not only have the police continued until the present day to do good work and valuable service all through the Northwest, but detachments are stationed on Hudson's Bay, at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, with 300 men permanently stationed in the Yukon Territory, in which country they carry out the laws, oversee mining settlements, carry mails, and, in fact, do both civil and military work during the hard

PIONEER POLICE OFFICERS SERGT. WYLDE ON RIGHT KILLED BY BLOOD INDIANS IN 1887.



winters and short summers, just as well as they did the work in the old days of the opening of the Territories.

I cannot close without mentioning the work of this force during the South African War, and although they were not known as a corp in South Africa, still the Northwest Mounted Police contributed largely to the force sent by Canada. They sent enough men to have formed a regiment, but yet, although they did the very best of service, little was heard of them. While other Canadian corps have had their merits extolled to the skies, you hear little of the work done by the police, both officers and men, who did so much to make for thorough efficiency, bravery and everything that goes to comprise a strong, hardy, and soldierly body of men.

The police never trumpeted their deeds, but, through hardships and trials of all kinds, ever went forward on the path of duty, regardless of fear or favor. As an instance of their work in South Africa, I might mention that the Canadian Mounted Rifles of 1899 and 1900, and the Strathcona Horse of 1900, were officered and organized by the police, and contained a large number of police non-commissioned officers and men on leave, and ex-members of the force were to be found in the ranks. It was the same with the Second and Fifth Regiments of the C.M.R., the last being commanded by Inspector McDonnell.

The contingent commanded by Lieut-Colonel Herchmer, 400 strong, were, you might say, all Northwest Mounted Police, only two officers not belonging to that corps. The splendid service they did is well remembered. Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders was second in command of the Second Regiment of Canadian Mounted Rifles, and served a year of stern duty, under General Hutten, and General Smith-Dorrien.

Lord Roberts, in a despatch, dated Johannesburg, Nov. 5, 1900, reports to the War Office as follows:

"Smith-Dorrien states that Major Sanders and Captain Chalmers (of the Canadian Mounted Rifles) behaved with great gallantry in the action of Nov 2. Sanders rode out under a heavy fire to bring in a horseless non-commissioned officer (Tryon, nephew, of Admiral Tryon, who went down in the Victoria). Sanders was wounded, and his horse killed, and Chalmers went to his assistance. Sanders implored him

to leave, but was refused, and the gallant Chalmers was killed."

The above is one of the many brave acts done by police officers and men. The officer mentioned above was recommended for the Victoria Cross, which he well deserved but never received. Major Sanders was thrice wounded, as also was Captain McDonnell; both received the D.S.O.

Major, now Colonel, Sanders received his commission in the police in 1882, and went through hard service in the west. Since his return from South Africa he has been in command of the Calgary district, and the manner in which law is enforced, and settlers protected and helped, shows that the police officers of today are fully equal to those of the old days. Many other individual acts of bravery were done by members of the police force, enough to fill a volume, but they have been but little heard of, except through the dry records of the official blue books. This is not as it should be, and I hope the time is not far distant when the work done by the police in South Africa will be brought before the world in its true light, and the people of Canada will then realize what a splendid force they have in the Northwest Mounted Police.

I may at some future time go more fully into the progress made in the Northwest Territories since 1887, but many books have been written already on the subject, and my idea has been only to give a brief history of the early work of the Northwest Mounted Police, and the opening of the Northwest Territories from 1873 until the present time. There is a rumor abroad that the Northwest Mounted Police force will be removed from Edmonton, Calgary, Macleod and central points, where the towns are able to have their own local police, and that militia corps are to be formed to do the work now done by the police. This will be found to be a mistake, as it has taken the police force thirty-one years to come to their present state of efficiency, to learn the country thoroughly, and understand the handling of the thousands of Indians still in the Territories. Not only that, but the knowledge gained in all these years as to how to handle and help the settler recover stolen stock, and make the Canadian law so respected in the west that you never hear of railroad hold-ups, or other depredations committed that are so pre-

valent in the Western States of America, will be to some extent lost. The first thing an American settler remarks when he comes into Alberta is the wonderful way the law is upheld, and the rights of all settlers protected. I have, therefore, added this last chapter to show this western country has gone ahead since I closed the early history in 1887, and also to show that without this grand force of Mounted Police this could not have taken place; and I have written this book so that some record (and that authentic) should remain of those early days of hardships and adventure, undergone altogether by that force to which I had the honor to belong, so that the new generation growing up in the Western Territories of Canada will have some idea as to how their country was first opened up, and that they may give unstinted praise to those grand men of the original Northwest Mounted Police, who made it possible for them to live in peace and quietness, in a law abiding country.

(THE END.)

